

Chapter 1: Return to the Future

The world started to stop spinning, slowing down Harry thought he could see what was beyond the whirl and it wasn't Dumbledore's office.

"Harry, duck!" Harry ducked a stunner.

"Hermione get down!" Harry grabbed Hermione and fell on top of her as another spell flew by.

"What? It didn't work, the Dark Lord won't be happy about this." Harry saw two men standing over him; they were the Death Eaters from before, what was going on?"

"Damn you get away from them!" Remus cast several stunners at the men.

"What's going on Remus?" Harry tried to get an answer but got none.

"Harry, Hermione, get over here!" Hermione got off of Harry letting Harry up so they could run over to Remus. "Stay behind me, Moody and Dawdles already took out the Death Eaters in the store." Remus cast a few more spells as Tonks came out of the store helping Remus drive away the other Death Eaters.

"What happened? Why did we show up here?" Harry and Hermione were confused, they were back at the robe store, and it was July 30th again. "What's going on Hermione?" Harry grabbed her head and pulled her back to the ground just as a green curse, had to be the killing curse, went over their heads.

"I don't know!" Harry put his arm around Hermione putting his body on top of hers to stop any spells that would hit her. Still on the ground two members of the team that had gone with them to Diagon Alley came out of the store and fought off the rest of the Death Eaters who finally apparated.

"Are you two alright?" Remus helped them up after the Death Eaters left. "They threw something at you then you disappeared for a second

then came back, what happened?" He didn't know, how could Remus not know? "What happened to your hair Harry?" Harry couldn't believe it, his hair was still brown, so were his eyes but Remus hadn't seen them yet.

"I don't know we need to talk to Dumbledore right away." Almost before the words were out Dumbledore appeared by Portkey.

"There you two are, how was the trip?" Dumbledore, he knew, he remembered!

"We need to talk to you!" Dumbledore nodded.

"I know that's why I came, please come with me." Dumbledore stuck the Portkey he used to get there out for them to touch.

"Wait! How do we know you're Dumbledore?" Moody was staring at Dumbledore.

"Eve and Devin know I am Dumbledore." It was him, it was Dumbledore.

"It's him, it's Dumbledore I know it." Harry and Hermione touched the Portkey and felt the hook behind the navel feeling. Appearing in Dumbledore's office the two teens and Dumbledore had a lot to talk about.

"So I am glad to see you two are back." Dumbledore said this calmly as though Harry and Hermione had always taken trips to the past.

"Why did we appear then? Why didn't we appear two months later?" Harry was confused, time travel itself was confusing.

"You don't exist two months from now, why traveling to the future is impossible, you don't exist therefore you can't go there."

"What? But we weren't even born in 1974!"

"But you existed after that, this is the way it works from what I have discovered. Say the timeline is a string, it is infinite, and it goes on

forever, every second that passes it becomes longer, now you can go back on the string because it existed but you can't go forward on the string because it doesn't exist yet." Hermione understood and Harry didn't want to wait any longer for a better explanation.

"Why didn't Remus or Sirius ever tell us about this?"

"I used a memory charm Harry; I couldn't let them remember that, I am glad you enjoyed your time with your parents." Dumbledore offered them candy but they turned him down.

"Thank you Dumbledore for getting us home, I thought I would never see my parents again."

"It's alright Hermione I knew you would come back."

"I guess I didn't know if we would for awhile, but you did it." Hermione wanted to hug Dumbledore but didn't feel she could walk.

"No I knew you would return. I had to wait for this to happen but now that it has I have to tell you the truth." Harry and Hermione looked at each other, what truth? "You see I knew this would happen, I had to let it happen though, I thought of telling you, warning you, but it may have damaged the time line if I had." No, Dumbledore knew they would go back; Dumbledore let the Death Eaters send them back.

"But you, you are supposed to protect us, how could you do this to us! Or at least to Hermione." Harry couldn't believe that Dumbledore would let that happen.

"Are you saying you didn't enjoy your time with your parents? Harry I knew you would come back, I knew you wouldn't be hurt, and I thought you would like to spend time with your parents so I didn't stop it." It was true; Dumbledore had let Harry and Hermione be sent back in time.

"But you could have warned us! At least let Hermione go, why, how could you send her back with me."

"I never sent you back, the Death Eaters did, I just didn't stop it from happening. Imagine if I hadn't, what do you think would be different?" They both shrugged their shoulders. "I had to let you go back, if you hadn't Peter never would have left the school grounds, he never would have joined Voldemort, this time line would have been destroyed. As much as I care for you two I had to let it happen." Dumbledore had let them go back, let Wormtail go to Voldemort, and he had let it happen!

"How could you damn it? You sent us back so Wormtail could go to Voldemort, so he could kill everyone I loved!" Harry slammed his fist down on the table breaking something that was made of glass. "You knew this was going to happen and you let it happen!" Harry grabbed something else on the desk and smashed it. "That's what you did; you took my life, my family, and smashed it! If you had told me I could have stopped Wormtail, I could have killed him; I could have saved my parents!" Harry broke something else.

"And what would this do to the timeline? Imagine a world where Voldemort didn't fall, what would have happened?" Harry didn't know. "You don't know, I didn't know, this is why I didn't interfere. I waited until Wormtail had done what he was supposed to do then send you a way home."

"You had this planned, you could have gotten us home the minute we showed up but you left us there!" This time Hermione was upset, she had been kept away from her parents; she thought she would never get to see them again; she was going to kill herself if Dumbledore hadn't gotten them home before Christmas.

"But then it wouldn't have happened, what needed to be done. I am sorry you went through that but it was all needed, it needed to happen." Dumbledore wasn't concerned about his things, he had plenty of them and he could fix what he needed.

"Damn it, if you had warned us we wouldn't have gone through with it, I never would have spent that time with my parents, I got so many things that were good but it meant having Wormtail go to Voldemort, I don't know what to feel." Harry was terrified of what had happened,

Dumbledore had let it happen, what else had Dumbledore let happen? Had he let his parents die? Had he let Cedric die?

“That is one of the reasons why I didn’t warn you Harry. I am sorry you were pulled into this Hermione but you needed to go with him, I couldn’t change the past, and it let Harry have someone to be with from this time.”

“What was Voldemort trying to accomplish?” Harry now knew why Dumbledore let it happen but why had it happened?

“I’m not sure; it may have been Voldemort’s attempt at changing the past so he never fell. He may have been planning on either you killing Wormtail or telling your parents to make Sirius or Remus the secret keeper so he would never fall.” Dumbledore had over twenty years to think of the reason and that was the best explanation he could think of.

“Wait, what happened to the months that passed here, the time that you spent waiting for Wormtail to leave?” Hermione wondered about this, what happened to the string that grew with each passing second?

“I am not sure, right now it doesn’t exist, and so if anything changes it wouldn’t damage anything since there isn’t anything to damage.”

“Then don’t have the concert!” Harry blurted it out before he could think about it. Dumbledore looked at Harry.

“How do you know about that? It shouldn’t have gotten out of the Ministry and other planners.”

“You wrote while we were there, a concert was held but the Death Eaters attacked, people died...” That Dumbledore told them that for a reason and this was it! If the concert and the attack hadn’t happened yet then if they stopped the concert it wouldn’t damage anything!

“Don’t have the concert! The Death Eaters will attack and kill people!” Hermione was ready to smack Harry to calm him down; he was close to having a panic attack!

"I will take this into consideration, anything else you would like to tell me?"

"Take Monica to Devin, he'll wake up, maybe. When you took Monica to see Devin he woke up but that might have been under some special situation you didn't tell us about." Hermione who was calm told Dumbledore. "Can I go back now? I want to see my parents." Hermione was nearly in tears, she was so close to her parents after being so far away.

"I will create a Portkey for you, but I need Harry for a few more minutes." Dumbledore made another Portkey.

"I don't want to leave Harry." Hermione gripped Harry's arm.

"Then please wait. Harry you can not tell anyone about this, you two and I are the only ones who know about this. Harry I let this happen, I let you spend time with your family, but I did not betray you, I had to keep this time line intact. I care for you, both of you, but I had to let this happen. Now if you want to go home I'll make a Portkey Hermione, this next part I have to do with Harry alone."

"But I don't want to leave Harry, he might..."

"Don't worry Mione I'll be there when Dumbledore is done." Harry patted Hermione's shoulder calling her 'Mione' to make her feel better.

"Alright, promise me."

"I promise Mione." Dumbledore created a Portkey for Hermione to take home.

"Harry I am sorry if you feel I betrayed you but now I am worried about you, Hermione told me in 1974 that if I didn't get you home you would start to kill people, people who would become Death Eaters." Harry nodded. "Why? How could you think this Harry? Hermione told me after the Dursley's died you wanted to mourn them, how even after they hurt you all those years you wanted to mourn them, to mourn even the Death Eaters who died. Why did you change Harry,

you can't let this eat you up inside, I can see the darkness in your heart that wasn't there before. If I had known this would damage your soul so much I could have stopped it, but if I had the time line would be damaged." Dumbledore was afraid for Harry, the Harry before the attack was a good kind soul, someone who would do anything to save his friends. Now Harry had a dark spot on his soul, Dumbledore could see it.

"What happened? Haven't you been around these past two years? Cedric died because I didn't take the cup, Voldemort came back because of my blood, but Ron, that wasn't my fault. He turned on me, he became a Death Eater and killed, I saw him kill people. I saw bodies of students in the Great Hall killed by men who laughed because of it, I saw a Professor leave her children behind, and I saw a friend kill her. I use to believe that all people deserved to be mourned, that only people like Voldemort who doesn't have enough human left to die deserve to die, but I know that is wrong now. There are people out there who deserve the most painful of deaths, not a quick killing curse but torture, pain, wait until they beg for death then hurt them some more. People like Ronald Weasley, Lucius Malfoy, Peter Pettigrew, and any Death Eater I see." Dumbledore was more worried, the dark spot he thought was there because of what Harry had seen, but he could see it was far worse, Harry would kill someone.

"Harry you can not think like that. People love you, people care for you, if you do what you want you will hurt them. Death Eaters can be saved, Severus Snape was saved, he was working for me as a spy until Voldemort found out that he was working for me, Severus put his life on the line for me even though he was a Death Eater. Another of your Professors was going to be initiated as a Death Eater but changed their mind; sadly Voldemort does not allow people to do that. Death Eaters can be saved, some like Peter may believe he has no choice and will never come back to us, but others can and will. How do you think your parents would feel if you killed someone?" Dumbledore knew Harry would not want to disappoint his family even if they weren't there, as Harry struggled over this in his mind Dumbledore hoped this would be enough to make the dark spot go back to normal.

"They can't be saved, Weasley, Pettigrew, Malfoy, they can't be saved only sent to whatever maker they believe in, if I am the one to send them there or not doesn't matter, they won't leave Voldemort, they can't after what they did."

"Harry, Ronald Weasley was your friend do you really think he is lost? He will be punished when captured but he will be given a chance to be forgiven, no matter what he will be sent to the Dungeons or Azkaban when it is rebuilt but we will give him the chance to repent for what he has done."

"Look Dumbledore I don't care what you think, I have three people I need to kill, Weasley, Pettigrew, and Voldemort. When I do this, when I complete this, I will have done what I needed to do. I will promise you that if any other Death Eater crosses my path I will let them live but those three I will kill. I tried to kill Ron, I used the Unforgivable Curse, I missed but I used it. I wanted Ron to die after I watched him kill Cho, when I knew he had betrayed me, after my Brother had done to me what Pettigrew did to my Dad." Dumbledore had not known this; Harry had the rage, the anger, to use the killing curse.

"Harry I may not be your Father but I will not let you think this, believe this, you must promise me you won't kill anyone. You are a light to the people, a beam of light that spells out hope; if you kill someone you will darken that light. You gave them over a decade of peace by being pure, by being innocent, you didn't need to kill to become a hero and you don't need to kill now."

"I won't kill, yet. I know that Hermione, Remus, you even, you care about me and if I did something like that it would hurt you. I can't hurt you, the people I love, and you're all I have left after what Voldemort has done, if I kill anyone it would make the people I love leave me. I can't be alone, I can't let that happen." Harry slumped down in his chair, Dumbledore played him, Harry knew it, but Dumbledore was right. Dumbledore watched as the dark spot shrank to the size of a Knut. There was nothing Dumbledore could do about that spot, it would always be there as anyone was capable of killing, hurting, even Dumbledore knew he had a dark spot on his soul.

"Very well Harry, I am glad you had the chance to be with your parents, I will see about stopping the concert or getting the security tightened, and now you must keep your promise to Hermione." Dumbledore made another Portkey that Harry took home.

Harry arrived back at home in his bedroom. Harry walked out of it and found Hermione sitting outside of it. "Hermione are you alright?"

"I was waiting for you, Dumbledore sent me to my room so I figured you would arrive in yours." Hermione stood up and hugged Harry. "My parents think I've gone batty, I couldn't stop hugging them and telling them I loved them, I missed them so much." And Harry missed his parents.

"Hermione you could tell your parents if you wanted to, who are they going to tell? Any Muggle wouldn't believe them and your parents probably wouldn't tell any of the Order members if you asked them not to." Harry rubbed her back trying to help Hermione.

"What is going on? Tell us what?" Tom had found his daughter hugging the boy but she was crying, first she acted strange around him and his wife and now this? "You didn't!" Tom grabbed Harry by the hair and pulled him off Hermione. "You said you wouldn't do this to me, you said you were just friends!"

"Dad! Let him go!" Tom let Harry's hair go but was still angry.

"I can't believe you Hermione you were always so responsible, how could you let this happen?"

"Dad it's not what you think, we were attacked at Diagon Alley and something happened." Hermione didn't want to tell her dad, Dumbledore told Harry not to tell anyone and she knew it meant she wasn't allowed to tell anyone.

"You were? Oh my baby, are you alright?" Tom went and hugged Hermione ignoring Harry.

"Yes dad I'm fine, the Order protected us." Hermione saw Harry rubbing his head where her dad had pulled. "You need to apologize to Harry." Tom let go and turned to Harry.

"I'm sorry Harry I didn't mean to hurt you but what I heard, what I thought, if you were a Father you would understand."

"Don't worry Mr. Granger I don't need to be a Father to understand how someone would do anything to protect the person they loved." His Mother had sacrificed herself to save her baby, to save Harry. Besides it was physical pain and Harry barely felt it. "You aren't going to be a grandfather any time soon." Tom laughed and left the two teens in the hall relieved.

"Harry I'm sorry about that." Hermione was embarrassed by what her dad had done.

"It's ok Hermione he just wanted to protect you." Harry understood the feeling, protecting people.

"Mione, why aren't you calling me that? We are together again aren't we? After what we said in the classroom, we are back together aren't we Harry?"

"I don't know, I guess. You seemed pretty happy sitting on Sirius's lap during the party." Harry smiled showing he was joking.

"Hey not my fault if he was so cute and so damn charming." Hermione smiled back and hugged Harry.

"I want to make something clear though." Harry pushed Hermione away. "We have to take this slowly, as if we never went out; we need to start over Hermione, Mione." Harry was worried that Hermione might try to rush things. "If you ever want to do something though ask me, let me think about it, and if you want to break up say so, I don't want you to think you have to be with me, like back then. We were the only ones back there, we only had each other, but here there are other people, you don't have to be with me because you feel like I am the only one you can be with. Remember how much attention you

got?" Hermione nodded, she was rather flattered by it but was getting mad at Harry.

"I do feel like you're the only one I can be with but it's because I love you not because of something like that. I love you Harry and I want to be with you because you are the only one I can be with, you are the only person I feel like this for, you make me feel safe no matter what is going on." She hugged Harry again. "Can I kiss you?" Harry nodded and kissed her.

"I meant you know, the big stuff, if you want to kiss me then you can." They kissed again.

"I know I can I just wanted to ask you first, see what you would say." She kissed him again grabbing his head as her tongue and his danced against each other.

"Oh my God!" Harry and Hermione broke apart with a loud popping noise as the suction their mouths had made was broken. Penelope was not pleased with what she had just seen. "I come down to tell you Mr. Dumbledore came and got Monica and I find you two trying to swallow the other one! That's it!" She pointed at Harry. "No boys in your room after seven!" Then pointed at Hermione. "No girls in your room after seven!" Penelope realized her mistake and just let out a loud growl at Harry.

"Uh I was uh, we are, sorry." Harry didn't like the way Penelope was looking at him. "I mean ok, no other people in our rooms after seven if they aren't like us, right?" Penelope turned to Hermione.

"Mom I'm not a little kid anymore!" Hermione had dealt with that stare before unlike Harry.

"As long as you live under my roof you will follow my rules!"

"This isn't your roof! It's Harry's! He is kind enough to let us stay here and kind enough to protect me when we were attacked, he loves me and I love him. I'm not eight and neither is he and if we want to be in each other's room we can!" Hermione had gone up to her mother trying to stare her down even though she was shorter.

"You aren't a little kid but you aren't an adult! I and your Father are the only adults here so you will follow our rules! If you don't want to follow those rules I can ask Mr. Dumbledore to move you to your school for the rest of the summer!" Penelope had been in shouting matches with Hermione before but they were about the school, about that Krum boy she met at the school, now she was fighting about Harry.

"In one month I will be! I'll be seventeen and in the wizard world I will be an adult and able to do what I want!"

"In one month! You're not seventeen yet little lady and if you don't want to be grounded in your room for the rest of the summer you will follow my rules!" Harry decided it was time to try and stop the fight.

"Look Hermione as long as we..."

"Shut up Harry!" Both women turned and yelled at Harry.

"This is his house so he makes the rules!" Hermione and Penelope were back at each other's throats.

"And I am your Mother so I will be making the rules!"

"Silencio!" Harry cast a silencing spell on the two so he could get a word in. "I will follow the old rules, no girls in my room after nine and I will not be in Hermione's room after nine. Please stop yelling, we will follow your rules but please realize that Hermione and I are responsible people, we won't be doing things like that, we aren't ready, we just kind of decided to get back together alright? Please understand I will follow your rules but you need to understand that yes this is my house and I will do what I want but I will be responsible about it. I promise that I will follow the rules and make sure Hermione follows them." Harry took the spell off so the two could talk.

"Harry this is your house you don't have to listen to them."

"It is my house but I will follow their rules as they are the adults Hermione. Next year when I am seventeen I will follow my rules but

right now I am underage and they are the adults. Also Hermione if I kept your parents happy they won't be as likely to wring my neck if they see us holding hands." Harry smiled trying to make Hermione see that it was easier to keep her parents happy then to be grounded for the rest of the summer.

"Thank you Harry, we may be guests in your house but as you say I am an adult so I make the rules. Hermione we will keep the rules we set in place before but you better follow them, it will be weird grounding the person who owns the house I will be grounding them in." Penelope did not want to fight with her daughter anymore, Harry seemed very mature and Hermione was a very responsible girl, usually.

"Fine mom, did Dumbledore say when he would be back with Monica?" Penelope shook her head.

"He sent that little green thing to make another room so I think someone else is staying here. Didn't Monica have a Brother?" Dumbledore was doing what Harry and Hermione had told him.

"Dobby is making another room?" Harry heard this; with magic he really could be making another room. "And yes she does, maybe he will be coming here."

"Well he is going to have to follow our rules, although I guess he could be in his sister's room later then nine."

"Uh please be careful around him, he has uh, abilities that can hurt people even when he doesn't want to. If he gets mad or happy or anything Devin emits that and well, he was put in a coma after using the power last time." Not to mention he killed and disfigured dozens of people when he used them.

"Well I guess, he was in the hospital right?" Harry nodded. "Well he won't be that bad I hope, only a month left, sorry for yelling at you honey." Penelope hugged Hermione who reluctantly hugged back. "Well I am going to see what your Father is doing." Penelope walked away worried about what her husband would say when she told him their little girl was back together with Harry.

“Harry...” Hermione wanted to say something but she had to wait for her mother to be out of hearing range. “Why did you do that? This is your house you should do what you want not follow someone else’s rules.”

“Hermione even if I followed my rules you would still have to follow their rules as they are your parents, this way they won’t hurt me if they see us hugging or snogging, we keep them happy we can be happy.”

“Well I guess Harry.” Hermione was still mad, she couldn’t believe Harry, and this was his house! They should be allowed to sleep together, sleep in the same bed that is, if they wanted to. “Harry I didn’t get you a present, sorry.”

“It’s alright I didn’t get you a present for your birthday.” She had already turned seventeen once.

“That doesn’t count, you got me so many things you probably have to wait till Christmas to get me something, and you know where we were made it a little hard to get anything.”

“And being attacked by Death Eaters, being sent over twenty years into the past, that doesn’t make it a little hard to get me a present?” Harry smiled and hugged Hermione. “You forgave me for what I did, that is my gift.” Hermione hugged back hard.

“Harry, if you did those things with another girl why don’t you want to do them with me?” Amelia was still haunting Harry.

“Because I love you, she didn’t mean anything, just an escape, just a way to get farther away from here, but I love you and when we do that I want it to be special not me being to drunk to know what is going on, the first time.” After that there was no excuse, he wanted to be with Amelia, he wanted to do those things with her, but not with Hermione, she meant too much to him.

“Harry let me go talk to my parents, I need to apologize to my mom and let dad know what is going on.” Hermione kissed Harry and

walked away. Harry went back to his room wondering how to undo his hair and eyes. He went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror then tried thinking about his dad, his dad's hair, his hair, the black messy hair, not the long brown mane like hair. Harry squeezed his eyes shut thinking hard about this, he could feel his hair move, but was it changing colors? Harry opened his eyes and saw that his hair had gone back into the usual messy Potter hair but was still brown.

"Ok let's try my eyes." Harry squeezed his eyes shut thinking about grass, trees, Slytherin robes, anything he could think of that was green, he concentrated imagining a green energy inside him going to his eyes making them green, making his brown eyes green, making them his eyes again. Harry opened his eyes and saw he had made a mistake, his eyes were still brown, but his hair had a sickly green highlight to it. "Maybe I should wait for Hermione or Dumbledore to change this." Harry went back to his room and couldn't think of anything to do. It was nearly seven o'clock when someone knocked on his door.

"Harry, Dumbledore is back, he wants to talk to us some more." Harry got off his bed and went out into the hallway with Hermione who immediately kissed him. "My mom and dad say they won't nail you door shut tonight so you should be safe." Hermione smiled and held Harry's hand leading him to the library.

In the library Dumbledore sat with Monica and Devin who looked deathly pale and thin. "Hi Devin, how are you doing?" Harry knew it was stupid but it was nice to see Devin awake again even if he looked closer to death then what Voldemort had before he came back.

"Harry he will be staying here for the rest of the summer as our agreement, Devin and Monica could you go to Devin's room? Help him unpack his things?" The twins left, Monica helping a weak Devin walk. "Harry first thing I must do is this." Dumbledore took his wand off and waved it at Harry; he didn't feel anything happen, but saw Hermione and the way he stared at her. Making his hair longer so he could see it Harry saw that his hair was black again so put it back. "Now I would like to know something Harry, when you saw Cho Chang die, what happened to her body?" This caught Harry off guard, what was this about?

"She fell down, Ron commanded her to kill herself so she did, and she turned her wand on her and used the killing curse."

"Yes but what happened to it? Her parents believe she is still alive since there is no body. I had Monica look for her spirit when we were at the castle but she didn't see it. Are you sure it was Cho Chang?" Harry knew it was, you can't fool the Marauders Map.

"Yes, the Marauders Map said it was Cho Chang, why I went out there, I thought she was trying to defend the castle and wanted to help." Only to find her killing the Head Boy. "I don't know, maybe the Manticore got her, like in the attack on Hogsmeade."

"I thought about that Harry but we caught the Manticore, I used several ancient spells to find out what souls had been taken by the beast and hers wasn't one of them. Even if she wasn't killed by the beast if he had eaten her body the soul would have been near its body, a part of the soul would stick to the body." Harry shrugged his shoulders, he didn't know, he just knew he saw Cho Chang die. "Although it was quite amazing studying that Manticore, Voldemort had done some things to it I never would have thought possible. A Manticore is usually the size of a large lion but this thing was larger than a Muggle Bus, it had a special collar on it allowing Voldemort and anyone else he declared as it's master to control it completely. A Manticore usually won't hunt humans but this thing targeted humans, and only humans that weren't carrying the Dark Mark. How anyone could control such a powerful beast that well is amazing makes one wonder about what other animals he is controlling. I may have to cancel Care of Magical Creatures this year if Hagrid wants to bring anything 'special' in, can't be too sure that Voldemort isn't controlling it."

"Don't do that, if you do then I will have to take another class to make my five class minimum." Harry smiled showing he was joking. "I'm sure whatever it is Hagrid could handle it, he wouldn't bring anything really dangerous, just things that could be dangerous if you do something wrong. Of course that includes just about anything according to Hagrid..." Harry didn't need to worry about a dragon in class, he hoped.

“Yes well I had some Order members get the rest of the things you needed, I should have done it this way before but I had to make sure you did what you were suppose to do. I also had them get the rest of Monica’s things and get what Devin will need for school next year.”

“About Devin, is he going to be alright? He doesn’t look to well.” Hermione was amazed that Devin who normally had muscles, tone, and a tan, looked like he was one step away from death.

“He will be, his body, his muscles are suffering from atrophy, lack of use. Give him a couple weeks and he will be able to move normally, I am having Poppy give him special potions and treatment to help him heal quicker. Please be careful around him for the time being, his body is frail and will easily break, why I had Dobby make him a room on the bottom floor so no risk of falling down the stairs.” Dumbledore stood up. “I am hoping that he will be healthy enough to go to the Delacour-Weasley wedding, they are having it on the 25th so it should be enough time for Devin to heal. I have some important things to do like go over the security of the concert that you say will be attacked and other Ministry and School business, good bye Harry and Hermione, be safe.” Dumbledore made a Portkey and left.

“Well Hermione I will need a date to the wedding.” Harry smiled at her and put his arms around her waist. “Will you go with me?”

“Well since my only other choice is Dobby I guess.” She smiled and kissed Harry.

Chapter 2: Graveyard Hells

Harry had nightmares, he was glad Hermione wasn't allowed in his room at night, his nightmares got worse and worse. He missed his parents so much but every dream was him being close, reaching out, and then falling away. Sometimes he would get so close he could almost touch when a green flash would come and they would fall down, away from him. Other times he could see them laughing, happy, but a rat would come out and break them apart just as Harry was about to get to them. Harry wanted his parents back, he could barely stand eating breakfast with Hermione as she got to be with her parents, happy, laughing, and Harry hated it. Harry was getting desperate, he had to make these dreams stop, he kept calling out for the voice to talk to him, the voice always helped him, and the voice always gave him advice, where had it gone?

A week after getting back Harry had a new dream, a wizard who looked old and dark using a book, Harry thought it looked familiar. The wizard was doing something, Harry watched, he saw the wizard using a wand over a mound of dirt, what was he doing? Harry got close enough to see over the wizard's shoulder to see the book better, the writing, it looked familiar, and it was the Necronomicon. The wizard kept reading from the book waving his wand then reached out and dropped something, looked like hair to Harry. The wizard kept chanting when the ground began to shake, a hand shot out of the mound of dirt!

"What are you doing?" Harry tried to get the guys attention but it was like when he fell in the Pensive, he could see and hear what was going on but couldn't do anything. Another hand shot out and a man came out from the mound of dirt. Harry heard the wizard talk but couldn't understand what he was saying. The man who had come out of the dirt stood and looked at the wizard and said something else that Harry couldn't understand. They hugged; they must have been related as Harry noticed they looked alike. Suddenly everything went black, Harry was alone, what was going on?

"Harry, it's ok, you know what to do." It sounded like the voice, but where was it? Harry kept turning and turning in the dark until he woke up to a scream.

"Harry wake up!" It was Hermione; she was shaking him trying to wake him up.

"Hermione what's wrong?" Harry opened his eyes but closed them when the sunlight hit his eyes.

"You, are you alright? I could hear you screaming and came here." Hermione was actually going to Harry's room to surprise him but she was happy he was alright and not being attacked.

"I am, I think." Harry rubbed his eyes trying to get the sleep out of them. "Just a bad dream." It was different, why? Why had the voice come to him in a dream instead of how he usually talked to him?

"Ok, breakfast is ready so when you are ready come to the kitchen." Hermione got off Harry's bed and left biting her bottom lip in worry. Harry got up and took a shower wondering about the dream, what was the voice wanting him to do? It wasn't possible, Harry had thought of doing it ever since he knew he was a wizard but was always told it was impossible to bring the dead back to life. Harry finished in the bathroom and went to his trunk getting the Necronomicon out. He knew the pages the wizard was looking at, he had read it before but didn't believe it, and it couldn't work. Harry found the page and looked it over, it was translated, it said what the wizard did, use a piece of material from the person you wanted to raise, go to their grave, and perform the ceremony and the person would come back to life!

"It can't be, but it worked for that guy, it would work for me, I could have them back." He could have his family again, his greatest wish, something he had been willing to give all the gold he had to have, his Mother, his Father, to be a son to them. Harry saved his place and went to breakfast.

After breakfast Harry was back in his room. He didn't know where his parents were buried so he couldn't go to their grave, but who knew where it was? "Dobby." Crack

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir?"

“Go to Dumbledore and ask him where my parents are buried, I want to see them.” Crack. Harry waited; Dumbledore had to know where they were buried, but how to get there? If he tried this with Dumbledore around Dumbledore would stop him. Harry read over the list of things he would need, he had his parents hair, he would just have to get it out of the lockets in his vault, blood of a relative, Harry could use his, and the bodies of the deceased, if he could go where they were buried he would have that. Crack

“Mister Harry Potter Sir Master Dumbledore says he will take you to your parents after lunch, is there anything else you need Mister Harry Potter Sir?” Harry thought about it, you can’t apparate in the vault area but he could send Dobby to the bank to go and get the lockets, same way employees of companies could deposit money in the companies vault.

“Yes Dobby, go to Gringotts, go to my vault and find a box, inside will be some things and I need the two lockets, they are in the shape of hearts.”

“Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir.” Crack. Now how would Harry get to his parents graves without having Dumbledore with him? Harry had a few hours to plan and plan he did. Dobby came back and gave him the lockets, opening them up he found the hair, the black hair of his dad, the red hair of his mom, now all he needed was a way to go to his parent’s grave alone. Harry waited; he told Hermione he wasn’t hungry when she came to get him for lunch and knew Dumbledore would be there soon. Someone knocked at his door, it had to be Dumbledore.

“Come in.” It was Dumbledore.

“Harry you wanted to know where your parents are buried, you want to see them if I understood Dobby.” Harry nodded. “I can take you there, it is a safe place, and if you want we can go now.”

“Is it safe enough for me to go alone?” Harry crossed his fingers.

“Harry the first time you go I want to be there, but after that I could do something, give you a special item that would take you there. It is simple enough, a modified Portkey that only activates when the person it was made for wants it to activate. If this is what you would like you can have it, but for now I will come with you.” Harry nodded, this was perfect, he could get there alone, and he could have his parents back!

“Can we go now? That way we can be back before Hermione knows we left.” Dumbledore nodded and took a cup out turning it into a Portkey.

“Just touch it and we will be there.” Harry walked over and touched it getting the hook behind the navel feeling. The world stopped spinning as Harry and Dumbledore landed in the middle of a field of tombstones. “This is the graveyard, they are buried over there.” Dumbledore pointed to another row of tombstones. “Go and see them Harry, I was going to bring you here before, but after Voldemort returned I wasn’t sure if it would be safe to take you here. He has not come here, he doesn’t even care where they are buried, and he already did what he wanted to them.” Harry walked over slowly to where Dumbledore had pointed seeing the names carved onto the stone, James Harold Potter and Lily Marsalis Potter.

“Mom, Dad, I’ll get you out of there soon.” Harry hugged one tombstone then the other wanting to hug his parents assuring them he would save them, he would get them back.

“Harry as I said if you like I could make you a special Portkey, one that will bring you here whenever you want.” Dumbledore also thought of the other benefits, if Harry carried it on him at all times he could escape to here in case the he was attacked.

“Dumbledore can we leave now?” Harry didn’t want to cry in front of Dumbledore, Harry didn’t feel like he should, soon he would have his parents back, he had spent over a month with them and now he would have them back forever. They touched the Portkey and went back to Harry’s room.

The next day Harry had everything he needed, the hair from his parents, he cut his arm to get the blood and then healed it with magic, and now he had his way to the graveyard. Dumbledore sent it to him through Dobby, it was a necklace, ordinary to anyone who saw it but all Harry had to do was grab it and think "James and Lily" and it would take him to the graveyard.

"Hermione?" They were in the library. "I'm tired, didn't get much sleep last night, and I need to take a nap." Hermione didn't question him, she heard the nightmare he had, and he must have woken up during one of them.

Harry went to his room and got the things he would need. Grabbing his necklace he just thought to himself "James and Lily, James and Lily" until he felt that hook behind his navel feeling. Landing in the graveyard he went over to the tombstones seeing his parent's names once again. "Mom, Dad, here it is, I will bring you back."

Harry opened the Necronomicon and began reading it. Following the instructions he made a circle on both graves with his blood. Reading the Necronomicon he began the chant, waving his wand as the Necronomicon said Harry felt a power go through him. Getting to the third part of the chant Harry got the hair out and put the separate clumps of hair where they belonged. Finishing the chant Harry waited for the ground to shake, he waited for the same thing that happened with the wizard in his dream. Nothing happened.

"What? Why isn't the ground shaking?" Harry looked at the graves, what had happened? "Mom, Dad?" Harry knelt down on the ground and started digging. "Come on, why didn't the ground shake!" Harry kept digging until his fingers began to bleed. "I followed the book, why didn't it work!" Harry stopped, he didn't do it, he failed, and he failed his parents. "I'm sorry, I tried, I did my best, and it wasn't good enough." Harry couldn't handle it; he had a chance to bring his parents back and couldn't do it. "No!" Harry stood up clenching his fists feeling the blood pool in his palms. "I did it right!" Harry could feel his magic rise, like when he made his Aunt Marge balloon, like when he was in the hospital with Cho. "Why didn't it work? I did what the book said to do, I did what the wizard did, is it I have to say it in Egyptian? I don't know Egyptian, Mom, and Dad, don't hate me, I

love you!" Harry wrapped his arms around his Mothers tombstone and cried.

Over an hour later Harry couldn't cry anymore, he got the hair and put them back in the lockets. Standing over the graves he wrapped his hand around the necklace and thought "home" returning back to his bedroom.

Chapter 3: Grave Digger

Harry was in a bad mood for the past few days, Hermione tried to talk to him but he nearly hit her to get her to leave him alone. Harry had left his room twice since he returned from the graveyard to eat before he realized all he had to do was tell Dobby to get the food for him. Devin who was doing better was able to get Harry to talk.

"Harry, Hermione says you won't talk to her anymore, Monica told me." Devin was lying on Harry's bed tired after walking to Harry's room. "What happened? You didn't start acting like this until I came here; if you don't want me here I will go away, I'm sure Dumbledore will keep me at the castle some more."

"It's not you alright? I tried to do something important and I failed." Harry was trying to be nice to Devin, he had it hard and Harry didn't want to add on to his problems.

"Well don't worry it's not like the world is gonna end if you failed right? Ain't that terrible." Devin was tired and nearly fell asleep on Harry's bed. "It's time for my potion so I'll go back to my room."

"Need any help?" Finally Harry thought, he liked Devin and all but Harry was still in a foul mood, his soul hurt after failing to bring his parents back.

"No I need to do this on my own, work my muscles." Devin sat up and got off the bed. "Need to be well enough to go to school." Devin walked out of Harry's room.

"School, the wedding, life, damn it." Harry turned down being a groomsman at the wedding but was still going since he had already asked Hermione to it. Right then and there he would have said no but Hermione had her heart set on it. Harry lay on his bed staring at the ceiling when someone knocked. "What the hell do you want?"

"Um Harry, Devin said you were in here and I wanted to talk to you." Hermione walked in.

"Did I say come in?" Harry didn't even look up.

"What's wrong Harry? Why have you been acting like this? Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes, kill me." Harry thought of that, if he died he would be with his parents finally, and Sirius, and his grandparents and his Aunt and Uncle on his Mom's side, so many people to see and be with.

"Harry what happened? You were so happy to be back but now you say things like that or yesterday you looked like you wanted to hurt someone." Hermione sat down on the bed next to Harry.

"I tried Hermione, I had a dream, a man raised the dead, his Brother I think, using the Necronomicon. I tried the same with my parents and failed, I failed them, and I'll never be with them again until I die." Harry didn't even let a tear come out; the rage inside him was too much for that.

"Harry you shouldn't have done that! That is against so many rules and laws, if you had succeeded what would you have done? How could you explain Lily and James Potter coming back to life? Harry I know you miss your parents, I missed mine when we were away, but you can't be doing things like that!" Hermione grabbed Harry's hand and entwined her fingers with his. "Harry that was very dangerous, Melix the Third tried to bring someone back to life and instead died when his soul was split in two, half in him and half in the person he tried to raise. If that had happened..." Hermione curled up next to Harry. "I love you Harry and don't want to lose you, you miss your parents, but if you die, wouldn't that be disappointing them? The whole reason they died was to protect you, they wanted to keep you alive, and you killing yourself to see them would undo what they did." Hermione wrapped her arms around Harry. "You being alive is what they wanted, don't let that go, and know that they loved you so much they willingly sacrificed themselves to save you."

"Mione it isn't right, they died because of me, to protect me, and I felt guilty about that ever since I learned the truth. My Mother forgave me though, I felt better, but then I had a chance to bring them back, to save them! I failed; I left them in the ground when I should have brought them back." Harry wrapped his arms around Hermione. "I'm

sorry I've been acting this way Mione, I just wanted to save them so badly, bring them back so I could live under their rules, their love." Harry didn't cry, he couldn't, but his sadness was felt by Hermione.

"It's ok Harry, you love them very much, and they know that. They watch you Harry, they make sure you stay safe; I can only think that they watch over you after all you've been through. They keep you alive even though they aren't, they are always close to you Harry, believe that, believe in them." Hermione rubbed Harry's back.

"Thank you Mione, I still miss them, but they must be watching out for me, how else I could have gotten you back after I was really stupid and hurt you." Harry smiled, both by his mouth and by his eyes. "I love you Mione." Harry snuggled up against her and kissed her on the lips.

"Harry not now, my parents might see us and we don't need that. How about we go into the backyard? I saw Monica out there and told Devin she was out there." Harry nodded and they got up to go outside.

The wedding was now three days away. Monica after having her Brother back was a lot better and after the treatments from Madam Pomfrey Devin was almost back to normal, as normal as he got. Hermione and Monica had their dress robes ready as did Harry but Devin was a problem.

"I never bought one because I never planned on going to anything that required me to wear one." Devin was still trying to get out of going.

"Brother you will go or I will do what big sisters do best." Monica grabbed Devin by the ear and twisted. Devin had really improved and while he wasn't up for running with the other three Monica was treating him like she normally would. "You Ain't getting out of this Brother, we were invited by the Weasly's and we are going, I am sure we can get Dobby to get you some dress robes."

"Monica you might want to let up on him." Hermione was worried about what Devin might do; his abilities were triggered by such things.

“Come on Hermione you are supposed to help me convince him to go.” Monica let go of Devin’s ear.

“Devin you are going to the wedding unless you want to spend the day alone with my parents listening to my dad’s old stories about his patients.” Those were always enough to get Hermione to do something.

“But I don’t have anything to wear, and I will look like an idiot going by myself, and I did sort of mutilate their son.”

“Devin first you will have something to wear, second I am going alone to, and third they don’t care about that, Ron left their family to join the Death Eaters.” Monica was sizing her Brother up, red would go well with his skin tone.

“I know you’re going with that-“

“It doesn’t matter who she’s going with Devin, you are going to, I’m sure Gabrielle would love to dance with you.” Maybe, she was probably turning thirteen soon and would be interested in boys soon.

“That’s the little sister of the bride right? She’s not even old enough to wear a bra so what interest would I have in her? Not that would have interest in anyone else; caring about people is too much work.” Devin was getting angry, why wouldn’t his sister just leave him alone! “I don’t want to fight, I don’t want to go so I am not fucking going damn it.”

“Devin calm down right this instant Mister, you are not staying here while the rest of us go to the wedding.” Hermione noticed something, even though Devin was getting mad Hermione didn’t feel different, she didn’t become angry. “Now I being a girl will help you choose the right color, probably red, and need to go with more modern then traditional with your build.” Devin was still scrawny, not being well enough to do his usual workout.

“Look Monica just because you are older then I doesn’t mean you can boss me around!” Devin lay down on his back to keep Monica from messing with the clothes he was already wearing.

“Well to bad Devin cause you are going and that’s that. Don’t worry about a date, Ginny says she invited her friend Luna to come so you can dance with her, she likes you.” Monica pulled Devin back up. “Hermione what do you think? Red or maybe something a little lighter since this is a wedding.” Hermione didn’t know, or really care; clothes weren’t her area of expertise.

“Uh whatever you think looks good on him.”

“Alright a light red, your skin is to wrong for blue or green, have to go with red, not to red though.” Monica could see it in her head, visualize it. “Dobby.” Crack

“Yes Miss Stark?” Hermione thought it was strange, Dobby called her ‘Miss Hermione Granger Ma’am’ and Harry ‘Mister Harry Potter Sir’ but Monica was just ‘Miss Stark’.

“I have some money; my Brother needs dress robes, light red, fit for his frame. If you can go and get them it would be great.” Monica got her purse out and got a pouch she had Hermione make her. “If you need any more money just come back and ask.”

“Yes Miss Stark.” Crack. Dobby left the two girls and Devin alone.

“I don’t want to go; I ain’t going, so I don’t need dress robes.” Devin was still fighting about this.

“What are you going to do for your wedding? Not show up?” Monica was teasing her Brother.

“What wedding? Do you really think I would let myself care about anyone like that? I lost Sandy, then Mom; I can’t let myself care about anyone else, except for you.”

“And you, do you think they would want you to act like this? Luna is a nice person and I already told Ginny you would be going so you could be Luna’s date.” Hermione didn’t know about Sandy but she knew Professor Krats, Diane Stark, wouldn’t want her son to act like this.

“Come on Devin you’re a good person, live a little, have fun.”

“Easy to say when you aren’t going to kill someone for being too happy. Besides I don’t trust that Luna girl, she was able to touch me when I didn’t want to be touched.” Hermione remembered that, when Devin was in the secret room near the Ravenclaw Tower.

“You’re afraid of a girl? Of all the things to be afraid of Brother you’re afraid of a girl? That is so sweet!” Monica hugged her Brother playfully.

“I’m not afraid of her she is just, she reminds me of someone.”

“Sandy, right? It’s ok Devin...” Monica was being serious now.

“Look I’m going to see what Harry is doing alright?” Hermione was getting uncomfortable with what was going on.

“Alright Hermione, Devin its ok it wasn’t your fault.” Hermione left to find Harry leaving the Twins to themselves.

Hermione went to Harry’s room first not finding him; she went to the backyard still not finding him. She kept looking for him not able to find him anywhere in the house. “Mom have you seen Harry?”

“No Honey Bumpkins, ask your Dad.” Hermione went and found her Dad in the kitchen.

“Dad have you seen Harry?”

“No Kid, you look in the backyard? That place is amazing, how can you have that large of a backyard in a city like this?”

“Magic, Dad.” Hermione explained it to him before. “Well, maybe Dobby can find him.” But Dobby was getting Devin’s dress robes. Hermione went back to Harry’s room waiting for him.

Close to an hour later Hermione saw the room start to ‘move’ and then Harry popping in front of her. “Harry where were you!” Had he apparated? He wasn’t old enough; illegal apparition was punishable

by a fine and a suspension of getting your apparition license for up to three years.

“They weren’t there, I went but they weren’t there.” Harry was deathly white, shaking, looked like he had seen Voldemort but worse, Harry wasn’t afraid of Voldemort.

“Harry what’s wrong?” Hermione had completely forgotten that Harry had just popped into existence from nowhere.

“They weren’t there, I went back to tell them I was sorry for failing them but they weren’t there.”

“Harry how could you? I thought they ran out of Time Turners old enough to go back then, unless you broke into the Ministry and stole one that was old enough to get you to a point your parents were alive.” Harry had a lot more to worry about then illegal apparition if he did that.

“No, they’re graves, they aren’t there, someone took them, someone dug their bodies up and took them.” Harry sat down on the ground hugging his knees to his chest.

“Oh my God Harry that’s horrible, how could they!” Hermione went and sat down next to Harry. “How did you know?” Harry showed Hermione the necklace.

“Hang on to me.” Hermione wrapped her arms around Harry. “Lily and James, Lily and James.” The room started to spin, Hermione was amazed that she felt the hook behind the navel feeling, Harry had a Portkey? Hermione waited until she felt something underneath her to open her eyes, she was in a graveyard!

“Harry how did you get that?” Hermione pointed at the necklace

“Dumbledore gave it to me, so I could see my parents when I wanted to.” Hermione looked around and saw two holes in front of two tombstones.

“Who did this?”

"Voldemort, he had to be the one, why I don't know, he already took my Mother's protection of me away, why would he need her, or my dad?" Harry lead Hermione over to the tombstones, Hermione read them, looked at the holes, why would Voldemort do this?

"Harry we need to go back, no one knows where we went; they might be looking for us." She had looked for him; maybe her parents were looking for her, anything to get Harry away from here.

"I'm sorry Mione I wasn't thinking about that." Harry grabbed his necklace also holding onto Hermione's hand. "Hang on to me Mione." She did and Harry said the words he needed to say to go back home. "Mione go away, please Mione." Harry told her to leave before they had even gotten back to Harry's room.

"Harry you shouldn't be alone." When they landed in Harry's room Hermione hugged Harry.

"I don't want you here, I want to be alone."

"What you want and need are different things Harry." Hermione wasn't going to let go, Harry needed her even if he didn't want her.

"Maybe we shouldn't stay together Mione; if Voldemort will go after my parents in their graves then he will come for you."

"NO!" Hermione slapped Harry so hard her hand hurt. "It is not your fault you love someone, it is not your fault this happened, it is Voldemort! Your Mother forgave you; remember that Harry, she forgave you for that." Harry felt the sting and unlike most physical pain he didn't block this out, he let the pain sink in.

"Don't leave me Mione." Harry hugged Hermione using her as an anchor to support himself.

"I won't Harry, I won't." The two lay down on Harry's bed holding onto each other falling asleep.

The two woke up when two worried parents found them together in bed well after midnight.

"What the hell did you do!" Mr. Granger pulled Harry off his daughter, his little girl, his baby.

"Honey they were just sleeping, I don't think they did anything."

"Look at them! Two teens in bed, nothing good can come of that, why do you think they're so tired." Harry rolled over on the floor.

"Mr. Granger we didn't do anything..."

"Dad we didn't do anything we just got tired." Hermione was red in the face from embarrassment. "Why don't you trust me? I'm smart enough to not do anything like that!" Hermione got over her embarrassment and turned it into anger. "Get out!"

"Honey our daughter is smart enough, mature enough, to be safe even if they were doing that." Mrs. Granger grabbed her husband's arm. "I'm sorry Hermione, Harry, but you have broken the rules." Mr. Granger pulled his arm away.

"You are both grounded for the rest of the summer! Little miss you are in deep trouble, Harry may not be my kid but you are and you will be punished as such." Mr. Granger grabbed Hermione by her arm and pulled her off the bed.

"Dad that hurt." Hermione pulled her arm away. "We weren't doing anything wrong!"

"Honey they weren't doing anything, but they will be grounded until the end of the summer for breaking the curfew of no girls in Harry's room after nine." Mrs. Granger put a hand on Hermione's shoulder. "Come on Hermione it's late, sorry about your Father but you are his little girl, no matter how old you get we will always be your parents." Mrs. Granger and Hermione left the room, leaving Harry and Mr. Granger alone.

"I'm sorry for breaking the rules but we weren't doing anything, we went somewhere before and we, I." Harry didn't want to tell Mr. Granger about his parent's graves being dug up and stolen.

"You went somewhere? How did you do that, you aren't supposed to go anywhere, alone or with someone else."

"I have permission from Dumbledore to go there, where we went."

"Well I didn't give Hermione permission, I don't need you two sneaking off somewhere to canoodle."

"It was a graveyard alright? My parent's graves are there, we went there." Harry didn't want Hermione to get in trouble so he told the truth.

"Oh, sorry, you should have told us where you were going, this may be your house but we are the adults, we are responsible not just for our little girl but you also, and those American kids. Why do you think we are here? I'm sure Mr. Dumbledore could have put his people here but he told us to stay here, we are responsible for all of you."

"We weren't doing anything, we haven't done anything, we won't do anything, we had to spend a lot of time together after the attack and we didn't do anything, I never opened my eyes to look when she got out of the shower..."

"What? The attack, the one in July? What were you doing in Hermione's room!" Harry didn't know Hermione hadn't told her parents about the attack, what actually happened during it.

"Uh I guess I need to tell you what happened." Harry spent the next hour going over what happened, how they ended up in 1974, how they had to share a room for the first month, everything.

"Why didn't Hermione tell us?" Mr. Granger didn't know this had happened to his baby, he was worried again but not about her and Harry.

“Dumbledore told us not to tell anyone but I told Hermione to tell you two, at least you deserved to know.” And they were Muggles so really if they told anyone who was a Muggle no one would believe them.

“She followed the rules, she follows them like no one else, and even I broke them a little back in my days.” Mr. Granger calmed down. “You didn’t mean to break the rules did you?” Harry shook his head. “Alright, you’re still grounded until the end of the summer but will still go to the wedding.” Harry rubbed his leg; Mr. Granger had pulled rather hard. “Well go back to bed, tomorrow your punishment begins.” Mr. Granger left to go upstairs and apologize to his daughter.

Chapter 4: Wedding Bells

The day of the wedding came, Harry, Hermione, Devin, and Monica had gotten up extra early to dress, do hair, and make up for the girls. Hermione and Monica had fun helping the other get ready while the boys just got ready complaining about the time. Hermione was having a lot of fun though, she had two guy friends for years, now she had a female friend she could do girl things with. Hermione was letting her inner girl come out that she had suppressed until her fifth year even after a few bumps with Monica.

“Come on you can’t wear your hair like that!” Monica was having a blast, she use to do this with her friends back in the States and had done it with Ginny before but now she had Hermione to play with, just like her own personal doll.

“Monica I can’t wear it anyway else, my hair is to long for much else.” Hermione needed a hair cut but being in the house she didn’t have anyone to cut it.

“Well let me do something with it, Harry will love it!” Monica went to work while Hermione gritted her teeth and closed her eyes, she hoped Monica was right. “There, that way it doesn’t look like you have a beehive on your head.” Hermione looked in the mirror, it did look better.

“Thanks Monica, are you and...”

“No, we decided we can’t.” Monica was blunt with it; she didn’t want to talk about it. “Now about your lipstick.” Monica went to work on Hermione having fun with her ‘doll’.

Harry was ready, his hair did as he told it to, he had his dress robes on, new ones since his old ones were a little short on him and he wanted something bright, not the dark colors of his old dress robes. Devin was dressed still complaining about have to go. “I don’t want to go so I shouldn’t have to, this will interfere with my time table, need to take the potion at three sharp and if the ceremony isn’t done then I won’t be able to take it.”

"The ceremony starts at one so I doubt it will take that long, and stop complaining about the time you had to get up at ten on a summer day it isn't that bad." Harry wanted to put a silencing spell on Devin, all he had done was complain that morning, first about the time, and now about having to go.

"You've never been to a wedding have you?" Harry shook his head. "They take forever and ever and ever. We'll be lucky if they say 'I Do' before we have to go to school." Devin kept complaining for another hour until finally it was time to leave. Dumbledore arrived by Portkey in the library.

"You are all ready I presume." Everybody nodded. "Then grab onto this." Dumbledore took a long stick out. "Found this outside on my walk." They all reached over and grabbed it, when the last person in the group touched it the Portkey activated sending the group to a place they didn't recognize.

"Where are we?" Hermione was the first one to ask.

"St. Croix, a church in France." They looked at the large building, it was amazing, stone, glass, wood, it was a building with its own presence.

"Wow, I was in France for my vacation but we didn't go here." They walked into the church and saw the decorations, flowers everywhere, and in the very front in the middle was an archway.

"You are here." Dumbledore pointed out the row they were going to be sitting in. "I will be up there so if you need anything you know where I am." Not that it would be that hard, how many other wizards would be wearing bright purple robes with silver stars moving around on the hat?

"So what do you think? So romantic, so large, the flowers alone must have sent them back a pretty penny." Monica was looking around.

"Uh sure, penny, American Muggle form of money, right?" Harry wasn't sure if that was right but saw Hermione nod. More and more

people came in, the Weasley's on the left, the Delacour's on the right, easy to spot since the left was full of red heads.

"So how long until it starts?" Devin was already showing his impatience.

"It will start when it does just enjoy the smell, the sight, so many people to talk to, and so many girls for you to dance with." Monica tried to get her Brother to lighten up. "I'm sure Luna won't be to jealous if a cute guy like you get asked to dance by other girls."

"Asked yes, actually dance, no." This was why Devin never bought dress robes; he never planned on going to an event where he would need them. He probably would have needed them for his Mother's funeral but he was asleep during that.

"Oh come on Devin live a little." Monica was ready to give up, her Brother could be so stubborn sometime.

"If you're worried about not knowing how to dance I'm sure Hermione could show you, she taught me for the Yule Ball." Harry was bored and decided he would try to help Monica. "Right Hermione?"

"Oh trying to get rid of me already?" Hermione put her arm around Harry's shoulder. Being in a church, for a wedding, Hermione couldn't stop herself from fantasizing what her wedding would be like.

"No just renting you out for a little bit, help a good friend out, make it so he can get his own woman." Harry wrapped his arm around Hermione.

"Well Fleur is part Veela so I am sure there are some full blooded Veela around here who wouldn't mind using their powers on Devin." Devin grabbed the back of the pew in front of him.

"Veela? I can't stay here, they are evil, they use their abilities to make men fall in love with them, they manipulate feelings."

"Devin you aren't leaving, if you want I can stay close to you make sure they don't affect you."

“So you aren’t going to be dancing with that little...”

“No we figured we shouldn’t.” Monica cut her Brother off before he could expose her for what she was. Harry however being bored decided to pry.

“So who was it? I have my own theory now, since I am one of the few males at Hogwarts to be able to go into the girls’ dormitory it might not be a guy, and you have special abilities dealing with ghosts, are you seeing a ghost?” Harry remembered what she did to Peeves, if she was able to touch him physically she might be able to with another in a way Harry didn’t want to think about, to disturbing.

“Shut up Harry the ceremony is about to start.” Hermione didn’t want to upset Monica right then and there, the wedding was about to start and Monica was her friend.

“How can you tell?” Harry didn’t see anything different but then the music that filled the church changed and the lights darkened just a little. Harry watched the ceremony; he had never seen anything like it. Bill looked so happy, a smile so wide it threatened to leave his face, and nearly did when the music changed again and a dazzling beauty entered. Fleur Delacour walked slowly with a bouquet of roses and a beautiful white dress with little white stones hanging from it and a veil going back at least ten feet following Fleur Delacour. Harry watched as she got to the very front and turned towards Bill, Harry felt his cheeks warm and noticed most other males had the same reaction; Fleur Delacour was blasting them all with her Veela abilities.

“Damn it I need to get away.” Devin tried to stand up but Monica grabbed him by his hair and pulled him back to his seat.

“You’re not going anywhere.”

The ceremony continued, the Minister, or Priest, Harry wasn’t sure what the difference was, began saying whatever it was he was supposed to say, Harry didn’t understand since he was speaking in French. Harry listened but could understand, the wedding rings were put on the other’s finger, and finally the man spoke in English.

"If anyone has a reason that these two should not be married speak now or forever hold your peace." Nothing. "Since no one objects to the joining of these two I now pronounce them Man and Wife." He then said it in French along with something else Harry assumed was 'You may now kiss the bride' as Bill took Fleur in his arms and kissed her hard in front of everyone which brought cheers from both sides. The music changed as Bill and Fleur Weasley walked down the aisle hand in hand waving to everyone both smiling brightly. Harry looked down at his watch, it was almost two o'clock, an hour had passed so quickly. As the doors to the church opened a loud explosion was heard.

"Fireworks?" The Twins did have a way with them, but wouldn't they wait until the party after?

"Death Eaters!" Or to be more accurate Death Eater.

"Oh I am so disappointed Billy, you didn't invite your youngest Brother." Ron came in on a winged animal that looked like a cross between a snake, a bird, and a gorilla. "But no matter I have no problem crashing weddings." Ron cast an exploding spell on the church causing stone and glass fall down on the people below. Harry noticed Ron had a new hand, a silver one, just like the one Voldemort gave Wormtail after Voldemort had come back.

"Run!" Various other words were yelled, mostly in French, but everyone got the message.

"Yes run, my friends are going to have fun!" Ron pulled out what looked like three silver balls. "Hicka, Bicka, Boo." The three balls exploded and out came three large dog looking things, even bigger than what Fang was. One opened its mouth and fire shot out.

"Hell Hounds!" The wizards and witches started running away as Ron flew up in the air on the flying snake creature.

"Come on this is so disgraceful, where is the precious Ministry now?" Ron cast some spells at the crowd setting fire to people's robes. Harry grabbed Hermione and nearly threw her into a tree.

“Stay here, I have something to finish.”

“Harry no!” Harry ran towards Ron not letting the Hell Hounds get to him.

“Ronald Weasley get down here now! We have something to finish.” Harry got his wand out and cast a stunning spell at Ron who dodged it.

“Oh my other Brother, we have something of yours, something very precious!” Ron pointed at a Hell Hound. “Hicka, attack!” Ron then pointed his wand at Harry. The Hell Hound which Harry assumed was named Hicka growled then opened its mouth firing a fireball at Harry. Harry using his Seeker agility dodged out of the way casting a stunner at Hicka which immediately bounced off. “Too powerful for that Harry, the Dark Lord made sure of that.” Ron laughed and flew higher.

“Poor RONald Weasley, your family was saddened by your leave but don’t believe they will go easy on you.” Dumbledore had his wand out. “I will give you this chance to apologize for what you have done and turn yourself in, you haven’t killed anyone here and I would like it to stay that way.”

“Old Man, we just have to wait for you to die and then the Dark Lord will slaughter your followers!” Ron flew even higher up making sure he would be out of range.

“Very well then, I am sorry Ronald Weasley that I have failed you.” Dumbledore pointed his wand at a Hell Hound which burst into flame. “These toys Voldemort gave you are no match Ronald Weasley.” Dumbledore cast another spell on another Hell Hound making it burst into flames.

“Damn it Ron, Avada Kedavra!” Harry knew he was too far away to hit Ron; he had too much time to dodge it but still had to try.

“Oh Brother, Mate, are you still angry about what I did? Don’t worry though, if you want you can see them again real soon, or join us, the

Dark Lord has what you want, he can give it to you! If you join us you will have everything you ever wanted! All you have to do is kill the last of the Marauders, kill Remus Lupin and the Dark Lord will make you his greatest General!" Harry knew what Ron meant, his parents, but he wasn't going to join them ever, he would never kill Remus.

"Go to hell Ron." Harry cast another killing curse again knowing it wouldn't hit. Ron just laughed and flew off after causing the mayhem he had wanted at the wedding. The last Hell Hound was inside the church setting it on fire with its breath, thankfully everyone had gotten outside.

"l'animal soit allé!" A Frenchman had cast a spell at the last Hell Hound killing it, unlike Dumbledore's spells that caused them to burst into flames this one just fell on its side as its eyes rolled back.

"Good thinking, we will need one left to study." Dumbledore went over and waved his wand at the Hell Hound. "Very powerful indeed, it seems Voldemort has done to this creature what he did to the Manticore." Dumbledore waved his wand again sending the creature away. "Please gather the injured together so we can send them to St. Mungos, or St. Pierre, whichever one is closer." The adults got the children together and the injured together having Dumbledore create Portkeys to send them to the various places they needed to go.

"Et après partie?" A woman who was in shock kept going on about the after party. Fleur was crying, her wedding, her most wonderful day ever had been ruined!

"Meil, il sera correct, personne n'a été tué, everyone's fine." Bill Weasley was trying to get Fleur to stop crying, trying to show her the good things that had happened.

"Mon mariage, ce bâtard l'a ruiné!" Harry walked away, what could he do? He had to find Hermione.

"Mione! Mione, where did you go?" Hermione wasn't where he put her, where had she gone? Harry kept looking asking people if they had seen her but they didn't know her, half of them didn't even speak

English. "Monica, did you see where Hermione went?" Harry found Monica, but no Hermione, or Devin.

"I don't know, I can't find Devin, he was next to me when we ran out but then he went away, I don't know where he went." Harry grabbed Monica up and made her follow him to keep her safe.

"Mione! Mione!" Maybe Ron wasn't talking about his parents; maybe Voldemort had already grabbed Hermione, which was his precious thing they had.

"Harry we have to find Devin, what if he got scared? If he affects these people it could make the situation even worse!" They kept looking but didn't find who they were looking for.

"Vous deux, pourquoi vous n'êtes pas allé avec les autres?" A man was yelling at them but didn't understand him.

"What?"

"Why didn't you go with the other kids? You were supposed to go with them to Madam Cornwell's Manor with the others," Harry didn't know what he was going on about. "Or are you over 17?" Harry and Monica shook their heads. "Then come with me! Don't be trying to play hero, especially you boy, I recognize you, you may think you're big and bad for going up against You-Know-Who but you're still a kid!" Harry and Monica went with him over to a large rock. "Touch it and tell them who you are on the other side." They did as they were told and ended up in the backyard of a large house.

"Who are you two?" A woman and two men were standing there with a list.

"Harry Potter."

"Monica Stark."

"I see, you were with the Weasley side, go with Zank and wait for farther instructions." The second man lead the two over to a tower on the side of the house.

“Go down the stairs, find family or friends, and make sure they know you are safe.” Zank left them at the stairway.

“I can’t believe they are treating us like this, in one year I will be an adult and I already act like one, why do I have to be with the kids?” Harry was more anxious over where Hermione was then how he was being treated but didn’t want it to show. They walked down the stairs going three stories below the Earth before reaching the bottom of the stairs. When they got there Monica pushed Harry out of the way as she ran towards her Brother.

“Devin I’m so sorry I lost you are you ok?” Devin had been sitting on the ground but got up when his sister came over.

“I’m ok now Monica, I was worried, had to meditate so I wouldn’t hurt anyone.” Devin said it in a monotone voice not wanting any emotions coming out.

“Have you seen Hermione?” Devin nodded and pointed towards a wall. “Thank you Devin.” Harry walked over to where Devin had pointed and found a brunette staring at the wall, resting her head on it.

“Mione, are you alright?” So Ron had meant his parents, that bastard, why would Voldemort want their bodies Harry didn’t want to think about right then, he was overwhelmed with finding Hermione was safe.

“You left me, why didn’t you protect me?”

“I didn’t leave you, I put you somewhere safe and went after the person attacking us, I would never leave you.”

“Then why didn’t you come with the rest of us, I was so scared Harry, Ron, he sent those dogs on the people, I heard no one died but people got hurt, he did this Harry.” Hermione turned away from the wall. “How could he do this to his family, he was our friend for so long, how could we not see this.” Hermione put her arms around Harry. “That bastard ruined Bill’s wedding, Fleur’s wedding, and he could have killed people.”

"He could have but he didn't, he didn't come to kill anyone, he came for me, to give me a message." Harry didn't need to tell Hermione, she knew what it was.

"I'm sorry they got them, don't do anything stupid Harry." Hermione looked in Harry's eyes. "You would do anything to save them Harry but don't, they saved you, they don't need you getting hurt saving them."

"I know Mione, I can't save them." He tried; he tried to bring them back and had failed. "I love you Mione." They stayed in the basement of the Manor until Zank and several other people came and got them.

"You are to go to your homes, Mr. Albus Dumbledore was kind enough to make Portkey's for all of you, just tell him where you live and he will send you there." Harry looked at Dumbledore who looked tired, older then normal. Harry and his friends waited until almost everyone else had left before going to Dumbledore.

"Are you alright Dumbledore?" Harry was concerned, maybe the Hell Hounds had done something to Dumbledore.

"I'll be fine, making all these Portkeys has drained my energy, please keep this quiet, the Ministry already knows I make my fair share of illegal Portkeys and don't need to know I've made over a dozen in one day." Harry nodded; he wouldn't say anything to get Dumbledore in trouble. "Glad to see you are all safe but you must be getting home, just touch the Portkey in front of you and you will be home." The four teens reached out and touched the Portkey and did indeed land in Harry's house.

"Oh you're home early, Hermione dear I thought you said the wedding wouldn't be over until after eight." Mister and Misses Granger had been caught on a chair in the library, Penelope in Tom's lap.

"Change of plans, I need to change." Hermione walked away embarrassed by her parents. The other three teens also left the

adults to their activities going to their rooms to change into normal clothes.

Chapter 5: School Bells

They were going back to school, but who else would? Many parents had signed a petition to keep their kids from going back since they claimed Hogwarts wasn't safe, and all the students who were killed, especially Ravenclaw.

"Are you kids ready?" Mr. Granger had gotten them up early to make sure they would be ready, the others anyways, he knew his little girl always packed the night before and had everything ready.

"We are." Monica came down the stairs with her things followed by Hermione.

"I am too." Devin had his things ready; they now just needed to wait for Harry. They stood for a few minutes before Hermione got impatient.

"I'll go see what's taking him so long." Hermione walked to Harry's room knocking on the door, no answer. She knocked again harder hoping he hadn't fallen asleep. "Harry get up!" Hermione opened the door finding that Harry wasn't in his room but his trunk and bottomless pouch were still there. "Dobby." Crack

"Yes Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am."

"Go to Harry; tell him to get back here now!"

"Yes Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am." Crack. Hermione waited, she knew where Harry had to be, but why he would go there now, they had to leave soon and they weren't there, not anymore. A few seconds passed when the world started to 'move' and then Harry appeared.

"Sorry Hermione I didn't know that much time had passed." Hermione saw Harry was wearing his watch, was he lying?

"Well your things are packed right?" Harry nodded. "Then come on my Dad has to give the signal to the Order members before they

come to pick us up.” Harry grabbed his things and followed Hermione to the front door.

“About time, bet you fell asleep didn’t you?” Harry just nodded, he didn’t want anyone to know where he was. “Well I guess its time, uh, pull this string and then point it out the door, right Kid?” Hermione turned the device around then gave it back to her Dad. “Ok here goes.” He pulled the string and waited for anything, you never could tell with magic what would happen could you? Surprisingly only a small puff of purple smoke came out followed by the noise of three people apparating.

“Ok, coast is clear.” Moody and his eye were looking everywhere. Now a loud popping noise was heard as a Ministry car appeared. “Come on and get on, don’t need to be in the open any longer then needed.” The teens went to the car after Hermione turned around and hugged her Dad goodbye.

“Bye Kid, and keep safe, don’t break the rules, and maybe see you for Christmas.” Tom wasn’t sure; he hadn’t seen her a lot for Christmas ever since she went to that school. The teens got in the car which was like all Ministry cars magically enhanced.

“Now when we get there you will need to break up into two groups, Hermione and Harry since you are Prefects will head to the front of the train with Me and Tonks while Devin and Monica head to the back with Remus and Dawdles. Don’t worry about your things other Order members will put those away; we need you to get on the train as soon as possible. And Harry,” Harry looked at Moody’s good eye. “Your Owl has been checked over to make sure she hadn’t been infected by Voldemort, Hagrid still has her and kept her safe.” Harry couldn’t believe it, he had forgotten all about Hedwig, he felt horrible, he left her with Hagrid since he was planning on going into the Muggle world, then the attack in Diagon Alley, he had forgotten about her completely. The car did what the others had done, obviously Order modified, getting them to the train station with close to half an hour before they had to get on.

“Now we got you here early, traffic is light, we had our people scout the place out, gave them special devices to check for Invisibility

Cloaks and spells.” Remus got out of the car and waved his wand in a specific way. Three people came out of the train station. “Report.”

“Safe Sir, no Death Eaters, we are ready to bring the cargo and the passengers on the train, if you are ready Sir.”

“We are, their things are in the trunk.” The three Order members went to the back of the car and grabbed their things rushing back to the train station platform. “Alright Monica and Devin you are with me and Dawdles, Moody and Tonks take flank on Harry and Hermione.” Harry wanted to talk to Remus before they left.

“Wait Remus.” Harry stood next to the car not going with Hermione.

“Come on Harry we have to go now while we can.”

“Then just wait and listen alright? I need to talk to you.” Harry had to see if the memory spells Dumbledore were still on, no point if Harry and Hermione were back to keep them on, right?

“I don’t think I should be alone with you.” This caught Harry off guard, what was wrong with Remus?

“But I just wanted to ask you something Remus, about something that happened.” Or didn’t if Remus didn’t remember it.

“Really? Harry I know how much your parents mean to you but if you do what he told you to you won’t live long enough to have what he promised you, not that he could give it to you it is impossible to bring the dead back to life.” Remus was talking about what Ron had said, what Ron wanted Harry to do, he didn’t trust Harry.

“That’s not what I wanted to...”

“Get on the train Harry you are keeping us off schedule.” Moody interrupted the two as his eye saw more wizards and witches coming, sure they looked like parents with children but Death Eater would have no problem using the Imperius Curse on children to give them a better cover and a meat shield, Moody had seen it enough times during his years of fighting Grindlewald followers and Death Eaters.

Harry and Hermione went with Moody and Tonks to the front of the train getting on quickly and heading to the Prefect car.

“Harry what did Remus mean?” Hermione had been hiding when the attack on the wedding happened; she hadn’t heard the deal Ron was trying to make with Harry. Harry fought over it inside, should he tell her the truth? If he didn’t and she found out later she would be mad at him, but would she trust him if he told her the truth?

“I, when the wedding was attacked, Ron, he said he had something precious to me, if I wanted it I would have to kill the last of the Marauders.” Harry didn’t want to say Remus Lupin, he couldn’t.

“He has their bodies doesn’t he?” Harry nodded, he didn’t know but he knew his parents were held by Voldemort, their bodies. “That bastard! Harry I’m sorry, but you won’t do that, you love Remus, he is alive, and you aren’t a killer, a murderer.”

“I am Hermione; I will be, but not Remus, there is another Marauder out there, Wormtail.” Harry clenched his fist saying that name. “But it won’t be murder, it will be vengeance!” Harry pounded his fist against the wall.

“Harry don’t say that you are a good person and good people don’t kill.” Hermione grabbed Harry’s hand.

“Dumbledore has killed, are you saying he isn’t a good person?” Harry had her with that one; Hermione was the one to tell him about Dumbledore beating the last Dark Lord before Voldemort came to power.

“He had to, Grindlewald was trying to wipe out an entire race of people, he was using Muggles to do it, but he was going to succeed. It wasn’t until 1945 that Dumbledore defeated him in a duel that broke the spells Grindlewald was using to control several Muggles who killed themselves afterwards, they were monsters, they were forced to be monsters, and they knew they wouldn’t be allowed to live. Thanks to Dumbledore we were able to stop a World War that could have killed millions more, the Americans though, they weren’t done.”

Harry didn't know what she meant; didn't the Americans win when the Germans fell to?

"Well, it's the same for me, I have to do this, Wormtail, Ronald, and Voldemort, they are my Grindlewald, and what did the Americans do?"

"You don't have to kill them, all of them, I'm sure we can save Ron, he was our friend before we can save him, and the Americans used two bombs to end the war in the east." Hermione didn't want to say anything about Voldemort, she would kill him if she got the chance for what he had done.

"East? East Germany? In school, Muggle School, they taught that when the Germans surrendered it was over, and the Russians had taken the capital, not the Americans."

"That's because they only teach you our involvement in the war, the Japanese were still fighting and the Americans didn't want to invade the island, it would kill millions of their men and probably kill millions of Japanese civilians, not that you could call them that since the government was training all of them, even the women and children, to fight in case the Americans invaded so the Americans used two bombs to wipe out two cities, over a hundred thousand dead with each bomb."

"Wow, I knew guns could kill, and some bombs could kill a lot of people, but that many with one bomb? Must have been a lot of tnt." Harry tried imagining that much black powder, would have to of been huge, fireworks could make loud bangs but even the black powder would only take a hand off, not kill that many people.

"It wasn't a normal bomb, they used nuclear power to do the job, it was the first and last time they were ever used in a war, they turned thousands of people into ash in an instant, people just vanished as though they never existed." Wow Harry thought, the Muggles may not have magic but not even Voldemort could make thousands of people vanish like that.

“Just hope Voldemort never finds out about them, imagine if he had that kind of power.” Harry shuddered at the thought, Voldemort could kill well enough with what he had, Voldemort didn’t need any help.

“Harry hush, you’re upsetting me.” Hermione put an arm around Harry resting her head on his shoulder.

“Sorry Mione.” Harry and Hermione sat like this until more people started to board the train.

“So who do you think are the new Head Boy and Head Girl?”

“I guess we’re about to find out, I bet Cho would have been the Head Girl if she hadn’t...” Harry stopped himself; he didn’t need to upset Hermione.

“She would have made a good Head Girl, if she had the chance.” Hermione looked out the window watching the people get on the train; she recognized one family, the Weasleys, as Ginny got on the train. People started coming into the Prefect car and saw two familiar faces. “Ginny, Luna, you made Prefect?” They both nodded and nearly ran over to hug Hermione then Harry.

“I got it, I couldn’t believe it! I am the 5th year Prefect!” Ginny showed her badge, newly shined, and smiled some more.

“Good job Ginny, you to Luna.” Luna just took a seat barely showing a smile on her face. More people came in, then two more, a boy and a girl with Head Boy and Head Girl Badges on their chests.

“I am Nicholas Nutter, this is Janis Kopli, and we are the new Head Boy and Girl. This year there will be some new rules after what happened last year.” Everyone became quiet, they all remembered what had happened, they had lost friends in the attack, and some had lost family in the other attacks across the country and at the Ministry. “There will be absolutely no Hogsmeade weekends, probably never will be, safety and parts of Hogsmeade still require construction have made those trips to dangerous.

“The second new rule deals with Quidditch.” Janis had taken over. “Trials and practices will be only on Saturday and Sunday, the Head of House for the teams will set up the times the teams try out for new players and practice, along with no extra practices or extended practices, we hope the different teams will not bicker over these new rules.”

“The third new rule will fall on new students, last year a Prefect had a good idea to help the first years out.” Nicholas motioned towards Hermione. “They will all carry maps, new ones, and will be required to carry them for the first month. These new maps were made by Professor Dumbledore and have been marked to help new students, the seventh year Prefects will give them to the new students in your House as they step down and join the table.”

“The last new rule will fall on you, if you notice anyone in your house acting different, covering something up, planning something; report them to your Head of House. We had several students controlled last year and others becoming Death Eaters and if any more are being controlled or become Death Eaters we must know before it is too late!” Janis got her wand out. “A spell Dumbledore has taught Nicholas and I will let you contact your Head of House, or other people, wherever you are. Do this with your wand,” she waved her wand “and say their name while picturing their face and then say Hibi Voca, if this person has allowed you permission to contact them they will hear you. This keeps you from playing pranks on people; your Head of House will give you permission after dinner.” Janis put her wand away. “Are there any questions?” No one raised their hand.

“Alright you may go meet up with your friends now, tell them about the new rules so they won’t be expecting Hogsmeade trips.” Nicholas then walked out of the train car with Janis and a couple other people.

“Well I guess we should go find Monica and Devin.” Harry and Hermione left the Prefect car to find the Twins. Harry noticed people were staring at him, they knew what he had done during the attack, he had put his life on the line to save others, and then the news about his friend Ron, Harry was now more than the Boy Who Lived, he was respected by many, and held in awe by everyone else. Walking

through the train Harry and Hermione went through a car full of Slytherin students, one of them Pansy Parkinson.

"There they are, aren't they so cute together?" Pansy blocked their way. "You let him die, you could have saved him, I know you could of, but you let my Dragon die."

"Pansy, Draco was dead before we even knew the castle was under attack, he was considered weak to Voldemort," everyone but Harry and Hermione flinched, "and was killed because of it." Hermione pushed Pansy out of the way since she knew Harry wouldn't do it.

"That's not very Prefect like Bush Hair!"

"10 points from Slytherin." Hermione wasn't going to argue with Pansy and figured this would shut her up.

"Damn Mud-Blood! You just wait Mud-Blood; your kind will be taken care of when our side wins!"

"30 more points from Slytherin." Hermione walked away letting Harry cover her back in case Pansy decided to get physical. They walked farther passing another Slytherin filled car but weren't accosted. Getting to the back car they found Monica, Devin, and Neville.

"Was Ginny with you?" Hermione nodded.

"She didn't follow us though; she said she wanted to talk to Luna about something. How was your summer Neville?"

"Alright, I guess, my OWLs came in."

"How you do?" Hermione wanted to hear, she knew Neville had gotten at least five or he wouldn't be on the train, but he did struggle with classes, would it be good enough to be allowed to take the sixth year classes? Yes an Acceptable passed, but most Professors wouldn't let you take their sixth year class with just an Acceptable.

"I got seven OWLs, missed my Transfiguration and Divination."

“Oh, well, what classes are you taking?” Neville talked about what he was taking for a few minutes when Luna and Ginny got to the train car.

“Ginny!” Monica got up and went over to hug Ginny. “I know you told me at the wedding but still, congratulations for getting made Prefect!” Monica hugged Ginny again. “Oh and you to Luna, sorry.”

“Its fine, I was glad to see you and your Brother are doing fine.” Luna walked over to where Devin was sitting and sat down next to him.

“It was a beautiful wedding Ginny, thank you for inviting me and my Brother.” Monica and Ginny sat down talking to each other.

A couple hours later the train was getting close to Hogwarts. “Better change into your robes, we are almost there.” They did quickly anxious to get off the train.

Getting into the station they followed the procedures they were given, Harry noticed Order members were stationed everywhere. Getting to the castle and then in the castle Harry noticed some odd things. Normally the castle felt warm but now it was cold, even in the warmth of summer it felt cold. The Great Hall was normally decorated but wasn't now, making the castle feel even colder. Getting to their seats they sat through the Sorting, Harry didn't know why but it felt wrong, maybe it was that there were less then two dozen new students, the emptiness of the school with so many students missing, or maybe it was that Ron wasn't there, Harry wouldn't have his best friend that year.

“Children, students, Professors, this is a new year and a new job for me.” Professor McGonagall, Headmaster McGonagall, was going to give her first speech. “I will continue teaching Transfiguration this year and might next year until I find a teacher who can fill my position. I must tell you that the Forbidden Forest is forbidden, anything and everything made by the Twins, you know which ones I mean, is forbidden. Every Weasley item found will result in 5 points taken and a detention for the offence. Now there are some new rules, the first one is no more Hogsmeade weekends.” Many people grumbled about this, the third years being the loudest. “It is too dangerous and many parts

of Hogsmeade are still under construction. Second is Quidditch will be strictly regulated, practices and tryouts will be watched by a teacher and your Head of House will determine when you will have them. For you first years we have something special for you, a Prefect from my old House came up with the idea of giving maps to first years. You have already received your map and you will be required to carry it for at least one month. I will need to speak to the Prefects and Head Boy and Girl after dinner about something else, please enjoy your meals and head to your Common Room when you are done.” Harry noticed she didn’t clap her hands like Dumbledore would who was now sitting at the Staff table, he was the new DADA teacher.

“Harry want to go see Hagrid when we are done?” Hermione had already finished and was trying to get out of the Great Hall.

“No, not today, maybe tomorrow, besides we need to talk to Headmaster McGonagall after dinner.” Harry didn’t want to leave the castle; he knew the Order members would probably follow them.

“Oh, well, I’ll wait until you are done.” Harry finished and they went up to Headmaster McGonagall. When Headmaster McGonagall saw them coming over she got her wand out.

“Good, I give Hermione Jane Granger and Harry James Potter permission to contact me.” She touched Hermione then Harry on their foreheads with her wand. “You may go to your Common Room now.” They went to the Gryffindor Common Room quickly. Together they relaxed on the couch wondering what this year would bring them, the rest of it anyways. They had already done two months of it in 1974 but would they be teaching the same things? Different teachers, different time, they may have learned nothing that would help them this year.

A/N I call McGonagall HeadMASTER instead of Head MISTRESS for a reason, this is in the 90’s, before the PC police made you say “Person hole cover” instead of Manhole cover or “Peoples Person” instead of Ladies Man. Ditto for Police Person instead of Policeman and Mail Carrier instead of Mailman.

Chapter 6: New Episodes and Repeats

Class that first day was awfully boring for Harry; he had Double Potions and then Charms. Thankfully Devin and Monica had also passed their Potions along with Hermione so Harry had people to talk to. So few people had met up to Snape's expectation, or had come back to Hogwarts, that the Double Potions classroom was full with all four Houses at the same time. Harry was a little disappointed that Neville hadn't made it into Potions; Neville's Exceeds Expectation wasn't good enough to get him into Snape's Potions class.

"Alright class I know you are just back from your vacation but that is no excuse to be unprepared. First person to tell me how to make a Wumpuff Potion will get their House ten points. Hermione stuck her hand up but was beaten to it by a Ravenclaw student.

"Oh I knew that to." Hermione was biting her bottom lip; she needed to be faster next time.

"Very good Clyde, ten points to Ravenclaw, 5 points from Slytherin and Hufflepuff for not having anyone who knew how to make a Wumpuff Potion. Now that some of you know how to make it open your books to page 117 and make this Potion, those that fail will lose 25 points from their House, those who complete it will gain 10 points for their House.

"Well that is simple enough." Harry had his book out and had read the directions. The class began making the Potion with a few overspills and other mishaps for people who didn't follow the instructions in the book. At the end of the class it appeared Harry, Hermione, Devin, and Monica had earned Gryffindor 40 points.

"Well it is the right color, smells correct, Monica, Devin; I need to talk to you after class." Now what was Snape going to do? Harry crossed his fingers for Devin, why Professor Snape kept picking on Devin he didn't know. Professor Snape went around to the different tables and either passed or failed the potions in front of him, causing 15 point to be taken from Slytherin, 5 from Hufflepuff, and awarded 50 points to Ravenclaw; all five of them had completed the potion. As class ended

Monica and Devin went to Snape's office as Hermione tried to rush out.

"Hermione slow down we have Charms next." Harry was trying to keep up with her.

"No you have Charms next, I have Ancient Runes and then Charms, I take more classes than you Harry."

"I thought you dropped some so you wouldn't have as many?"

"I dropped Astronomy, Care of Magical Creatures, Herbology, History of Magic, and unlike before, you know when, I'm not taking Ministry Preparation." Hermione had really cut down on her classes; she had a hard time with the classes in 1974 and didn't want to feel that much stress here.

"Well get to class, see you uh, dinner?" Hermione nodded and rushed off to her Ancient Runes class as Harry went to his Charms class.

Charms class hadn't changed, the same thing that was taught in 1974 was being taught now, Harry was so bored he fell asleep and still passed that day. Harry now had no classes, Hermione would have Charms, but he had none, he went up to Professor Flitwick at the end of class.

"Uh Professor Flitwick?" Professor Flitwick looked up from his desk. "I don't have any classes left and was wondering if I could stay around, for uh, review?" Harry could also get another good nap.

"Oh Harry you did so well I don't see why you would need to review but if you like you could help me with class, after I get done showing the new charms you can help anyone who asks for it or grade them for me, easy enough to do." Harry figured it was better than being bored in the Common Room since he couldn't go out and practice for Quidditch and Hagrid probably had a class.

"Ok Professor Flitwick, sounds like fun." It didn't really but it was something for Harry to do and would surprise Hermione.

Students started to come in, mostly Ravenclaw, a few Slytherin, and the two Gryffindor students who had other classes before, Hermione and Neville.

“Harry I didn’t know you had double Charms.” Hermione hugged Harry.

“I don’t, I have nothing to do so I asked Professor Flitwick if I could stay and help with class, he said I could so here I am. How are you doing Neville?”

“Ok, Herbology was great; I just hope this class goes as well as Herbology and History of Magic.” Neville and Hermione took their seats while Harry remained standing in the front next to Professor Flitwick’s desk.

“Ok Class these two charms should be simple for you if you made it past your OWLs, these are really just something to get the rust off from a summer of no magic.” Professor Flitwick showed the class the charms and went to his desk getting a book out. “If you need any help ask Mr. Potter here, he has kindly volunteered his time to help me with class.” Professor Flitwick read his book while the class went to work. Harry had a good time; it was more fun helping the ones who couldn’t get the charms just right. At the end of class Harry passed everyone and left with Hermione after thanking Professor Flitwick for letting him stay around.

“So Harry thinking of quitting Quidditch and becoming a teacher?” Hermione and Harry held hands going to the Common Room.

“No, I was just bored; it was more interesting helping out then actually doing the class. Although I was a little worried by you, we took this last year, well, we took that class before and you still took three tries to get the first charm.” Harry had taken five times but he wasn’t going to let Hermione know that.

“I know what you mean Harry, Ancient Runes was so easy since I had already taken it, easier then normal anyways. But we only took two months of classes, in November we will have to start paying

attention in class.” Hermione laughed as they got to the Common Room.

“Maybe, we have time now we could study.” Hermione stared at Harry as though he had a Kneazel sitting on his head.

“Or Snogging sounds fun.” Hermione kissed Harry on the lips before giving the password to the Fat Lady. The door to the Common Room opened revealing an empty room, Harry and Hermione were still trying to get use to so few students. Dean and Seamus hadn’t returned, Lavender hadn’t returned, countless others from the other grades had passed on going back to Hogwarts for home schooling.

“Hogwarts is wrong Mione, it doesn’t feel right.” Harry had noticed it when they first got there but now it really was getting to him.

“I know, it feels cold, it isn’t a warm happy place anymore.” Hermione held Harry’s arm getting the warmth from it.

“It isn’t anymore is it Mione? We are missing so many students, and all the new ghosts we probably got from the deaths of all the other students, Hogwarts changed.” Harry didn’t think it was a home anymore, before he had wanted nothing more then to return to Hogwarts, to home, but now it wasn’t a home to Harry.

“Monica, if she has to deal with all of them, I couldn’t handle it.” Hermione looked around, how many ghosts were watching them that they couldn’t see, that only Monica could communicate with?

“Well we can talk to Monica next time we see her, make sure she is ok, I guess.” Harry went to a chair and sat down, he didn’t really feel like snogging, or studying, or anything else. “Hermione, do you think that it will be strange, you know when we leave here?” So many students had left Hogwarts, how did they handle it?

“I don’t know Harry; I guess it depends on how it happens.” Hermione pulled a chair over so she could sit in front of Harry, facing him while they talked.

“Well I hope we graduate, I don’t...”

“Graduate? Oh you mean when we leave school, not ‘here’.” Hermione thought Harry was talking about death. “Well it would mean we could go out into the real world, get jobs, do magic outside of school, although you don’t need a job Harry with all the gold you already have and a house.”

“But sitting around all day isn’t my thing, usually. Sure it is nice to have days where you don’t have to move, but that just makes it more fun to go out and do something. Like on the weekends, I don’t have to go and study, or practice Quidditch, but I do.”

“Well maybe we could do something then, instead of sitting around the house all day.” Hermione knew what she was implying and blushed a little from it.

“We might Mione, if you wanted to be with me after we graduate from school.”

“Of course I would Harry, I love you.”

“I love you Mione but what if I don’t make it? What if Voldemort or Ron gets to me first? I should probably make a will; leave things to you, Remus, Dumbledore, the Weasleys, Hagrid, so many people I would give my things to.” Harry didn’t want to think about it, Hogwarts felt cold enough as it was.

“It won’t happen Harry, Dumbledore will protect you, I will protect you, and the Order will protect you.” Hermione had thought about it, if Harry died what would happen, how she would deal with it she had thought about it a lot.

“It could Mione, anything could happen, Voldemort could die of a stroke tomorrow and all the Death Eaters could burst into flames, only me being killed is a lot more likely to happen than that.” Harry wanted to stop talking about it, it brought bad thoughts, bad memories, to him when he talked about it.

“You know Dumbledore would never let that happen to you, as long as he is alive he will protect you.” Crack, both teens nearly fell out of their chairs.

“Mister Albus Dumbledore Sir has sent me to get Miss Hermione Grange Ma’am, he wishes to speak to you.” The House Elf wasn’t Dobby but did look familiar to Harry.

“Ok Winky, where does he want to talk to me, his office?” Hermione had recognized the House Elf.

“His office Miss Hermione Grange Ma’am.” Crack

“Well Harry I guess I need to go talk to Dumbledore, will you be alright by yourself?” Hermione leaned down and kissed Harry on the lips.

“No Mione I will be eaten by a field of herd mice before you get back.” Harry faked fainting and rolled his eyes back sticking his tongue out.

“Ok, just making sure.” Hermione laughed and left the Common Room. Harry looked around the Common Room, normally there would be people here but so many people had their parents decide to home school them after the attacks. Harry was thinking of something, he had played Seeker on the Quidditch team here but in 1974 he tried Chaser and liked it. Katie Bell and Alicia Spinnet had graduated so two Chaser spots were open, but who would he get to play Seeker?

Less than an hour later Hermione came back to the Common Room finding Harry alone, still in the chair. “Gee Harry did you even breath while I was gone?” Hermione broke Harry’s concentration.

“Oh hi Mione, think I should stop playing as Seeker?” Hermione stopped walking.

“What? Why would you stop playing Quidditch?”

“I won’t, but was thinking about playing as Chaser, it was fun, being in the action for the whole game instead of the last minute of it.” Harry

had been thinking about it, what would happen if he decided to tryout for Chaser?

“Well who would you get to replace you? I sure can’t play.” Hermione sat down in Harry’s lap trying to get his attention on other things.

“But you can do other things to help the team.” Harry had changed his attention to Hermione, just as she wanted. “What did Dumbledore want to talk to you about?”

“I can’t say, he really shouldn’t be doing it but with how everything is Dumbledore decided it wouldn’t matter if I started early.” Hermione started nuzzling Harry’s neck trying to keep his attention.

“Well, as long as we are alone.” They started to snog on the chair when a few minutes later the Common Room door opened as Monica and Ginny walked in.

“Aw aren’t they just so cute together?” The two girls giggled as Hermione and Harry looked up to see who had interrupted them.

“Peeping Toms.”

“That’s Peeping Janes there Harry.” Monica and Ginny laughed again. “We were wondering if you were going to teach your DADA class again.” So were others, Luna had asked about it, and some students who had heard about it but never took it had asked.

“I don’t know, Dumbledore is teaching DADA so I doubt we will need to teach it, not what we needed to teach it last year, just taught different things.” Harry didn’t want to make it sound like Monica’s mom had done a bad job.

“Well it was fun; of course you would probably need a new place to do it since the Quidditch field is off limits except for Quidditch practice and games.” Monica made Harry remember what he had been thinking about before Hermione started to distract him.

“Hey you know someone who would want to play Seeker for Gryffindor?” Harry got the wrong reaction.

"You're quitting!" Both girls said it at the same time.

"No it's just you know, I will graduate next year, and we need to start training other students, so I thought maybe I could Seeker for two games and Chaser for the game against Hufflepuff."

"Wow! I could do it; I played Seeker with my Brother's at home." Ginny looked at Monica. "Unless you wanted to."

"No I couldn't, I love playing Keeper."

"Well who was made Quidditch Captain?" Harry was the oldest member of the team left, everyone else older than him had graduated or didn't come back.

"No one Harry." Hermione interrupted the Quidditch talk. "The Head of House takes over since they do everything the Captain does except get the badge, and do the speech. I guess if you wanted Harry you could be the Captain for try outs."

"I guess, but we need to explain it, I guess. Monica you need to train someone in a lower year for Keeper, I need to train Ginny for Seeker, and Ginny you need to train people for Chaser." Harry was about to say something about Beater but someone had been trained for that spot, Ron.

"I guess I could teach you how to be Chaser Harry." Ginny stuck her tongue out.

"Hey I know how to play, bet I'm better than you." Harry had never seen Ginny play like he had in 1974.

"Yeah right Harry you've never played Chaser, it's a lot harder than it looks." Ginny had no idea.

"Fine, this weekend we have to do tryouts, with Monica as Keeper it will be me and you, whoever scores the most amount of points in five minutes wins the bet." Harry would finally find something out.

“What does the person win?”

“Well if I get more points then you have to tell me who you were covering for.” Harry smirked at Ginny, would she put her skills up against him if that was on the line?

“You mean Hermione never told you?” Ginny looked at Hermione who shook her head not wanting anything to do with this bet. “Fine and if I win I get, hmmm.” Ginny thought about what she wanted. “I get to be Captain this year and next year.” Even if she didn’t get the badge she would still be counted as the Quidditch Captain.

“Deal.” Harry had Hermione get off his lap so he could go over and shake Ginny’s hand. “Can’t wait for this weekend, we have the field on Saturday, noon to two.” Harry had this in the bag, he just knew it.

Thursday was a day Harry had waited for; today would be his first day in Dumbledore’s class, his first DADA class of the year. Getting to the room Harry saw that every 6th year Gryffindor student had made it along with half of Hufflepuff and three Slytherin students.

“Oh yes a new class for me and you, I have been teaching all week but now you students get to experience this class.” Dumbledore was standing in front of his desk. “We will begin advanced classes next week as for now we will cover spells you should already know. Who hear can make a Patronus?” Every Gryffindor student raised their hand as did two Hufflepuff students who had been in Harry’s and Hermione’s DADA class the year before. “Very good, who here can cast an Unforgivable Curse?” Harry and every Slytherin in the class raised their hand. “I see, why do you know how to cast these?” Harry raised his hand. “Yes Harry?”

“I’ve seen them used; I’ve used one before but never actually killed anyone.” Because Ron had dodged them.

“You’ve seen them used, what do you mean by that?”

“I see a spell, I learn that spell, certain ones may take a few tries but usually if I see a spell used I can copy it. I saw someone use the killing curse and copied them.” He saw Cho use it, then Ron.

"I see, and you three?" Dumbledore motioned to the three Slytherin students, none of them answered. "Very well, I have been told that Professor Moody showed the three spells, and used one on the students, your 4th year." They all nodded. "Does anyone here know a defense to any of the Unforgivable Curses?" Hermione raised her hand as did Harry and Neville. "Very good, Neville?"

"Uh the Imperius Curse can be blocked if you have a strong mind, or if you are too weak to carry out the commands you won't."

"That is correct; a young student did just that to throw the Imperius Curse off. The other two?" This time only Harry raised his hand. "Yes Harry."

"The Cruciatus Curse can't really be blocked but if you feel enough pain the pain from the Cruciatus Curse does little more than annoy you when someone casts it on you." Dumbledore was shocked by this, what did Harry mean by this? "I have been hit with it several times, when Voldemort," everyone but the Gryffindor students and Dumbledore flinched, "Used it on me it hurt unlike anything I had ever felt. But when someone who was being controlled used it on me I was able to handle it, at first I wanted to scream in pain but something else powered me to fight it off." Hermione was in danger then, He had to fight Ginny and the curse off to save her. "Now if you were to cast it on me I might blink." Harry almost dared Dumbledore to cast it on him.

"Well then Harry I think we need to talk, later. And the third Unforgivable Curse?" Devin raised his hand and started talking before Dumbledore called on him.

"If you don't have a soul it won't kill you." He was proof of it, or so he thought.

"True, if your soul has been sucked out by a Dementor it will not work. But other than that there is no defense, absolutely none." Harry wondered why Dumbledore was saying that, there was one, his Mother had done it. "Now for homework I want an essay on the differences between the three curses, why they are considered Unforgivable and if they deserve a life sentence to Azkaban, or now

the Dungeons, for the use of them.” Hermione raised her hand. “What is it Hermione?”

“Of course they deserve that kind of punishment, they are evil.”

“Maybe, but say you were afraid of something and I used the Imperius Curse to make you do it, saving your life by doing it. Have I done something evil with that curse? And the killing curse, if I use it to kill someone who was going to kill you, like a Death Eater, or Voldemort himself, have I done something evil then Hermione?”

“Yes! Killing someone is wrong, no matter what the situation is or who it is, killing them is wrong!” Hermione was upset by this, yes Voldemort was evil, but to kill him was wrong, killing people was wrong. “He deserves to rot away in prison until he dies not take the easy way out.”

“Ah sounds like you have the thesis for your essay. Next week you will turn it in and if you can show me your Patronus. For those of you who can’t talk to one of the people who raised their hand and ask them how to do it.” Dumbledore went to his chair behind the desk. There was still a lot of time left in the class.

“Professor Dumbledore?” A Hufflepuff raised his hand.

“Yes Samuel?”

“What do we do now? There is still time left in class.”

“Do what you want, you have time now to ask someone how to do a Patronus or work on your essay.” The class went to work, the Hufflepuff students asking the other Hufflepuff students who knew how to make a Patronus how to make them as the Gryffindor students went to work on their essay.

“Well at least this is new.” Harry commented to Hermione.

“Yeah, well, should be simple enough.” Hermione wrote out the first page of her essay before the class ended.

Later that day at dinner Harry was interrupted by Ginny. "So Harry you ready for Saturday?" Harry nodded finished the meat he was chewing. "You haven't practiced, you couldn't have, and I will be the Captain after Saturday!" Ginny smiled and went over to where Monica was eating.

"Harry this is means, you are going to beat her and make her tell you the truth." Hermione wanted Ginny to win, but how to make sure she won?

"I know but you won't tell me, they won't tell me, and now I have a chance to know what you three know." Harry had been annoyed that they kept it from him, he still thought it was a ghost, why else would Monica keep it secret?

"Well Harry I hope you feel good about this." Hermione knew what to do, it would be underhanded but what Harry was doing was also underhanded. "I am going to the Common Room, I need to work on the essay." Hermione got up and left Harry in the Great Hall.

Friday passed, Hermione had her plan set for tomorrow, now all she had to do was wait until tomorrow for it to happen.

Chapter 7: Tryouts

Harry woke up early and went running in the Great Hall; he wanted to be warmed up for tryouts that day. Harry had a dreamless night, he had a good sleep, and now felt fit enough to play an entire game. Harry had a light breakfast not wanting to fill up before tryouts. Harry was excited; he would win both Seeker and Chaser, and beat Ginny to win the bet.

"Harry I wish you wouldn't do this." Hermione had set the plan up with Ginny and Monica to make sure Harry lost. "What if you lose?"

"I won't lose, it's that simple." Harry had gotten out his broom and was cleaning it with a kit. "I will win, that's all I have to think and I will."

"You don't know that Harry, she does well during the games and she has had more practice than you."

"Remember the one game I played as Chaser?"

"You were playing against old brooms, hell Ginny's broom isn't as old as those were and she has a hand me down." And the three girls had set it up so Harry wouldn't win.

"I'm not playing against her but Monica, she does have a nice broom but she won't stand a chance." Monica might not, but Ginny would have a much better chance than Harry.

"Well you have one hour until tryouts start, right now you are the Captain, enjoy it while you can."

"I'll have two more years to enjoy it Mione." Harry leaned down and kissed Hermione on the lips. "Wish me luck!"

"Good luck Harry." Hermione shook her head, this would be a major beating, and too bad she couldn't see it since she wasn't trying out. New rules made it so only people who were on the team or trying out could go. Harry continued to clean his broom making it shine, he wanted to look brilliant as he flew around, and this would be the first time he flew on the Quidditch field since he played with his Dad.

Harry was on the field with the other students, they were trying out, he was keeping his Seeker spot and trying out for the Chaser spot.

"Alright students, since you don't have a Quidditch Captain I am here to watch the tryouts and see who gets the spots. Now we will start off by splitting you into four groups, people trying out for Keeper move over there." Monica and two others, both 3rd years, went over to the spot Professor, now Headmaster McGonagall, pointed. "People trying out for Beater move there." Six students moved to the spot, Harry was surprised to see Neville there. "Seekers over there please." Harry went over as did Ginny, no one else did. "And Chasers over there." Harry raised his hand. "What is it Harry?"

"Me and Ginny are trying out for both Seeker and Chaser, what do we do?"

"Well we will tryout Seeker before Chaser so you will have to tryout for those spots after you tryout for Seeker."

"Well we were thinking of getting two teams, kind of. Me as Seeker for two games and then Ginny as the Seeker for the Hufflepuff game, where me and her switch spots, me as Chaser and her as Seeker." And the little bet they had to settle. "And even though none of us get a Captain Badge we wanted to compete to see who would become the Captain since you can't be out on the field during the games. We need to think about the next couple of years, after Monica and I graduate we will need a new Seeker and a new Keeper, so we want two teams, first squad and then the training squad."

"Very good Harry, it will change some things but it is good to start training for when the older students graduate and means I won't have to cut as many people from the team. Alright first we need to tryout Keepers, Monica since you are already on the team you will go first, Ginny, try to score some goals, I'll tell you when to stop." Ginny hopped on her broom and waited for Monica to get to the goal posts. "Start." The Quaffle shot up into the air so Ginny could grab it and try to score. Monica and Ginny went at it for nearly ten minutes before McGonagall called it. "Ok, next!" Monica flew down as another student went up to try his spot at being Keeper.

"Wow Harry, Ginny has been practicing at home, she nearly scored a dozen times!" Monica talked to Harry while the other two Keepers tried their best but Ginny pounded them scoring over 40 goals altogether.

"Well it seems we know who the Keeper is, you two can stay around if you want, we will be training other students since our older students will be graduating next year and we will want students to replace them." One left, the other student stayed around, he really wanted to play for Gryffindor, his dad had when he went to school here. "Next will be the Beaters, for this since there are six of you I want you to split up into three groups, two in each group, you will hit the Bludgers back and forth, if your partner misses they are eliminated and you will have to wait for the next person to miss. When this happens you will pair up with them and do the same, if you make it past them you will go on to the next person, if you lose you will be the second Beater and they will be the first Beater, if you beat all three opponents you will be the first Beater and the last two people you beat will compete to see who will be the second Beater." Harry sat and watched the students trying out for Beater when Ginny flew over.

"So Harry you going to be ready for our little bet?" Ginny was smiling; Hermione had given Monica and her a plan to make sure Harry lost.

"Our bet is as good as done; I will beat you so easily it goes down in history!" Harry had a good time with his 'history'.

"You hope so anyways." Monica grabbed Ginny by the back of the shirt and dragged her away from Harry, she had some doubts about what they were going to do, it was mean, and Harry had been so nice to her over the summer.

The Beaters had gone through round one with Neville and two 4th years making it. "Alright Neville and Nikky, you two will go, who ever wins this goes on to the next round but don't worry if you don't make it, if they lose to Robert you will still have a chance." Neville and Nikky went back and forth with the Bludger, trying to make the other one miss it. Finally Neville hit it on the side sending it flying out of Nikky's range. "Next." Robert flew up as McGonagall sent the Bludger back.

“Go!” They sent the Bludger back and forth until again Neville hit it just right to send it out of the range of his opponent.

“Alright Neville!” Harry was glad to have someone he knew make it, but who would become the second Beater?”

“Ok Nikky and Robert, who ever wins this becomes the second Beater, and if anyone who doesn’t make it wants to stay around to become the training team you may.” Nikky and Robert hit the Bludger back and forth until Nikky got mad and hit the Bludger so hard that when Robert tried to hit it back he was knocked off his broom. McGonagall cast a spell to catch him before he slammed into the ground. “Nikky and Neville are the starting Beaters, next is Seeker, Harry?”

“We don’t really need to do that, Ginny and I agreed that I would be starting Seeker and she would be the Seeker for the Hufflepuff game.”

“Are you sure?” McGonagall looked over at Ginny who was still talking to Monica. “You agree to this Ginny?” Ginny turned and nodded, she was trying to get Monica to go along with the plan Hermione had made. “Well then I guess it is Chaser tryouts next, Ginny, since you are on the team you will go first, Monica, you...”

“No Professor McGonagall.” Monica interrupted her. “Have Jim do it, this is a test of the Chaser skill, not Keeper skill.”

“Come on Monica you have to!” Ginny couldn’t believe Monica; did she really want Harry to win? Ginny could be Captain as a 5th year, the youngest Captain in Gryffindor Quidditch history!

“Beat Harry fair and square Ginny, you have the skill, besides Harry has never played as Chaser before, how well could he do?” Ginny grumbled and went to get her broom.

“If you are ready you have five minutes to score as many points as possible.” Ginny nodded and hopped on her broom flying up into the air ready to take out her frustration on poor Jim.

“Beat that Harry!” Ginny flew down after scoring another 23 goals.

“Don’t worry Ginny I will.” Jim was going to be humiliated again. Harry got on his broom and waited for McGonagall to give the signal.

“Go!” The Quaffle flew up into Harry’s arms and he went to work. The first minute Harry was too busy worrying about the time and only scored four times, realizing this he shook his head to forget about the time limit and started scoring nearly as fast as he could get the Quaffle in his hand. Harry flew around faster than Ginny, he had better stamina than Ginny, and now Jim was getting tired after being scored on for nearly ten minutes in a row.

“That’s not fair Jim is tired!” Ginny was keeping count, Harry was at 18, five more and they would be tied, six more and Harry would win. Harry flew faster and faster, turning quicker and quicker, he scored again, just five more goals and he would win. Harry scored again and again, three more, Ginny was watching her chance to become the youngest Quidditch Captain slip away with every score, Harry had nearly 30 seconds left to score three times, if Monica had stuck with the plan she wouldn’t have to watch, she would have already won the bet! Harry scored another goal, one more to tie, two more to win. “Damn it Monica if he wins it will be your fault!” McGonagall heard this.

“Ginny watch your language, I highly doubt you won’t make the team, there are three spots and Harry will only be playing as Chaser in one game.” Why Ginny was becoming so upset over Harry doing well McGonagall didn’t know. Harry had tied the score; he only had to score one more goal to win the bet. Ginny was counting down the time, just 15 seconds left, but Harry only needed another three before he scored again.

“No!” Ginny got up and stomped off the Quidditch field heading for the school. Harry didn’t hear or see it as he took the 12 seconds he had left to score two more times. Harry flew down to Monica not seeing Ginny.

“So Monica looks like I win!” Harry looked around. “Where’s Ginny?”

“She got mad, I was supposed to be the Keeper for this, let Ginny score as much as she wanted then I would block you, don’t be mad at her though it was Hermione’s idea.” This surprised him, why would Hermione want him to lose? “But you were nice to me over the summer even if I acted like a total bitch and it would be mean to do that to you, although I have to ask how the hell did you learn to play like that?” It was impressive, Ginny had trained over the summer and played Chaser last year and Harry had never played as far as she knew.

“Well I figured how hard could it be? I’ve been watching Katie and Alicia do it for nearly five years, and Jim was no where near as good as you are.” He was still wondering why Hermione wanted him to lose so badly as to try and fix the bet, was who Monica was with really that big a deal? “Anyways, I win the bet so you have to tell me the truth, who have you been seeing?”

“Not telling you.”

“Hey you made a bet with me!” How could Monica back out of it?

“No I didn’t Harry, Ginny did, and if you can get her to tell you then you will know.” Monica smirked at Harry; no way was Ginny going to tell Harry, although Ginny might not talk to her either after what she had done. “I think you should be grateful I didn’t go with the plan, if I had you would still not know and you wouldn’t be the Gryffindor Quidditch Captain.” Monica stuck her tongue out and ran off to find Ginny.

The other students who were trying out for Chaser had a fun time flying around and trying to compete with Ginny’s and Harry’s score. No one did but the third Chaser, a 4th year, got 14 goals. “Ok we know who the starting team will be and most of the training team, whoever would like to be on the training team please stay behind for a few more minutes so I can get your names down and what position you will be playing. Now just because you didn’t try out for that spot today doesn’t mean you can’t sign up for it on the training team.” The rest of the students who had made the starting team went up to the castle while the others who wanted to be on the training team stayed behind.

"Wow Harry I finally tried out and I made it!" Neville was smiling ear to ear. "I was going to try out last year but really there was only Keeper open and I didn't want to play Keeper, but so many students graduated I got the chance to tryout for Beater this year!"

"Good job Neville, it will be fun to play with you on the Quidditch field." Harry was brewing over being hoodwinked by Monica and Ginny, and Hermione trying to help them win, but was still happy for Neville.

"Same here Harry!" Neville ran to the castle excited to right his grandmother to tell her about making it on the team.

Harry got back to the Common Room finding Hermione sitting in a chair with her nose in a book. Harry walked over silently sneaking up on her, slowly moving around behind her, silently... "Boo!" Hermione flinched dropping the book and jumping out of the chair.

"Oh Harry what was that for!" Hermione knew, Harry had figured out that she had helped her female friends keep him from winning.

"For conspiring against me, thankfully Monica has a conscience and didn't go through with it."

"What? Oh no so you know about that, and Monica..."

"No I don't, Ginny ran off and Monica said that I made the bet with Ginny not her so she wasn't going to tell me. Why did you do this Mione?" Harry almost lost being the Quidditch Captain because of her.

"Because if Monica wanted you to know about her and the other person they would tell you. Trying to force them to tell you was wrong Harry, what's next, telling me I have to tell you or you will break up with me?"

"Mione I wouldn't do that, and the reason I made the bet is because I don't get what the big deal is, I probably already figured it out." Harry

didn't think it was that big a deal, nothing that would get that kind of a response from Hermione.

"Really? Who do you think it is?"

"Well I first thought it was a ghost, but Peeves said the redhead and the blonde, it isn't Ron or the twins, but I was thinking maybe Devin is hiding something." Harry knew a redhead who dyed their hair, and he had dyed his hair in 1974 so he could be Hermione's Brother.

"What! They are twins!"

"Like we were Mione? They came over here from America, Devin has talked about America's version of Death Eaters, the Republicans, and then he was here at Hogwarts the safest place in the world. Maybe his family was killed for not being evil so his girlfriend and her Mom went with him to Hogwarts to help protect him."

"You go tell that to Devin while I get your bed ready in the Infirmary."

"Sure, you just can't believe I figured it out for myself." Harry smiled at her proud of himself; Hermione wouldn't be so defensive if he had gotten it wrong.

"Whatever Harry, congratulations on beating Ginny, did it without any tricks involved, good job." Hermione hugged Harry. "Don't be mad at me for the plan, I didn't want them to be forced to tell you, even if you think you figured it out."

"I know I figured it out, don't worry I won't tell anyone." Harry hugged her back. "I'm not mad just couldn't believe you would try to make me lose." Harry pulled away so he could look Hermione in the eye. "I know you did it for Monica but please don't do that again Mione, next time just tell me to stop being an ass."

"Ok Harry let me make it up to you." Hermione reached up and grabbed Harry's head kissing him hard.

“That’s ok Mione,” Harry was trying to catch his breath after that kiss; “I forgive you.” Harry kissed her back. “I’m a little tired after tryouts, maybe you could help me relax?” Harry grabbed Hermione’s hand.

“What kind of relaxing?” Hermione raised an eyebrow and smiled.

“Well wizard chess is always a good way to relax.” Hermione laughed and followed Harry up to his room for some snogging.

Chapter 8: Surprise!

The next week passed, the weekend came, and the first Quidditch practice came and went smoothly. On Monday Harry was a little sore after training for Chaser with Ginny who was a little too aggressive tackling Harry several times to steal the ball from him. Harry was sitting in the Great Hall for breakfast when Ginny came over.

"Sorry about yesterday Harry." She sat down next to him. "Hermione told me Monica didn't tell you, and I am sorry about trying to cheat to win the bet." Ginny grabbed a roll. "I haven't held my end of the bet though, you did win and I guess I should tell you who Monica has been seeing."

"Don't worry about it Ginny; I think I know, Hermione won't say it but it's Monica and Devin, right? Devin isn't really her Brother it is just part of his cover to get away from the Republicans in America." Ginny nearly choked on the roll she was eating when Harry said this. "Don't worry Ginny I won't tell anyone, Devin is my friend, so is Monica."

"You really think that? That's just gross Harry, they're twins."

"Really? I could have sworn it was Devin using Monica being his sister as a cover, are you serious?" Ginny nodded her head. "Hmm, maybe it is a ghost."

"That's even more ew Harry, really ew." Ginny got up and walked away before Harry put any more gross thoughts in her head. Hermione took Ginny's place asking Harry what they talked about.

"Monica, she says Devin isn't using Monica as a sister for a cover, of course she could be lying. At least it would mean Monica wasn't with a ghost."

"Harry that is gross, it would be necrophilia, I think, and even if it wasn't still disgusting." Hermione put the sausage she was going to eat back.

"Well she could touch Peeves so she could touch other ghosts, right?"

"Harry that is still disgusting and wrong, in both sense of the word. Forget about it for now Harry I want to eat." Hermione grabbed some toast as her stomach wasn't ready for real food after the images Harry had put in her head.

"Then tell me if I am right Mione, or tell me who she is seeing, I won the bet and they won't tell me if I am right or wrong." Harry put his arm around Hermione. "If Neville was seeing someone I would tell you."

"If Neville was seeing someone he would tell everybody, Harry, Monica will tell you if she wants you to know." Hermione shrugged Harry's arm off. "We have class to get to and I am hungry now because of you." Hermione stood up getting her things together.

"Ok Mione, Double Potions, how fun." Harry finished an egg and got his things together following Hermione.

They finished Double Potions and other classes for the day meeting up outside the Common. "Hey Mione, sorry I didn't stick around to help Professor Flitwick, I had enough of that charm to last me at least twenty years." Harry smiled and kissed Hermione on the lips. "Hope it was as boring for you as it was for me, Toad Cap." The Fat Lady opened the door and they went in.

"That's just mean Harry, and yes it was boring. I'm looking forward to November so I'll have a reason to pay attention in class." Hermione rubbed her temples trying to fight the headache, Charms had been so boring even she couldn't stay awake.

"I don't know, right now the classes are easy, the work load is easy, means I have more time to be with you." Harry stared into Hermione's eyes. "I love you Mione."

"Sweet talker," Hermione put her arms around his neck, "want to do something else with those lips?" Hermione smiled kissing Harry on his lips.

“Well we have Potions homework Mione, are you sure that can wait?” Harry smiled back and kissed her back.

“Shut up Harry and kiss me again.”

That weekend was the first Quidditch game, Headmaster McGonagall wanted the first couple games to be done before fall and winter came then have the rest in spring, easier to guard the Quidditch field in good weather. Harry and the Gryffindor team had practice that Saturday, after Hufflepuff. They went to the Quidditch field early to watch Hufflepuff. “What are you doing? We have the field for another ten minutes!” Apparently the player made Captain flew down.

“We are just going to watch, no need to throw a hissy fit.” Monica had taken charge. “We won’t hurt anything will we?”

“We are here so you will go away.” The man wasn’t going to back down.

“Hey we won’t interfere alright? Monica let’s just...”

“Harry what’s the big deal? Besides I want to watch, they have some good players.” Harry looked at the Hufflepuff Quidditch team, two of them were redheads, could it be?

“You don’t need to be watching us, we have a game tomorrow and we need all the help we can get!” Two of the younger members of the Gryffindor team laughed. “You know what I mean!”

“Hey you can watch us if you want ok?” Harry was trying to do his job as Quidditch Captain.

“Fine, we get to stay and watch you for all of your practice.” The Hufflepuff Captain got on his broom and flew up to help his team practice. When the practice time for the Hufflepuff team was over they flew down to the stands and got seats to watch Gryffindor.

“Ok people we have an audience, let’s show them the reason why they shouldn’t even show up tomorrow.” The team starting in the Hufflepuff got on their brooms and flew up in the air. Harry first

started rising higher before he remembered, first game was against Hufflepuff, and he was going to be playing Chaser, not Seeker. Flying back down he passed Ginny who was trying to get in place on her old broom.

“Harry don’t screw up.” Ginny glared at Harry and flew up higher. Harry turned his attention onto the practice, Jim was the Keeper with Monica there to give him tips. The balls were released and flew into the air. Harry grabbed the Quaffle and flew quickly dodging both Bludgers and scoring.

“Hey that’s a tech fault! Seekers aren’t allowed to score like that!” The Hufflepuff Captain had yelled from the stands.

“I know, that’s why I’m not a Seeker!” Harry yelled back down grabbing the Quaffle again dodging the Bludgers and passing it back and forth between the other Chasers, they needed practice to. The first hour was spent training the team that was starting the next day, Harry had scored several times, Jim had blocked one when Monica told him which goal Harry was going to be going for, and smiled from ear to ear when he did.

“Ok Harry that’s enough.” Ginny flew down with the Snitch in her hands, she had caught twice so far.

“I’m the Captain if you remember Ginny, but ok, Practice team and Starting team switch!” Monica flew to the goals letting Jim fly above her to watch her, learn how to see where a Chaser was going to score. They practiced like this for the second half of practice showing Hufflepuff that it didn’t matter which team they were playing against they still had little chance of winning. “Ok team good practice, don’t do anything stupid like get hurt, and make sure you get a good night sleep.” Harry looked at the Hufflepuff team. “We will need to be our best to beat them.” Harry wanted to boost the Hufflepuff confidence and make sure his team wouldn’t take them for granted, even if he did.

Sunday came and Harry was up early. He wanted to get his running in the Great Hall done and be able to shower before anyone else got up, he was tired of people asking him during his run about what had

happened last year. Getting done with this he went back to the Gryffindor Common Room and sat on a couch to wait for Hermione to get up. Harry waited, the sun was coming up and he still waited. Getting bored with waiting Harry decided he would go wake Hermione up. "Mione, get up." Harry was trying to be quiet; Monica and Patil were still sleeping.

"What are you doing Harry; you aren't supposed to be up here." Hermione was awake enough to know what was going on, unlike the first time Harry did this.

"I was bored, I got up early to get my running in and now I'm bored, get up Mione, please?" Harry smiled trying to look sweet and innocent.

"Let me get dressed, I can't be looking my best right now." Harry turned around and closed his eyes getting a laugh from Hermione. "Harry we aren't you know, not together, you can look, not like you haven't seen it before."

"We aren't ready for that yet, I know I've seen you naked before but we are starting over, as if I never have seen you like that." Harry kept his eyes closed trying to keep temptation from making him turn around and look.

"Ok Harry I'm dressed." Harry turned around and saw she was, he hugged her and kissed her. "Harry if we could get out of here, don't want to wake Monica and Patil up." They went down the stairs to the Common Room.

"Thanks Mione, you probably could have gotten another hour of sleep." Harry didn't want to be alone, the castle was too cold for that, even if it was a warm morning, the castle still felt cold.

"At least you let the others sleep, when Monica's uh, you know, they don't care about keeping quiet, so annoying." Hermione had caught herself before she told Harry, she wanted to sometimes just so she would have someone to talk to about it. It was strange to her, it was a little wrong, she could never see herself like that, but she couldn't talk to anyone about it.

"I am obviously more of gentleman then they are, whoever they are, or whatever." Harry pulled Hermione into his lap. "The castle isn't so cold when I have you Mione." Harry held her as she rested her head on his shoulder; she was still a little tired. "You going to cheer for me at the game?"

"No Harry I was going to cheer for Hufflepuff, but if you want me to I guess you could talk me into it." Hermione started nibbling on Harry's ear.

"Mione you know an athlete isn't supposed to get his blood flowing on game day." Harry started to rub her back kissing her neck. They snogged for a few minutes before stopping. "Mione slow down." Hermione's hands had started to roam making Harry uncomfortable.

"Sorry Harry, I just get so, happy, when I'm with you." Hermione got off his lap and sat in a chair next to him.

"You make me happy to Mione but we shouldn't do that, not here, not now." Hermione looked around the Common Room.

"I know Harry, I love you so much and want to show it."

"Then cheer for me instead of Hufflepuff." Harry smiled at her.

"See you were able to talk me into it." Hermione smiled back a little put off that Harry hadn't said he loved her back.

The game was about to start, people were wondering what was going on. The Gryffindor team was out there but they were taking the wrong spots, and Monica wasn't playing some scrawny third year was in her place. Madam Hooch blew the whistle and both teams shot up into the air. "They seem to have worked out a strange strategy, Harry has he Quaffle?" Will Flitwick had taken over for Lee Jordan.

Harry flew with the Quaffle scoring before ten seconds had passed. Harry waited to hear the cheers but none came, everyone was to stunned at what they were seeing, Harry was a Chaser? "10-0 with Harry scoring the first goal!" Now the people started to cheer. Harry

flew around letting Hufflepuff get close to the Gryffindor goals; he wanted the training team to get some experience during this game. "Now it seems Harry is just flying around, what kind of strategy is this?" Harry saw that the two younger Chasers were not able to stop the more experienced Hufflepuff Chaser so he flew down and grabbed the ball just as the Hufflepuff Chaser was about to score. "Harry has the Quaffle! He is flying fast to the other side, he dodges a Bludger, then another, and he is clear, score!" The crowd cheered again, Harry did a dive in celebration. Harry again let the Hufflepuff Chasers get the ball close to the other side and this time he decided to see what Jim could do.

"The left!" Monica called out to Jim who flew to the left ring blocking the Quaffle. Harry let another Chaser have the ball watching them charge down the field. Harry flew up next to them.

"Give me the ball!" The Chaser passed it to him. "Get on the right." Harry shot off towards the middle as the other Chaser flew towards the right. Harry dodged a Bludger and then a Hufflepuff Chaser. "Here!" Harry threw the ball to the other Chaser just as the Hufflepuff Keeper flew over to block him. The other Chaser shot and scored!

"Gryffindor is up 30-0, Harry doing well as Chaser but where is the Seeker?" Ginny had flown off, no one knew where she was, no one could see her. Harry took this distraction to get the Quaffle and score again. Hufflepuff had the Quaffle for only a moment when Harry grabbed it and flew towards the Gryffindor goals.

"Get over here!" Harry called out to the two younger Chasers on the team. "We are going to charge the goal; we keep passing the Quaffle in between us then let you score." Harry pointed at the Chaser on the left. "Ready? Go!" Harry and the other two Chasers flew at the Hufflepuff goal, Harry had to slow down so the other two could keep up with him. They passed it back and forth getting past two Hufflepuff Chasers and one Bludger before Harry passed it to the Chaser on the left and he scored.

"50-0! This is a great game so far but Hufflepuff better pick it up." Harry let Hufflepuff get the ball again and flew around looking for Ginny. He saw the red hair before he saw anything else, what was

Ginny doing? She was sitting on the ground not even looking for the Snitch.

“Ginny what’s going on?” Ginny turned around, she was caught.

“Nothing Harry!” Ginny tried to storm away but Harry was much too fast on his broom.

“No you aren’t even playing, were you hurt?” What was Ginny doing? Harry didn’t want to think she was doing something wrong but if she was, what would he do?

“Harry I don’t like you alright? I was going to be the Captain, I was going to be a role model for people, but you, you just couldn’t let that happen could you? I was a great Chaser, but you had to take that away from me, put me in a spot where you are better than me, I don’t want to play.”

“Why didn’t you say this before! Ginny I don’t need you saying that, your Brother use to say things like that, Ginny you...”

“Shut up! Damn it Harry I am nothing like Ron, leave me alone!”

“No Ginny, you are a friend of mine, you are friends with Hermione, why don’t we talk about this after the game?”

“No Harry.” Ginny again tried to walk away but Harry on his broom was too quick. “Harry go away!” Ginny pulled her wand out and pointed it at Harry.

“Ok Ginny sorry.” Harry flew away back to the Quidditch field; he had to tell Dumbledore, no McGonagall, about this. They were told if any student started to act differently they were to tell it to their Head of House.

“And he is back! In his absence the Hufflepuff team has brought the score back from 50-0 to 70-50! Still no sign of the Seeker, wait, where is Harry going?” Harry flew over to where Headmaster McGonagall was sitting.

“Harry you do realize there is a game going on?” Headmaster McGonagall was not amused by what was going on.

“I know but Ginny, she just flew off, I was going to stop her but she had her wand and I didn’t have mine. We don’t have a Seeker and Ginny might be under the Imperius Curse again or something.”

“I see Harry, thank you for this information, I will send security members after her.” Harry flew back to the game, finding the score at 80-60; the game was getting close, and without a Seeker Harry needed to score at least 160 more points to make sure Gryffindor won.

Harry flew and grabbed the ball away from Hufflepuff and scored in seconds. He flew and grabbed it again scoring. Harry kept scoring keeping the ball away from everyone else making the score 140-60. “What’s going on? Harry seems to have been super charged, did he take a potion when he flew off? That is against the rules last I checked, and where is the Seeker Ginny?” Harry flew and scored again not listening to Will. “They didn’t, you know, in the middle of a game...” Harry flew scoring again and again not hearing anything. “Wait, what’s this, it seems Gerry has the Snitch! Hufflepuff wins!” Hufflepuff was dazed, they wanted to cheer, but had they heard right? “180-210! Hufflepuff wins!” Now they exploded in cheers and clapping, they had just beaten Gryffindor! Harry was stunned, they had just lost, against Hufflepuff, he had lost.

“Hey uh, great game!” Harry flew over to the Hufflepuff Captain to shake hands.

“You’re just stunned that we won.”

“Damn right, you guys beat us, now just make sure you beat Slytherin so we don’t look to bad.” They shook hands and Harry flew off letting the Captain enjoy his win.

“Harry I can’t believe this!” Harry had flown towards the stands finding Hermione.

"It's ok Mione, maybe you should have cheered for Hufflepuff." Harry picked her up on his broom.

"Harry what are you doing!" Hermione hung on for dear life.

"Going back to the castle in style." Harry flew back to the castle getting there before anyone else did. Getting off Harry and Hermione walked to the Common Room but didn't enter, they felt something was wrong, really felt it.

"Mione Devin might be hurt, we should go in." Harry was already feeling sad and angry, what had happened to Devin? Had Ginny come back and hurt him?

"What good will you be if you are affected by Devin? We need to get Luna, she isn't affected by this." Hermione bit her lower lip trying to fight off the new feelings being put in her by Devin.

"Well we are Prefects so it is our duty to help our fellow students." Harry clenched his teeth and balled his hands into fists, he either had to get away or go in and help Devin damn it.

"Yes but what good are we if we are so fucked up we can't do anything!" Hermione bunched her hands into fists.

"If we had gone in already we wouldn't have been out here fighting over something so fucking stupid!" Harry was about to punch the wall behind him when the door to the Common Room opened and Monica walked out.

"Whoa calm down you two I could hear you fighting from inside." Monica put an arm around both of them leading them away from the Common Room. "You two stay here alright? Devin is going on about something and it would probably be best to just let him rant, go to the library or something if you want." Harry being out of Devin's influence calmed down.

"What happened? We are Prefects and it is our job to help fellow students, and we are friends so please tell us what happened."

"Look some people from back home sent Devin an Owl about something, it is kind of private."

"Your Dad? Oh I'm so sorry Monica, are you ok?" Hermione couldn't believe it, first their Mother and now their Father.

"No Hermione not him, he's fine last I heard. It's about a friend from the States; Devin still blames himself for what happened even though it wasn't his fault." Monica didn't want to talk about this with Harry there, Hermione already knew some of it but Harry was still in the dark and Monica didn't want to tell Harry until Devin told him. "Hermione come with me for a second alright?" Hermione nodded and followed Monica until they were several meters away from Harry.

"What's really going on Monica?"

"Devin, the Owl brought a letter from one of them, they might know where he is now and he wants to leave." Monica didn't want him to, why he was so mad at her. "They sent pictures, of Sandy, Devin always said it wasn't an accident and now he knows it wasn't."

"Well what happened? You told parts of things but well, you haven't been open about all of it Monica." Hermione wasn't sure if she wanted to know, what she had already heard from Monica was sad.

"Sandy and Devin got into an argument about me, they yelled, Devin told her to go away, that much you already know, but..." Monica was now biting her lip, Hermione already knew most of it, just not the details, but they were supposed to keep it all secret. "Sandy ran out of the house, Devin went after her later and found her dead with a gun in her hand, Devin always said she wouldn't have done it, it was the Republicans, but I never believed him. Devin snapped though, he always had his abilities but until then he could control them, he could have fun, he could love things or watch some scary Muggle movie without worries, but when he found Sandy like that he snapped, his abilities affected half the city, Muggle and wizard. The Republicans came and attacked during the chaos Devin made, they tried to get Devin, with his powers, imagine a riot being caused in the middle of a major city, all by making Devin mad. His parents were killed, my Brother was killed, it wasn't safe for us to stay there anymore so my

Mom took me and Devin away until my Dad could think of where to send us, that's when the leader of the Wizards in America got the idea of sending us out of the country. He sent out letters to different Ministry's and got a response from Dumbledore, he told us and we came here."

"So they send him pictures? Why would they want him mad at them? Devin is someone I wouldn't want mad at me."

"I don't know, maybe they are hoping he will get so angry he causes another riot and then they would know where he is. I tried the special shield my Mom taught me but it didn't work, I tried but I wasn't strong enough to contain him."

"Well if we all do it at the same time it might work." Harry was powerful, so was she, and with Monica they should be able to put one up strong enough to contain Devin's emotions.

"No, you won't even last long enough to cast it, if I didn't have this," Monica takes a crystal out of her pocket, "I wouldn't have lasted either." Monica puts it back in her pocket. "It's been so hard on him losing his sister like that, I never believed the Republicans did it but those pictures, they had to of done it." Monica shook her head trying to get the images out of her head. "Take Harry somewhere, I need time to calm Devin down, don't tell Harry about what I just told you."

Chapter 9: Big Red Two

Later that day Harry and Hermione returned to the Common Room not feeling Devin's abilities. "I guess it is safe to go in." Harry gave the password and went in first to make sure Devin was under control and not about to hurt Hermione.

"Harry its ok, I hope." Hermione saw that Monica and Devin weren't in the Common Room. "Where did they go?"

"I don't know, maybe Monica took Devin to his room." Now Hermione took the lead, if Monica and Devin were alone, well, Harry didn't need to know. Knocking on the door no one replied, Hermione opened it and saw Devin and Monica curled up in a ball on Devin's bed.

"Wow, I guess we should leave them alone." Harry and Hermione went back down to the Common Room. "Glad Devin is feeling better, poor Monica having to deal with him when he gets like that."

"It's ok Harry she loves him, he is her Brother."

"Yeah, he is lucky to have a sister like that, anyone like that, wonder what happened." Harry and Hermione sat down on a couch in the Common Room.

"Don't worry about it Harry, if they want you to know they will tell you."

"I keep hearing that, right now I don't know what is going on because no one will tell me. I want to know Mione, I don't like being kept in the dark, it isn't a good thing."

"I'm sorry Harry but they don't want you to know so I won't tell you. I think you should either wait or ask Monica what is going on, if she wants to tell you she will, if she doesn't then she won't. But wait until tomorrow Harry; I want to have some fun." Hermione smiled at him sliding down the couch to sit in Harry's lap.

That next morning Harry had gotten Hermione to go running before classes. "Mione I want to ask Monica but she probably won't tell me,

could you please ask permission to tell me?" Harry didn't want to seem like he was nosy either.

"I could Harry, but if she doesn't want you to know..."

"Then she won't tell me I know but you keep things from me Mione, I don't like that, I don't keep things from you do I?"

"No, but still, you aren't keeping a secret for someone else, if it was about me I would tell you." Hermione didn't want to talk about it; Harry was starting to get on her nerves. "Look how about we talk to Monica before breakfast?" They were on their eighth lap.

"Ok, I guess." They ran twelve more laps before going to their separate Prefect bathrooms then met up in front of the Fat Lady. "Merlin's Hat." The Fat Lady opened and the two teens walked in on an argument.

"I don't care what you think you shouldn't have done that Ginny!" Monica was up in Ginny's face. "It wasn't my fault you lost, I wasn't playing!"

"Neither was I!"

"You were supposed to be playing! You flew off, Harry got worried and looked for you, Hufflepuff started to score on us!" Monica was still in Ginny's face, neither of them paid attention to Harry and Hermione. "If you hadn't flown off Harry would have still been on the field scoring and you would have been flying around ready to catch the Snitch!"

"If I hadn't switched the teams around Ginny wouldn't have gotten mad in the first place!" Harry had to yell just so the two girls would hear him.

"Stay out of this Harry!" Ginny spat at him then turned back to Monica.

"No Ginny I am the Captain..." Harry had said the wrong thing.

"You're right you are the Captain, I should be that! If Monica had done what she was supposed to I would have been Captain! I would

have been the youngest Gryffindor Captain in history! Instead she decides to let that Jim kid play and let you beat me!" Ginny was still upset over that.

"Ginny I'm sorry I never thought he would beat you, he never played Chaser before so I figured you would have beaten him without me cheating for you."

"Oh so I'm so bad I was beaten by someone who never played! I'm such a horrible Chaser that an amateur could beat me!"

"That's not what I meant Ginny." Monica was backing off; she didn't need to make Ginny any madder at her.

"That's not true though Ginny, Harry has played Chaser before." Hermione decided to get involved in the argument. All three teens looked at Hermione; Harry didn't know what to say, Dumbledore had told them not to tell anyone... "There was something that happened over the summer, we aren't allowed to talk about it, but Harry has played for Chaser, has trained for it; he was kind of cheating making you think he never played Chaser." Ginny stared at Hermione then at Harry.

"I was finally going to beat my Brothers at something but no can't let Ginny have that can we! All my Brothers have done something great, Head Boys, Prefects, Quidditch Captains, making money through a business, but I was going to do something better then them just once..." She stared at Harry some more, purposely leaving out what Ron had done. "I was going to be the youngest Quidditch Captain in Gryffindor history, finally better then my Brothers at something. You don't know how it is to compete with older siblings, always being in the shadows, I hate being the youngest!"

"I'm sorry Ginny I just wanted to know about Monica and I..."

"You want to know about Monica! FINE!" Ginny grabbed Monica by the head and kissed her hard. "There, happy!" Ginny stormed to the girl's dormitory leaving behind a very shocked Harry and a very embarrassed Monica.

“But, but, uh, but...” Harry just kept stammering. “But Devin, isn’t he, your, not your brother, but like me and Mione did back in uh, well.” Harry hadn’t expected that, none of his guesses put that redhead and blonde together.

“You told him about me and Devin?” Monica had gotten over her embarrassment and was staring at Hermione.

“No he put that together by himself, he thought you two were together, I swear Monica I didn’t tell him.” Hermione hadn’t told Harry about any of it, Monica asked her not to, and Monica had kept her secret with Harry before anyone else found out so she was going to keep Monica’s, until now. “I guess there is no point in not telling Harry though, now.”

“Harry you’re right Devin isn’t my Brother, but we aren’t together like that. We grew up together, I was best friends with him and his Sister Sandy, he and Sandy were best friends with me and my Brother Gordon. Devin and Sandy got in a fight over me and Sandy left the house, Devin found her dead, snapped, caused a riot, and the Republicans have been after him. Well, I thought that was when they started going after him, but it turns out they killed Sandy and made it look like she killed herself, Devin said that but I never believed him until recently. During the riot the Republicans showed up trying to capture him, they killed Gordon, they killed Devin’s parents, so my Mom took me and Devin over here after Dumbledore agreed to take us in.”

“It’s where I got the idea to make us Brother and Sister, Harry. They were doing it here so when we were in, you know, I suggested us to be Brother and Sister.” Hermione went over to Harry and took his hand.

“But, you two, wait, you mean you and, what?” Harry was trying to put things together in his head. “Devin and Sandy were fighting over you, as in, being together?” Monica nodded. “But how? Devin is careful not to feel anything, if he felt like that about you wouldn’t it you know, affect his abilities?”

"It wouldn't have then, he could control himself, but when he found his sister dead he broke, he couldn't control them."

"So when your Mom said you had a problem..."

"I don't have a problem!" Monica cut Harry off in mid sentence. "God I hate this place, at least in America it wasn't considered evil to be what I am, you people are so in the Dark Ages still." Monica went to a chair and sat down trying to keep herself from crying.

"I don't think you have a problem, I guess, just not normal. But I thought Ginny was straight, she had a crush on me, then she was with Dean, and other guys." Harry's mind was still trying to figure it out.

"Well I don't think she is like me completely, maybe just bi, or she was doing it to cover up like I did before I told my Mom the truth." Monica thought of that argument she had, her Mom had never hit her before but when she told her Mom about what she felt for other girls her Mom hit her hard, it was one of the worse days of her life.

"Bi? What the hell does that mean?" Harry thought about it. "Never mind I don't need to know. I'm sorry I was so nosy, I didn't mean to make you two fight." Harry felt guilty about the fight, if he hadn't been so determined to find out what was going on he wouldn't have done that stupid bet with Ginny.

"Ginny is just in a mood, she got so upset when she didn't win the bet, didn't become Captain, she had to compete with her older Brothers, most of them anyways. She would finally get to beat all of them by becoming the youngest Captain but I didn't go through with the plan, I never thought you would beat her." Monica looked towards the entrance to the girl's dormitory. "Can I go check on her? And Harry please don't tell anyone about me and Ginny, or me and Devin, it is supposed to be a secret but more people keep finding out." Monica bit a fingernail in worry.

"Of course I won't tell anyone Monica, you're a friend, so are Ginny and Devin, I'm sorry about your Brother and your friend, and I don't think you have a problem." Harry's mind was finally coming together.

“Uh you have been alone with Hermione a lot, in places, uh, you don’t like, you know.”

“No Harry I’m not a fucking monster or something, we are friends, she is madly in love with you and I love Ginny.” Monica was a little put off by Harry’s comment, she had heard all the jokes and put downs before, all the rumors, just because she was the way she was people thought she would get with anyone. “I need to check on Ginny.” Monica went to the girl’s dormitory and checked on Ginny.

“Harry that was rude.” Hermione was staring at Harry. “Don’t you think I would have told you about that?”

“No, you hadn’t told me anything about anything!” Harry was stuck in between two emotions, guilt and anger. “I’m mad that you didn’t at least tell me about Devin, but I can’t believe Monica and Ginny, what the hell is that about?” Harry was uneasy about that, he had heard of it, and well, being a guy that was a fantasy, two girls, but in the real world it was very strange to Harry.

“Harry I thought it was strange to, at first, but they love each other so really I won’t say anything about it. Don’t say anything about it, like Monica asked, and I mean nothing. No slip ups, no dropping hints or anything alright Harry?” Harry nodded; he didn’t want to make any of the girls mad. “And nothing about Devin, you might want to tell him you know about him now but no one else!”

“Alright Mione I won’t say anything I swear.” He sure didn’t want Mione or Monica mad at him, and Ginny, she had enough problems.

“Good, and don’t let me catch you thinking about them.” Hermione smiled at Harry.

“I won’t, why would I when I have something better to think about?” Harry was glad the mood was lightning up. “But still, Ginny, it just seems so strange, she had a crush on me, or Dean, they seemed pretty serious, kind of.” Harry remembered how Ginny would look at him; follow him, what had changed?

"I don't know Harry, I had fun with Krum but I kissed you on the cheek after our 4th year." Hermione blushed a little, she felt bad when she first did it but then Krum sent the letter where he was breaking up with her.

"Women, you are all strange, at least we men tell you how we feel."

"Like you did with Cho before the Yule Ball?"

"Be quiet Mione." Harry made her be quiet by kissing her. "I did ask her though, a little late, but I did ask her." Harry didn't want to think about Cho, she had been a great Quidditch player, a good friend, but now she was gone, because of Ron. "We need to get to the Great Hall for breakfast Mione."

After breakfast Harry had class, with Monica and Devin. Harry felt uncomfortable around them now, he hadn't told Devin that he knew yet since they had classes and he didn't want to tell Devin that he knew about him and Monica, or Monica and Ginny, with others around.

When Harry got out of the last class he found Devin. "Devin we need to talk, about something, meet me in our dorm room in ten minutes alright?" Devin just nodded and walked away.

Ten minutes later Harry met Devin in their dorm room. "Devin I just found out about you, this morning, and I just wanted to say I won't tell anyone." Devin stared at Harry making Harry's skin crawl.

"Like Monica wouldn't tell anyone and yet somehow you, Ginny, and Hermione all know." Devin wasn't happy about this, he was able to keep the secret, why couldn't Monica? "Is that all?"

"Well no, Ginny kind of told me about her and your Sister, well, Monica this morning."

"Was that what all that yelling was about?" Devin had heard them yelling but couldn't tell what it was about. "Well Harry that secret you better keep, Monica may not be my Sister but I care about her, a lot, and if anyone hurts her I will kill them." Devin said it in such a

monotone voice Harry wasn't sure if he was kidding or just that cold to killing someone.

"I won't, besides, who do I have to tell? Neville? Luna? Dumbledore? I don't think I am going to be telling anyone about that Devin, about anything." He might have told Ron if they were still friends, but they weren't.

"Luna's fine, she already knows about Ginny and Monica, but not about me and Monica." Devin was giving off his emotions making Harry feel upset and mad at the same time. "Don't you dare tell anyone else though Harry, if a Death Eater found out about me, who I really am, the Republicans would come here and I don't want that."

"I'd be more worried about the Death Eaters, think what Voldemort could do with you, especially after what you did to his followers a few months ago." Harry wanted to end the conversation and get away from Devin, his abilities were affecting him.

"Voldemort has what, a few hundred followers, maybe a thousand or two, Dick Cheney has over forty million followers, sure they are the most ignorant, brain dead, stupid people of the country but an army of brainless zombies forty million strong is still an army." Devin had dealt with the Republicans, he knew how evil they could be, and they had killed his sister. "I don't even think there are forty million people in England, is there Harry?" Harry shrugged his shoulders, he didn't know, London was a big city; it could hold a lot of people. "Go away Harry I need to clear my mind." Harry left quickly glad Devin had let him go.

That night Harry was tired, he had new information in his head he was still going over. Devin was sleeping already not moving or making any noise, unlike Neville who snored. Harry missed Seamus and Dean, and even Ron, the Ron that he knew. Harry started to drift off, his eyes closed, and fell asleep.

"Stop it, I don't want to!" It was the girl from his dreams! He hadn't seen this girl for a long time, why had she come back now? "Go away!" She seemed to be running away from someone, who he couldn't tell. Harry started tossing and turning in bed, this dream, or

nightmare, was affecting Harry. "No!" Harry saw a red shadow fall over the girl then everything went black for a few seconds before a redhead popped up in his dreams.

"Hello Harry, long time no see." It was Ron! Harry wanted to say something, do something, but his dream wouldn't let him. "You like what you just saw? Little bitch is promised to me, part of the deal I made with the Dark Lord, I gave up Cho but I got something much better." Ron showed the girl unconscious on the floor. "I can't believe my good fortune Harry, I am rich, powerful, and can have anyone I want! I am you without all the goody two shoes bullshit you do. So Harry, have you considered the Dark Lord's offer?" Harry tried to yell at Ron, why couldn't he say anything? "I'll take that as a no, you really should though Harry, the Dark Lord is willing to make a deal with you, he will give you what you want if you kill Remus, everything you ever wished for." Ron smirked at him then showed Harry what he truly had wanted, wished for, for years.

"Mom, Dad?" They looked real, but this was a dream, wasn't it? Or was this like his visions during the summer before his fourth year? Was this real? Was Ron really talking to him? Were they really his parents, moving, looking alive?

"That's right Harry; they are alive, for now. How the Dark Lord did it I don't even know, but he wants to make a deal with you Harry, he will give you more time to consider the deal, until then they," Ron pointed at what appeared to be Harry's parents, "are going to be taken care of." Ron laughed then turned back towards his parents. "Harry you could have a real family again, we could be friends again, just kill Remus and accept the Dark Mark and you will have your parents back, your Brother back." Ron went back to the girl still unconscious on the floor. "Now I have something to do." Everything went black again.

Chapter 10: The Interpretation

Harry woke up later that morning sweaty and tangled up in the bed sheets. "Was that really a dream?" Harry shook his head, it felt more like a vision that he had before, like the ones with Voldemort and Wormtail, but the girl from his dreams was there. "Voice?" Nothing, Harry had hoped that with the girl returning the voice would to.

"Damn Harry what the hell happened to you?" Devin was up and saw Harry, he looked pale and had sweat stains on his sheets.

"Nothing, bad nightmare, dream, something like that." Harry thought about changing out of his sweaty clothes but he didn't want to get clean ones dirty. "I'm skipping running, I need a shower." Harry went to the Prefect Bathroom and cleaned up trying not to think about the dream, or vision, from last night. Getting back to the Common Room Harry didn't feel like going to breakfast, or class, or anywhere but where Ron was. Harry wanted to hunt Ron down, make him pay for what he did, and see if he was telling the truth about his parents. Could his parents really be alive? But the Necronomicon, it didn't work when he did it, the Earth didn't shake, and even if it did work why Voldemort hadn't tried earlier Harry couldn't figure out.

"Harry you ok?" Hermione had seen Harry rubbing his temples, looking like he had a headache.

"Yes Mione just thinking about something."

"My birthday? You already gave me enough stuff and you already celebrated it the first time, don't worry about it."

"It's not about you Mione, and I know that, why I didn't get anything for you." Yet, Harry had been talking to Dobby; Harry wanted something that wasn't from money but from his heart.

"Oh." Not what Hermione had expected to hear, or wanted to hear. She liked it when Harry got her something, even if it was too much.

"Sorry Mione I had a bad dream last night." Or vision, Harry wasn't sure what it was, yet. Dumbledore should know, maybe, if it was a

dream or vision, but what if he read his mind and found out about other things, things he wasn't supposed to know? "I need to talk to Dumbledore; I'll see you in class Mione." Harry left the Common Room heading towards Dumbledore's office, or what use to be Dumbledore's office.

"Gumdrop? Licorice Wand?" Harry tried and tried other candy names when they opened in the middle of Harry thinking and Professor McGonagall came out.

"Harry what are you doing?" Professor, Headmaster McGonagall, was confused by Harry being there.

"I was trying to get through so I could talk to Dumbledore." Harry realized his mistake; Professor McGonagall was the Headmaster now, not Dumbledore. "Sorry, I need to talk to him and forgot he doesn't have his office here anymore." Harry was embarrassed and really needed to talk to Dumbledore.

"Alright Harry go on, his new office is next to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom." Harry walked away then ran when he got far enough away from Professor McGonagall.

Getting to the DADA Room he went to the next door knocking on it. "Come in Harry." Harry didn't know how Dumbledore knew he was coming but went in and saw Dumbledore was talking to someone else, Jim. "You need to hope Jim, but please if you need to talk again just come down." Jim stood up and walked out, flinching when he got close to Harry.

"He doesn't blame himself for the loss does he?" It was Jim's first game and he lost, had to be feeling horrible, but enough to talk to Dumbledore?

"No he misses his family; he isn't use to being here." Dumbledore motioned to a chair so Harry sat down.

"Oh, isn't he a 3rd year?" Maybe his family was really nice, unlike Harry, Jim probably didn't think of Hogwarts as an escape from home.

"He is but he was," Dumbledore looked for the right word, "home schooled, and his Mother is sick." Harry looked down at his feet feeling sorry for Jim, Harry never had to worry about his Mother, until now. "What is troubling you Harry?" Harry tried to clear his mind, yes he wanted to talk but there were some things Dumbledore didn't need to know about.

"It's about Ron, I think." How to explain the dream, or vision? "I had a vision, like the one I use to get of Voldemort, but it was Ron, he talked to me, he taunted me, and he had something."

"Harry it was more than a vision it was a connection, one that only people who are truly close to each can make, it seems another reason why Voldemort wanted young Ron."

"But Voldemort has done it before, last year, he talked to me like that, but it wasn't as clear. I'm not close to Voldemort, I hate him!"

"Yes Harry but there is a connection from what happened when you were younger, when he attacked your family. What was it he had Harry?"

"My parents." This caught Dumbledore off guard, what did Harry mean? "They were alive, but they can't be, it didn't work." Harry didn't want to mention that, the spell he used; it was illegal, according to Hermione. But now it was too late, and Dumbledore might know something.

"Well we both know that it wasn't them, it couldn't have been, they are dead and not even magic can bring them back."

"But I saw it! I had a dream, a man used the Necronomicon to bring someone back so I tried it, I followed the book, but it didn't work." Harry waited for the yell; he had done something very illegal.

"You have the Necronomicon? How did you get it?" A book of that power, even Dumbledore could only imagine the power, the magic, held in such an ancient book.

“Monica gave it to me, kind of. She said a ghost told her where it was and to give it to me, something about how I wasn’t like him when he was alive so I should have it.” Harry tried to remember his name, what did Monica say it was?

“A ghost,” Dumbledore looked at Harry seeing he wasn’t lying, “when was this Harry?”

“Last year, during Hogsmeade weekend, the only one we had.”

“Why did you do this Harry? It is illegal, dangerous, and is very dark, how could you even think of doing this?”

“Why? I would have my parents back! I don’t care if it was dangerous, so was competing in the Triwizard Tournament but I did that, and illegal? The Ministry and its laws can go to hell if it means I couldn’t have my parents back.”

“But you say it didn’t work, how could Voldemort or Ron have them, alive, if the spell didn’t work?”

“I don’t know, and Ron had someone else.” Did Harry want to tell Dumbledore about the girl with his Mother’s eyes? “She, I don’t know who she is but I’ve seen her before, in dreams. I guess they weren’t dreams though, but I don’t know who she is, or why she calls me Brother.”

“Another trick Harry, Voldemort is trying to get at you, play to your good side. He knows that you will do almost anything for your friends and others if they are in danger. He may be trying to keep you off guard Harry, or could just be doing it to hurt you. I knew your parents very well Harry and while Lily always wanted a son and daughter but she never had the chance. You are an only child, you are the only person left in your family, and Voldemort is trying to hurt you through that. Ron must have told him you’re deepest wants and desires, a family.” Dumbledore’s mind was working; Lily and James only had a son, Harry, had an Aunt of Harry had another child, or did James cheat on Lily?

“But the girl, she was there before Ron, before he did what he did.” Harry clenched his fists when he talked about Ron, oh how he wanted to punch him.

“Well Harry Voldemort is doing this for a reason, what did Ron say to you?”

“He wanted to know if I had thought about the deal, the one about Remus. I think Voldemort wants to make another deal with me, my parents for becoming a Death Eater.” Harry had thought of that, would he? Could he? His parents would be with him, but he would be a Death Eater, evil.

“Don’t dwell on it Harry, it is a trick, Voldemort wants to hurt you and is doing so by tempting you with an impossibility. Your parents are dead, you don’t have a sister, Harry don’t fall for these tricks.” Dumbledore could see Harry was thinking about it, seriously, he had to keep Harry from thinking about it. “If you get any more of these dreams come to me as soon as possible.” Dumbledore had to talk to Remus, he would know if James cheated on Lily, had a daughter, Sirius would know, but he was dead.

“I’m sorry Dumbledore I was, I don’t know, I can’t describe it.” Harry was wearing thin on the inside, his vision had been real, his parents were there, but Dumbledore said it couldn’t be them, not even magic could bring them back. And the girl, Harry’s skin crawled when he thought about what Ron was doing to her, even if she wasn’t his sister, just a ploy by Voldemort to get to him.

“Don’t think about it, no point in wasting time on things that aren’t there. You need to eat Harry, go to the Great Hall for breakfast.” Harry left but headed for his first class instead of the Great Hall.

When class started Harry tried to ignore Hermione, he didn’t want to talk to her, or anyone else for that matter. Harry went through the day making sure not to answer any questions or talk to anyone, he wanted to yell at someone, at how unfair everything was, but couldn’t. Harry had just gotten done with Care of Magical Creatures with Hagrid when he saw Hermione was waiting for him at the entrance.

"Harry what's wrong?" Hermione was concerned, Harry had talked to Dumbledore, was acting cold to her, hadn't even said anything about her birthday when it came, and had told her he didn't care, and the last few times she said she loved him he didn't say it back. "You're not yourself, are you sick?" Was it something magic couldn't heal?

"Go away Hermione." Harry wanted to go to his room and be alone; he didn't want to yell at Hermione.

"I will not Harry, I love you, besides my parents you are the closest person to me, please tell me what's wrong."

"Like you told me about Monica and Devin?" Or other things...

"That was about them, not me, if it was about me I would have told you Harry I swear!" Hermione was yelling at Harry making him not want to talk to her even more. "Harry I love you, why don't you love me anymore?" Hermione was holding back tears, what had happened with Harry? Harry just kept walking not wanting to talk to her, before he just wanted to yell and scream, get his feelings out, but now he was close to just turning on Hermione and telling her off. "Harry stop!" Hermione grabbed Harry's sleeve trying to make him talk to her.

"Let go of me Hermione!" Harry yanked his arm free causing Hermione to lose her balance and fall into a wall.

"Harry what the hell is wrong with you!" Hermione got up and went over to Harry who was still walking away. "Harry!" Hermione grabbed him by his hair stopping him. "What is wrong with you Harry did something happen to Remus?"

"Hermione I don't want to fucking talk about it! But no, you can't just let it go you have to fucking know! When I want to know something I should shut up and stop asking but when you want to know something you make me tell you or you don't go away! Haven't you gotten the clue I don't want to talk to anyone? Have I been chatting it up with anyone? No! I don't want to talk to anyone and I don't want to talk to you!" Harry started to walk faster to leave Hermione behind but she kept up with him. "Damn it Hermione Leave Me Alone!"

"No Harry I won't, there is something wrong and you will tell me!" Hermione followed Harry not seeing where they were going, and followed him when he went into a room.

"Hermione as a Prefect you should know not to go into a boys bathroom, now leave!"

"No! I don't care where you go you aren't leaving me."

"Hermione you want to know? You really want to fucking know?" Hermione nodded backing away as Harry looked down on her. "It was Ron! He has my parents, not their bodies, but my parents." This confused Hermione, Harry had told her he tried to raise them but failed. "And someone else, I'm not sure who she is, but she was there."

"A girl? And your parents, Harry how is that possible?"

"I don't know, Dumbledore told me it was a trick, it was Voldemort trying to hurt me, but it was them! And the girl, she calls me Brother, and has my Mom's eyes."

"A sister? But you were an only child Harry, in all the books..."

"Well maybe they missed something! Only two people had contact with my parents after they went into hiding, Dumbledore and Wormtail, maybe they didn't tell anyone about it."

"Then where was she after your parents were killed? It is a trick, has to be Harry."

"But they were there! And the girl has been in my dreams before, last summer, after Voldemort came back, that's when they started."

"Well maybe it was someone using a Polyjuice potion, if they had your parent's bodies they could make it." Harry had thought of that, he didn't want to think it was true, but it could be true. "Harry why is this doing this to you?"

"I saw them, Ron said Voldemort wants to make a deal with me, he wants me to become a Death Eater, accept the Dark Mark, for my parents." Even if Harry wanted to how could he contact Voldemort? Or if he could trick them, say he was going to accept but when he was in front of Voldemort kill him, and Ron, and anyone else who got in his way.

"Harry you can't do that, if you do you will lose everyone else, Dumbledore, Remus, me..." Hermione hugged Harry not wanting to let him go, afraid he would choose his parents over her.

"I want to, Mione, but it is Voldemort. If I knew a spell that would kill him I would accept just long enough to get close to Voldemort, kill him." Harry hugged Hermione back. "I'm sorry I've been acting like this Mione, I've had a lot going on in my head, literally, and haven't been handling it well. A Man doesn't yell at his girlfriend, or walk away, I'm sorry Hermione." Harry hugged Hermione.

"Uh could you two leave? Or at least Hermione?" Harry and Hermione turned and saw a younger student coming in.

"Uh sorry, uh, next time you get in trouble talk to us we will give you whatever points you lost." Harry and Hermione left the kid behind going to the Common Room.

"Harry I'm still upset with you, you need to stop acting like this, I don't care what it is, stress, Ron, even Voldemort himself, talk to me Harry." Hermione grabbed Harry's hand. "You have to trust me, love me, and talk to me."

"I do love you Mione, I do trust you, but some things get to me Mione, I talked to Dumbledore about it but I didn't like what he had to say." Harry didn't want to believe that it wasn't real, that they weren't his parents.

"That's the first time you said you loved me since we got here Harry." Hermione hugged Harry.

"I'm sorry Mione, I'll try harder, but if I make you mad tell me please, even if I yell at you, just tell me I'm being a prat."

“Ok Harry, but damn it don’t think this is a happy ending.” Harry was confused; didn’t he say what he was supposed to? “Harry I am a woman not a floor mat, I won’t let you walk all over me just because you say you’re sorry.”

“I am Mione! I know I’ve been acting like a prat lately, please forgive me.”

“I forgive you Harry, but it doesn’t mean I am going to jump in your lap in happiness, I have problems to Harry.” Harry put an arm around her shoulders.

“I’m sorry Mione, want to talk about it?” Hermione nodded as they got to the Common Room entrance. They went inside and talked, Hermione told Harry about missing her parents, worrying about him, school work, and more. Harry talked to her to, telling her how he had thought about the deal, his parents, and the girl from his dreams.

“Why didn’t you tell me about it before Harry?”

“Well, when I was with you I don’t think I should be dreaming of other girls, and I thought it was just a dream.”

“Well, you are an only child Harry so it must be a trick.” Hermione wanted to know more but Harry didn’t seem to know anything else. “It’s Voldemort, Harry, he knows you better then most people now that Ron is with him. He knows that one of your few wishes that you want is to have family.” Hermione leaned over and held Harry’s hand.

“But the girl was there before Ron did what he did, maybe she is real.” Harry squeezed Hermione’s hand glad for the warmth. “Maybe my parents kept it a secret, didn’t want Voldemort to know, they did only talk to Dumbledore, and their Secret Keeper, once they went into hiding.”

“But then why hasn’t Dumbledore said anything?” Hermione had been trying to get Harry see it was a trick, Voldemort was trying to hurt Harry.

"Maybe he wants to keep her safe, or wanted to, but now Ron has her."

"Harry you know it has to be a trick, you are an only child, and your parents are dead." Hermione said it bluntly; she had to get it through to him.

"Mione I don't want to talk about it anymore, but there is something I do want to talk about." Harry paused; he wasn't sure what to say. "I gave you some things before, but took them back after what happened, and I was thinking of giving them back to you." Harry let go of her hand. "But not for your birthday, I have something else for that, I think." Harry had Dobby get the things together but wasn't sure if it was complete yet.

"I guess Harry; I missed having them, the weight, the feeling, knowing you gave them to me because you loved me." Hermione grabbed Harry's hand again not wanting to let him go.

"I have them up in my room, we could get them and if you wanted we could do other things." Harry was rubbing the back of his neck blushing.

"We can get them now if you want but we aren't doing anything like that, I'm still a little angry about all the other things, I told you I wasn't going to just jump back in your lap because you said you were sorry." Hermione and Harry got up and headed to his room.

In his room Harry went to his trunk and got out the bottomless pouch to get the jewelry out. Sitting down Harry gave them to Hermione. "Mione, this belongs to you," Harry handed her a ring. "This belongs to you," then handed her the bracelet, "and this does to." Harry gave her the necklace putting it around her neck.

"Thank you Harry." Hermione leaned over and kissed Harry.

"You look even more beautiful then you normally do Mione." Harry smiled putting the other ring on, seeing it go from blue to half red and half blue. Rubbing it he thought of her, seeing if they still worked.

"I love you to Harry." Harry opened his eyes and saw Hermione was rubbing her ring also. "It's almost time to eat Harry, we talked for a long time, surprised we weren't interrupted."

"I'm not, the school is so empty, so few students came back, or new students that didn't come, we could have been done there longer and not see anyone until it was time to go to bed." Harry stood up holding Hermione's hand. "But we do need to eat, I haven't eaten today, was to busy being mad at everyone."

"Ok Harry, and if you need to talk about anything else tell me, I love you, and I will always listen to you."

"I love you to Mione."

Chapter 11: The Powers That Be

A week later Harry was laying on his bed not wanting to go to sleep. He had gotten into another argument with Hermione over something stupid. Harry wasn't going to do what Ron, Voldemort, wanted him to do but he still thought about what it would be like to have his parents back. He yelled at himself for being such a prat with Hermione, for ever believing Ron, for ever even thinking about accepting the deal, he could never kill Remus, he was one of his Dads' best friends, and Sirius's friend. Listening to Neville and Devin breathing Harry slowly let sleep take him over.

"Harry, how was your day?" It was Ron again! "So have you thought about your answer?" Harry wanted to hurt Ron, if it was a vision, not a dream, maybe he could.

"Shut up Ron! I would never kill Remus!" Harry tried to move closer, but found he couldn't.

"Well like I said the Dark Lord is willing to deal with you, maybe you don't have to kill Remus, but you would have to kill someone, our spy heard you and Hermione are fighting, how would you like to win whatever you were arguing about? Kill her and you get your parents." Ron smirked at Harry, like how Professor Snape would smirk but worse.

"Never, I love her..." Harry shut up after that, not that it mattered, the Death Eaters already seemed to know him and Hermione were back together.

"Then why not someone you don't love? Is there anyone you want to kill Harry? And don't tell me you don't want to kill someone Harry, I know of someone you want to, and I'm sure the Dark Lord would be willing to sacrifice him to you for your allegiance." Who was Ron talking about? Him? Or Wormtail...

"I could kill Wormtail?" Harry blurted it out before he could stop himself.

"Sure, kill that rat of a man, get the Dark Mark and your parents are yours, well Harry?" Ron smirked at Harry again.

"No, I can't, if I did Hermione would leave me. And I'm not doing that, Voldemort is evil, you are evil, and I'm not."

"Oh Harry you think Hermione would be a problem? If you still want her we can give you a collar to control her, and if you wanted something better trust me, Voldemort has a fresh stock of tail that would shag you for hours on end." Ron crossed his arms staring at Harry, or so Harry thought, he couldn't tell what was going on around him. "Well? It would be nice to have my Mate back Harry, and if you bring Hermione with you the Trio would be reunited." Ron seemed to have a sincere look on his face, did he really miss Harry? Hermione?

"No Ron, that's wrong, evil, not me. And how do I know they are my parents? Not a trick by Voldemort?"

"Oh come on Harry if it was a trick do you think you would be able to tell? You just have to trust the Dark Lord." Ron smiled, tempting Harry to lash out. "And besides Harry I'm sure if you had anything else you wanted the Dark Lord could arrange it, what job would you like after the Dark Lord takes over? Or do you want someone to be kept alive? I already got my parents covered, even the Twins, if they join me. Do you want Hermione's parents to be covered? Or maybe you have a friend or two you want to be protected, or money? I think you have enough money but more is always better!" Ron chuckled acting like Harry and him were good friends again.

"You're lying! If I meant so much to Voldemort he wouldn't have you talk to me, he would talk to me himself!" Harry was trying to ignore Ron, he couldn't, but he tried.

"He is far too busy Harry, but trust me Harry, I am not deceiving you, I will talk to the Dark Lord and if he wants he will talk to you. I just thought you would like a familiar face, a friend, to talk to. Think it over Harry, you want to keep the people you love safe don't you? Your parents, Hermione, whoever else you want, I'm sure the Dark Lord would be willing to give you almost anything you wanted, if you accept his end of the deal. Night Harry." Everything went black as

Harry went through the rest of the night without dreaming, or having a vision.

That morning Harry went running by himself as he had gotten up before anyone else. He wanted to apologize to Hermione later, before Potions, but he had something new to think about. If he could kill Wormtail instead of Remus it would mean, no, he still couldn't do it. But Wormtail was evil, Wormtail deserved to die, and even if he did accept the Dark Mark it wouldn't mean he would have to follow orders, he could become a spy for Dumbledore, or get close enough to Voldemort, close enough to kill him. Harry ran back to the Common Room after taking a shower in the Prefects bathroom. Hermione came down from the Girls' dormitory and saw Harry sitting in a chair. "Harry you get up early again?"

"Yes, kind of." He hadn't really gotten to much sleep, his mind was to busy going over what had happened with Ron.

"You need your sleep, eight hours is best, but I guess you need less." Hermione bit her lip in concern, Harry was always up early it seemed, it couldn't be good for his health. She was still a little angry at him but she loved him enough to worry, even when they weren't getting along.

"I guess Hermione." Harry wanted to tell her about the new conversation with Ron but wasn't sure if he should. "What if I said I didn't have to kill Remus to get my parents?"

"What? Harry you think you could trick Voldemort? Harry I'm sure whatever plan you came up with wouldn't work Voldemort would see through it." Hermione bit her lower lip, Harry was still thinking of that? She knew his parents meant a lot to him but it was a trick, nothing could have brought them back, Harry even said it didn't work.

"No it was Ron, he said Voldemort wants to deal with me, if I won't kill Remus then I could kill Wormtail." Harry had said it, he knew Hermione wouldn't like it, but damn it they were his parents...

"Harry you can't! Voldemort is trying to trick you; do you think it would be hard for Voldemort to use the Imperius Curse to make someone

take a Polyjuice Potion of Peter?" She crossed her arms staring at Harry.

"It's not just that Mione I could keep you safe, your parents safe, Ron said his parents are protected, part of his deal with Voldemort and I could have you protected."

"Harry if you join Voldemort you won't have to worry about protecting me because I would make sure you didn't live long enough to! Harry I love you and I would rather you die, I die, then to see you become a Death Eater!" Hermione clenched her jaw trying to quiet herself down incase anyone else was awake yet.

"I know you couldn't kill me Mione, just like I couldn't hurt you."

"You becoming a Death Eater would hurt me Harry, fighting over this hurts me, stop talking about this Harry! Voldemort is evil and you aren't, your parents aren't alive, it's a trick!" Hermione sat down in a chair. "I'm sorry we fought about this Harry but you shouldn't be thinking about it."

"Hermione you're probably right, they aren't my parents, but what if they are! Voldemort might have used Dark Magic to bring them back, something that Dumbledore would never use." Harry had thought of it, maybe the magic Voldemort used to bring himself back had brought his parents back. "If it is them then I have to get them back, even if I have to become a Death Eater, even if it is only long enough to get my parents to somewhere safe." Harry waited for Hermione to respond only to be surprised by none. "Mione?"

"I'm not talking about it anymore Harry, I don't want to, and you're making me mad again." Hermione kept her arms crossed not looking at Harry.

"Mione you don't understand they are my parents!"

"They are not! It is a trick and if you say one more thing about this I am going to Dumbledore about this!" Hermione became quiet again.

"Fine Mione, while your parents are safe at my house who knows what Voldemort is doing to mine!"

"Harry promise me right now you will stop thinking about this, talking about this, please."

"Fine, I promise I won't think or talk about this." Hermione stared at him, she knew he was lying.

"Harry if you are going to say it mean it, don't just say it to end the argument, I love you too much to let you become a Death Eater."

"Know what Hermione? I don't care alright? I might love you, but I love my parents more!" Harry got up and left the Common Room heading back to the Great Hall.

Harry seethed for the rest of the day not talking to anyone. He was getting tired of fighting with Hermione, and unlike before he didn't have Ron to talk to when they were fighting. Of course, it was usually Hermione and Ron fighting, damn it all. Harry had to talk to Hermione, apologize for earlier, and yesterday, and he had to get a hold of Dobby about the gift for Hermione. "Dobby." Crack

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir?" Dobby had appeared like always.

"Is Hermione's gift ready?" Crack, Dobby disappeared then reappeared moments later. Crack

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir, Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am gifts is ready." Dobby had a package in his hands and gave it to Harry.

"Thanks Dobby, you can go back to doing whatever you were doing." Crack

Harry went to the girls' dormitory entrance and asked for permission, he had seen Hermione go to her room earlier, when it was given he went up to the 6th year room. Knocking on the door he heard to squeals, "Mione?" He heard some more noises then heard a voice, not Hermione's.

“Go away! You aren’t supposed to be up here!” It was Monica’s voice.

“Oh sorry, uh, you know where Mione is?”

“No, go check the library.” It was Ginny’s voice. Harry knew he saw Hermione come up here, was she that mad at him?

“No she isn’t, I saw her come up here, Mione if you’re that mad,” Harry opened the door, “oh, uh...” Harry hadn’t thought of it. It appeared that Harry had interrupted the two and blushed.

“We weren’t doing that Harry!” Monica got up off the bed. “We were talking about something very important when you came up here; now leave before I hex you!” Harry was a boy, aren’t they banned from coming up the stairs? Last year Devin had nearly destroyed the entrance because it wouldn’t let him go up the stairs to see her. “Go away!”

“Sorry but I saw Hermione come up here, where else could she be?”

“I don’t know Harry I didn’t see her, now please go away.” Monica had been talking to Ginny about something important, serious, and did not need Harry around.

“Ginny is it ok if I check your room?” Ginny nodded thankful for the interruption, she did not want to do what Monica had been talking about. “Thanks.” Harry left the two and went down the stairs to the next room and knocked on the door, no reply. “Hello? Mione are you in there?” No reply still. “Is anyone in there?” No reply. Harry was sure he had seen Hermione go up the stairs in the girls’ dormitory, where was she now? Harry went up and down the stairs knocking on all the doors, scaring three 2nd years when they opened their door and saw not just a boy but Harry Potter, a Prefect! Leaving the girl’s dormitory Harry went back to the Common Room before deciding to use the Marauders Map to find Hermione. Hermione was in the DADA office, so was Dumbledore, had Hermione really gone to Dumbledore about the new vision, or conversation, with Ron? And how had she gotten there, Harry was sure he had seen her go into the girls’ dormitory. Harry put the gift in the bottomless pack when someone came in.

“Harry?” Devin found Harry standing over a piece of paper a little out of breath, he had gotten better but his body was still weaker than it had been. “Dumbledore sent me, told me to tell you to go to his office as soon as you can.”

“Alright, thanks for telling me.” Harry put the Marauders Map away and headed to Dumbledore’s new office, the DADA office. Harry still found it weird to go there to see Dumbledore, he should be the Headmaster of Hogwarts, not McGonagall, not that she wasn’t going a good job just that was where Dumbledore belonged. Harry got to the office and opened the door without knocking.

“Harry good to see you, I am sorry for interrupting whatever you were doing but Hermione has told me some things that concerns me.” Damn it, she had gone to Dumbledore, if he had just shut up about it. “First of all those rings,” Dumbledore pointed to the ring on Harry’s finger, “Might be dangerous. Hermione has told me she researched them and couldn’t find anything on the rings, and their special powers.”

“But how is that dangerous?” If Harry had thought they were dangerous he never would have given one to Hermione.

“Well your messages may be picked up by a third or fourth, or how ever many rings are out there. Hermione tells me you got the rings in a unique way, along with some other things.” Oh, but the rings turned colors when someone else put the ring on, Harry looked at his, it was only red now, Hermione must have taken hers off. “That is why I had Devin get you instead of having Hermione use her ring to contact you. I will study them for now, and would like you to give me your ring to make sure they are safe.” Harry took it off quickly, what if his messages, all of them, to Hermione had been heard by someone else? Harry nearly blushed thinking about it. “And her pendant seems rather unique to Harry.” Harry looked over at Hermione, her necklace was on but the pendant was off, what now?

“I’m sorry Harry I didn’t think it could be so dangerous, but when I told Dumbledore about it he said he wanted to look it over.” Hermione grabbed the necklace where the pendant should have been.

"I assume you got it in the wizard world as it is a basilisk and its ability." Harry nodded. "It seems whoever made it created it to see if people were lying, or angry, or whatever else they were feeling inside. Now while Aurors have items with special abilities that do this none are so small or powerful as this pendant. I will research it and if I find it is safe, or not made by a Dark Wizard, I will give it back."

"But how? Why now?"

"Harry I didn't think of it until you gave them back to me, when I started wearing the necklace I noticed the weird masses around people again, I saw that you were lying earlier." And she was still hurt from when Harry said he 'might' love her, but he loved his parents more, they weren't his parents!

"I'm sorry Mione, if I had known they were dangerous I never would have given them to you."

"They might not be dangerous Harry, that is why I want to research them, make sure they are safe. I may not be your Headmaster anymore but I am still worried about the students of Hogwarts."

"How long until you know?" Harry had been getting use to the ring on his finger, able to talk to Hermione whenever he wanted to, usually in class so the teacher wouldn't hear them talking.

"I'm not sure Harry, Hermione says she found nothing on them in the school's library so I know which books not to look in, and as I have many more books then there are in the library I should be able to cut the time down on it." Harry sighed; Hermione had talked to Dumbledore about the jewelry, not Ron.

"Is there anything else you wanted to talk about Dumbledore?"

"Yes, you had another conversation with Ron." Damn it Harry thought, he didn't want to talk about that with Dumbledore, he knew what Dumbledore would say. "I am concerned Harry, Voldemort is hurting you, Ron is hurting you, and yet you don't see it as that. I am sorry to

say I do not know of any magic, Dark or not, that could bring your parents back.”

“That doesn’t mean there isn’t any that can’t!” Harry didn’t mean to yell at Dumbledore but did.

“Very true Harry but why would Voldemort do such a thing? I know your parents bodies were dug up Harry, and while embalming works very well in some cases after all these years I would be surprised if any hair survived, even enough to make a Polyjuice Potion.” And if there was it wouldn’t have mattered, there was no spell that could bring the dead back to life, they could be reanimated, but not brought back to life.

“But you don’t know, and I don’t have to kill Remus, Ron said I could kill Wormtail, someone who deserves to die!”

“Killing anyone Harry takes more then just waving a wand, the effects on you afterwards will haunt you for life.” Dumbledore had killed before, he tried not to, but Grindlewald had left him no choice, Dumbledore had to kill him before Grindlewald killed anymore people. “In the Muggle movies the hero just rides off into the sunset happy and care free, but those are movies. In real life a part of the soul is torn, and the more you kill the more your soul is torn, Voldemort’s soul has been torn so many times it may have been why he didn’t die, the Killing Curse strips a person of their soul but Voldemort’s soul was in so many pieces it may have only had parts of it taken, why he was alive but weak.”

“What about Devin? He’s killed, but you say his soul isn’t there, what happened to him?”

“His soul is there Harry it just doesn’t work like others do, and what happened last year is why he is in so much pain.” Harry was confused by this, Devin was in pain? “That’s why Madam Pomfrey gives him his medicine; it keeps his soul from burning him one could say.” Dumbledore had read his mind, again. “I believe that was why he went to sleep, his soul couldn’t leave him, he couldn’t die, so it went and hid inside of him taking so much energy from him he

couldn't stay awake. It wasn't until something, someone, that he loved came that his soul came back out of hiding."

"Well I won't care what I feel, I can take pain, I've been put under the Cruciatus Curse so many times it doesn't affect me anymore. I can handle my soul being hurt; I can handle pain if it was because I killed Wormtail, Voldemort."

"Harry that kind of pain would affect you, you have shown amazing tolerance to pain, and I think I know why. When you first felt the Cruciatus Curse you felt a lot of pain, and I am assuming Voldemort did to, you are connected Harry, and now you achieve the same things he does. He could deal with any kind of pain, and as such you are able to handle pain, except the kind Voldemort uses on you through your scar. I believe that is also why your powers have increased since he returned, have you noticed anything else since Voldemort has returned?" Harry had, the voice, it didn't appear until Voldemort came to power, but it always helped him, usually, it couldn't have been Voldemort... "What is it Harry?"

"I, well, there was this voice that kind of helped me, but it went away." Almost, it came back to him in that dream, the Necronomicon dream.

"How did it help?" Harry was embarrassed, he remembered the time Dudley had walked in on him and Hermione, or the time Sirius walked in on him and Hermione, or...

"Well it warned me of when someone was coming, but would be weird about it, like 'the black wizard is coming' when Sirius was coming in his dog form." Harry couldn't stop himself from thinking about Sirius, he loved Sirius still, he may not have ever told him that but he did.

"But you say it went away, when?"

"After the attack in Diagon Alley, when we went back to 1974."

"A time that Voldemort wasn't attached to you." Dumbledore was right, but why would Voldemort help him? "His powers overflow into you, his body had been so weak that when his powers came back he

couldn't control all of them at the time, I believe. But now he is getting them under control, maybe he sent you into the past so he would have time to get them under control."

"But then it wouldn't have happened, all that time would disappear when me and Hermione came back."

"True Harry, Voldemort may not have known that would happen, or I may be wrong on why he did it. I am old and very wise but not even I have all the answers Harry, why I love to teach younger ones so they will be able to find the answers." Dumbledore smiled but went back to being serious. "I notice you have changed, physically, I am assuming that you lost the need for your glasses after Voldemort came back?" Harry nodded. "And your body has gained muscles, something most wizards never get around to as they don't need it. How long did it take you to develop them?"

"I don't know, a few weeks?"

"I see, that is also different Harry, most people train for months to develop muscles, I think again that Voldemort has affected you. His powers are affecting you both with your magic and your body, have you had any weird feelings, emotions that you don't know where they came from?"

"Not really, there were some but they weren't from Voldemort." Harry did not want to get into details on that one and tried to think of anything else but that to keep Dumbledore from reading his mind. "I don't want his powers, even if they help me. Why does everything have to happen to me!" Harry sunk down in the chair knowing that sounded stupid.

"Voldemort chose you Harry, that's why." There was a reason for that, but Dumbledore was not going to tell Harry, Dumbledore didn't even believe in such things even if he allowed it to be taught at Hogwarts.

"I know, I didn't mean it. It just makes me so mad sometime, I want to be normal, I tried to be normal in the Muggle World but failed."

"You are normal Harry, as normal as anyone else, you just have interesting things happen to you. They may not be good things, but interesting. One day Harry, Voldemort will fall and you will be free of him, but will you consider that life normal? What is normal Harry, what do people consider normal?" Dumbledore had Harry on this one, yes what had happened in Harry's life may not be what he considered normal, but until he was eleven would he consider doing magic and making potions normal? Having people who loved him, something he never thought would happen, have someone who loved him, or love someone else.

"I want to do this though, meet with Voldemort, kill Wormtail, to kill them all. They killed everyone I loved, they took my best friend from me, they killed teachers, they have tried to kill me!"

"When they are all dead what will you do Harry, who will you have left? I love you very much but if you killed all of those people I would leave you." Hermione grabbed Harry's hand trying to comfort herself.

"Sorry Hermione but do you really want these people around? How could you defend the people that force you and your parents to live at Sirius's house, my house, instead of at home? They killed your friends, your teachers, they took Ron from us, how could you say you would stop me from killing them, leave me for killing them! They are evil, they don't deserve to live!"

"You're right they don't but they do live and it is not up to you to end that. I have to admit Harry I want to kill Voldemort, I have dreamed about it, but if I had the chance would I? I don't know, I would feel horrible if I didn't, letting him live, but I would feel just as bad killing him, ending the life of a human being." She had argued with herself many times, hours spent arguing about whether or not she could kill someone, even Voldemort. She had gone to church when she was young, with her parents, killing was a sin, but would it be a sin to kill Voldemort? "And was it really that bad having me around over the summer?"

"No, but you shouldn't have been, you should have been at home with your family, or at the Weasly's..." Harry had missed going to the Burrow, he missed Mr. Weasly and Mrs. Weasly.

"We can't go back there now can we Harry? Ginny says they haven't been back there since after the attacks, incase Ron attacked. They've been living with the Twins at their store." Hermione stopped, Ginny wasn't supposed to tell her, but it was Harry, and Dumbledore already knew.

"Now you two have been up here far to long you must have other things to do." Dumbledore stood up and lead them out. "Make sure you go to the Common Room as soon as possible as it has gotten late." Harry and Hermione left for the Common Room trying not talking to each other, Harry was upset that Hermione had actually gone to Dumbledore.

"Harry I'm sorry, he knew something was wrong and I told him."

"So you didn't go to him about that? How did you get there anyways? I saw you go up the girl's dormitory stairs, but the Marauders Map showed you were in Dumbledore's office." She didn't apparate, that much he knew, maybe, House Elves could but humans couldn't, maybe.

"I had to do a meeting with him, Dumbledore has been teaching me some things that I probably shouldn't be learning."

"Like what?" Harry's curiosity was going now.

"I can't say, Dumbledore told me not to." Although a couple things weren't illegal for her to do anymore now that she had turned seventeen she still wasn't going to tell Harry or anyone else because Dumbledore had told her not to.

"I see, keeping more things from me, don't I tell you everything Mione? Even when I know you will get mad about it I tell you, yet you keep everything from me." Harry said it under his breath so Hermione didn't hear. "Good night Mione."

"Night Harry." Hermione kissed him on the lips and went up to her room as Harry went to his.

Chapter 12: Never Give Up

Quidditch practice had taken on a whole new meaning for Gryffindor, a loss to Hufflepuff had them training as hard as possible when they were on the field. If Harry could he would have had them training more but the new rules kept him from doing that. The Slytherin never let him hear the end of it, to lose to Hufflepuff was worse than anything Harry had ever done in Quidditch, or so he felt. Yes Ginny had been having some snit over not making Captain but he let that distract him, he should have stayed in the game. But what if she had been hurt? Harry wished he could get his hands on a time turner just so he could go back and fix it, even after all the hell he had gone through because of them.

Harry was eating breakfast, the next Gryffindor Quidditch match was the next day and if he could just get another day of training in, even just the starters, it would help. Ravenclaw absolutely destroyed Slytherin, apparently without the gifts from Lucius Malfoy the Slytherin team couldn't beat anyone, maybe not even Hufflepuff, who they played today. But Ravenclaw, even if Slytherin was weak, was a team that Gryffindor would have to fear. They played with such fierce power, after dedicating this year to Cho Chang; they did not want to lose, to anyone. Harry knew that with him as Seeker again they would probably win, but they were in third place for the Quidditch Cup, they needed points, lots of them. Ravenclaw lead Hufflepuff by 40 points, Hufflepuff lead Gryffindor by 30 points, and Gryffindor lead Slytherin by 130 points. When the owls came in with the mail Harry wasn't surprised to get nothing, with Sirius gone he didn't have anyone who would write him, but Ginny got upset by something that was sent to her and left the Great Hall. Monica ran after her leaving some very confused people behind. "Harry do you think we should see what's wrong?" Hermione was worried; Ginny had written to her parents and had been worried about their response.

"I don't know, maybe." If Ginny was upset would she pull another one of her snits at their game tomorrow? "If she wants to talk to someone Monica is there." Harry shook his head, how could he have thought that? He lost a game to make sure Ginny was ok, now he was thinking like that? It was his fault that she acted like that, if he hadn't made that stupid bet and just kept things the way they were. "If you

want go talk to her, this might be a girl thing.” It was the best excuse he could come up with, he felt bad for thinking like that.

“Ok, I’ll be in the library before the game starts if she doesn’t want to talk to me.” They were going to support Hufflepuff, they had to beat Slytherin, it would be to humiliating to have Slytherin beat Hufflepuff after Hufflepuff beat Gryffindor. Hermione kissed Harry on the cheek and left.

Harry waited nearly an hour before heading to the library from the Common Room. Hermione wasn’t there, no one was, the game was starting in an hour and some people were actually out at the stadium, causing problems for McGonagall. The security the Order had set up was trying to keep the students who were out there under control while trying to keep track of new students showing up. The Hufflepuff students were excited, they had beaten Gryffindor, and now they were playing against Slytherin who were horrible at the last game. This weekend would be the last weekend for Quidditch until April; they could go in to the long break in 2nd, maybe even 1st place! They hoped that Gryffindor and Ravenclaw the next day would keep each other busy without scoring too many points. They had been finishing in last place for years and now had a chance to be the best.

Harry went back to the Common Room and headed for his dorm room to get the Marauders Map. Using it he saw Hermione was in Dumbledore’s office, why didn’t she just tell him she was going there? Maybe it wasn’t planned, or was by Dumbledore, Harry didn’t know. Sitting on his bed Harry kept staring at the Marauders Map with nothing else to do until Hermione was done with what ever she was doing with Dumbledore. “Hey Harry.” Neville came in dumping off some books on his bed. “What you doing? I figured someone like you would have been down at the Quidditch Field by now.”

“I’m waiting for Hermione.” Harry kept the Marauders Map out not caring if Neville saw it. If Harry had been good friends with Neville instead of Ron, Harry knew Neville wouldn’t go to Voldemort, even if Neville was weak at school work he was too strong to join Voldemort, if only things had been different.

“Oh, well, what’s that?” Neville looked at the piece of paper in Harry’s hands trying to figure out what it was.

“Something from my Dad.” Kind of, he got it from the Twins, but it was his Father’s originally.

“Cool, better than what I get.” He stopped talking, his parents were not well, he couldn’t remember a time they were, he was too young when it happened.

“Maybe, you live with your grandmother right? Not your fault if your dad isn’t here anymore.” Harry wasn’t sure what had happened to Neville’s parents, he had read books and read that the Longbottom Aurors had been tortured by Death Eaters, but never said what had happened afterwards.

“Well I guess I’ll see you at the game, go Hufflepuff.” Neville was going to sit with a couple friends he had from Hufflepuff, so doubted he would actually see Harry. Neville put his books away and got a Hufflepuff flag out and left Harry, who was still staring at the Marauders Map. Harry watched as Hermione and Dumbledore moved around the DADA office, not sure what they were doing. Harry lost track of time as he watched, finally seeing Hermione leave Dumbledore’s office heading for the library. Harry headed to the library and got there just as Hermione sat down.

“Hi Harry, ready for the game?” She got back up and went over to Harry.

“What were you doing?” Harry looked in her eyes hoping she would tell the truth.

“Nothing Harry, waiting for you.” She did.

“Nothing? For an hour in Dumbledore’s office you did nothing?”

“How did you know I was there?” Hermione bit her lip in concern over Harry’s reaction.

"Well I went to the library and you weren't there, and you weren't in the Common Room, so I used the Marauders Map to find you." Harry was miffed by Hermione lying.

"I'm sorry Harry but Dumbledore wanted to, I can't say!" Hermione frustrated with her situation sat down. "Dumbledore told me not to tell anyone, especially you, incase..." She stopped, she couldn't say anything about it, and Dumbledore told her not to.

"Mione, I don't keep anything from you, anything, I tell you everything, even when I know it will make you mad." Harry stood over her. "Yet you keep everything from me, you say you love me, but keep everything from me."

"I do love you Harry but Dumbledore told me not to tell anyone, and Ginny did to, I wanted to tell you about that but they asked me not to." Hermione wanted to tell Harry, but she had to follow the rules, she tried to follow them as well as she could. "I'm sorry Harry; please don't get mad at me, or Dumbledore, or anyone. If I could tell you I would but Dumbledore is worried..." She shut up again, she couldn't say anything about that, the whole point of what she was doing was to make sure nothing like that happened.

"Fine Mione, don't tell me, don't talk to me, I'll just go to the game while you decide what is more important to you." Harry walked away his head in his hands trying to make the thoughts in his head go away. How could a relationship be so hard? His parents weren't like this, they were so happy, they didn't know what was going to happen, they didn't care, they were just so happy together, why couldn't Harry have that? Harry skipped the game and went to the Common Room to distract himself, he still needed to figure out how to get his team more practice for tomorrow's game against Ravenclaw.

The game had ended 210-40; Hufflepuff won and was currently in the lead for the Quidditch Cup, Hufflepuff was excited and were having a party in their Common Room. Gryffindor was happy for them, they beat Slytherin, but now Gryffindor need to score 250 points at tomorrow's game to take the lead, and it would be against Ravenclaw, not a push over team. Harry had been thinking about how to get more practice in, he thought the Great Hall would be big enough, but then

the other teams would complain about Gryffindor getting extra practice. They couldn't do it outside, not even if the team snuck out since by then it would be too dark to practice. He needed a place that would be big enough to fly around, with enough light to see to different balls, and without getting caught. Harry thought of it when he saw Hermione walk in, the room would be perfect, even if his last time there hadn't been pleasant. Harry went over to Monica and Ginny and told them what he wanted to do.

"I don't know Harry, we practiced hard last weekend, and we aren't like Slytherin, we have been winning by skill all these years, not by broom price." Ginny wasn't feeling like practicing, not after the letter she had gotten, she didn't really feel like doing much more than going to bed, but it was too early for that.

"Yes but we need to score a lot of points if we want to get the lead from Hufflepuff. Ravenclaw has skill, and most of their brooms are newer, but they have something else on their side." Their determination to win the trophy for Cho made them try harder, motivated them more than anything else could. "We need it if we want to score the points we need, and keep Ravenclaw from scoring too many points on us; they could take the lead easily."

"We need to get the other members, just starting though, the less people the better." Monica thought this might help cheer Ginny up, Quidditch always made her feel good and distracted her from other problems.

A few minutes later the starting Gryffindor Quidditch team was meeting outside of the Common Room entrance with their brooms. A couple was mumbling about what was going on but figured that if they didn't show up for this extra practice they would be replaced by someone on the secondary team. "Ok, we are going to a special room, only a few people know about it, and while it is amazing I must ask you not to tell anyone else about it." The Room of Requirements was something that as far as Harry knew only him, Hermione, and Dumbledore knew about. They walked to the room, Harry peeking at the Marauders Map in his pocket to make sure they wouldn't be seen. Getting to the room Harry thought of what he wanted, a Quidditch field, enough light to see, all the balls they would need, but a warm,

breezeless environment. Harry opened the door that appeared and walked through.

“Whoa.” Everyone was amazed by what they were seeing, a Quidditch field inside the school, with a mysterious light that came from nowhere but lighted everything.

“I didn’t know there was a practice field in the school.” Neville looked around amazed by not only what he saw, but what he could smell, fresh grass. “Why do they keep it maintained but make us train on the Quidditch field outside?” He wasn’t asking Harry directly but the air around him, the strangely warm air.

“It isn’t, really, this room is magical.” Harry didn’t want to go to in depth about the room; he didn’t need someone abusing the powers of the Room of Requirements. “Ok get your brooms ready, we will go with scoring first, then blocking, and if we have time have some fun.” Harry figured giving them an incentive would help. “Monica, you will have to block against our Chasers, who will be unblocked for now.” Harry went over to a box that held the different balls and got out the Quaffle and the Snitch, leaving the Bludgers for later. “Well you have five minutes to score as many points as possible.” He threw the Quaffle to Ginny who took off towards Monica and the three rings.

Five minutes later Harry flew down and grabbed the Quaffle in the middle of a pass. “Good job everyone, I can’t believe this, either Monica is really good or you all need more practice.” Six scores in five minutes, they were free from Beaters and Bludgers, but Monica was able to stop them at six scores. “Well now Beaters, I am going to release the Bludgers, the Chasers will just fly around passing the Quaffle back and forth while Monica takes a break.” Monica flew down and sat on the ground a little tired from blocking so many shots. “Ok, when I release the Bludgers you will have to stop them from hitting the Chasers, you don’t have other Beaters hitting them at the Chasers but now you have to go ten minutes, good luck.” Harry released them and flew off himself catching the Snitch while the Beaters and Chasers flew around during their practice. He didn’t really get a workout as the room wasn’t an open field; the Snitch was confined to the room, and made it easy for him to catch the Snitch.

After ten minutes Harry stopped the practice and got all the balls together. "Okay now you will have to deal with everything, like a real game. Monica stop the Chasers from scoring, Beaters block the Bludgers, and Chasers try to score without getting hit, say twenty minutes?" Harry released the balls again and went off catching the Snitch while the rest of the team played hard.

Again after the time set Harry stopped the practice. "Alright team if you want fly around for a bit, or head back to the Common Room, please don't stay up to late though we have a game tomorrow, we have to score at least 250 points or Hufflepuff will be leading until April." Harry hoped this would motivate the team enough to get them riled up. He couldn't go two games in a row with a loss, he just couldn't. Harry flew around for another half hour just enjoying the feeling of flying through the air. Getting hungry Harry left for the Great Hall to eat dinner. Hermione tried to talk to him but he ignored her, until she was ready to tell him what she was doing he wasn't going to talk to her. Other people came and went, Harry waited for Hermione to leave before getting up and going back to the Room of Requirements to make sure no one was still there.

Getting back to the Common Room Harry saw that almost everyone had gone to bed except for Hermione. "I don't want to talk to you Mione." Harry headed for the stairs to go to his room but Hermione stepped in front of him.

"Harry stop acting like this, if Dumbledore told you not to tell anyone, especially me, would you?" Hermione bit her lower lip hoping Harry would say something.

"Yes! If it involved you of course I would, even if I didn't want to. I told you about what Ron did to us, I didn't want to, but you asked me to, so I did! But I ask you to tell me something and you won't." Harry didn't want to force his way through, he didn't want to touch Hermione.

"Damn it Harry I can't!" She knew Harry would, he trusted her, with Ron betraying him Harry trusted her more because she didn't betray him. "Why can't you ignore it? I'm sure I can tell you sometime, but right now I can't."

"It's about Voldemort isn't it? Dumbledore is worried I will join him, that I will betray everyone, he's training you to kill me isn't he? That's why you don't want to tell me isn't it?"

"No! Not really, kind of." Dumbledore was worried that Harry would take Voldemort's deal, but wasn't training her to kill Harry, or anyone.

"Really? Think you could do it?" Harry got his wand out. "Think you could even beat me in a duel? Hermione I have gained power that very few could get, I don't even know all of it. According to Dumbledore, Voldemort is part of me so I have his power." Harry felt something inside of him raise, hatred, evil, something, like the power he was talking about, wasn't from him.

"Harry calm down I won't kill you, it isn't that!" Hermione was scared, even without the necklace she could feel something come off of Harry. "Please Harry don't do this."

"What Mione, you haven't had enough training yet? Not getting around to the killing curse until next lesson?" The feeling grew, Harry felt his body tingle, his fingers holding his wand begin to burn. "Well Mione are you able to kill me?"

"No Harry, Stupefy!" Hermione stuck her hand out and hit Harry with the spell but did little to him.

"I can't believe you did that Mione that was pretty good." Harry felt the darkness shrink, the anger, the hatred, the evil leave him. "I'm sorry Mione." Harry shook his head, what had he been doing? Why had he gotten so angry?

"Shut up!" Hermione had just gotten her wand out pointing it at Harry. "What the hell is wrong with you Harry."

"Mione I'm sorry I didn't mean it, it wasn't me!"

"Don't say that Harry, all you say is you're sorry, why don't you stop doing the shit in the first place!"

"I, damn it Mione!" Harry clenched his fists trying to keep calm. "I didn't mean it, I couldn't hurt you Mione, I'm sorry."

"Harry that is why I have been doing special classes with Dumbledore, that's why!" Hermione stopped herself from saying anything else about the classes.

"Why? I didn't do anything I just lost my temper."

"No, I felt it from you, that evil, it was Voldemort. Dumbledore believes that Voldemort will be able to control you when you let go of your emotions, and like now your anger turned into something more. I have to tell Dumbledore, you need to come with me, Dumbledore needs to know."

"No Mione, I just lost my temper, nothing to bother Dumbledore with."

"No Harry this was more, it was what Dumbledore told me about. Look maybe..."

"NO!" Harry went around Hermione and went up to his room to get to bed.

"Harry come back! Dumbledore needs to know about this, what you felt, how it happened." Harry ignored her and closed the door behind him hoping Hermione wouldn't come up the stairs, Devin and Neville were already asleep, and didn't want to wake them up. She didn't so Harry got changed and went to bed hoping to get enough sleep for tomorrow's game and that Hermione wouldn't bother him about what happened.

That morning Harry got up early and went running still angry at Hermione about the night before. Harry got lost in thought and nearly ran down Monica and Ginny on there way to breakfast. "Sorry."

"Harry don't get too tired we have the game today." Monica had talked to Hermione but wasn't going to say anything about it. "Come eat, can't play on an empty stomach." Monica smiled at Harry trying to get him to join her and Ginny.

"It's ok I'll eat later." Harry took off running his laps. Harry got as many as he could before grabbing some food and eating on his way to the Prefect bathrooms to take a shower. After the shower Harry went to the Common Room to work on homework, he hadn't gotten around to it on Saturday and had a couple hours until the game would start. Harry got through most of it when Hermione sat down next to him.

"Harry I didn't go to Dumbledore, yet, I want you to come with me though."

"Not now Mione, when I get done with this will need to get ready for the game." Harry wasn't about to go to Dumbledore over something he thought wasn't important; Dumbledore was too busy to be bothered by what happened last night.

"Harry you know you should go see him, that wasn't normal, wasn't you last night. If we go then maybe Dumbledore will let me tell..."

"I don't care." Harry was stuck on the last couple potions, he didn't know what to make if someone was poisoned by a Baskerfeild Hound.

"You do to Harry or you wouldn't be acting like this, Julei Potion counter acts their poison." Hermione had her homework done, of course, and just gave Harry the answer to try and get him to talk.

"I don't need your help." Harry wrote the answer down thankful for the help but wasn't going to show it. "Gee Mione here's an idea next time I ask you to tell me something just tell me instead of waiting for me to get mad at you. How would you like it if I kept everything from you? If I never told you what Ron told me, or about Amelia, or about the dreams, or about my parents?"

"I'd get worried Harry, that so much was going on that I didn't know." Hermione bit her lip knowing that Harry was right to be mad at her, but how he got mad concerned her more.

"How about I finish my homework, play a game of Quidditch, then maybe you can tell me what's been going on."

"If you win I'll tell you everything, if you lose I'll still tell you everything but you come with me to Dumbledore." Hermione crossed her fingers not sure if she wanted Harry to take the deal or not, but this way she would have a reason to tell Harry, even if Dumbledore told her not to tell Harry.

"So you think I'm going to lose? Thanks for the support..." Harry answered the last questions then rolled up the parchment and got up. "I have a game to get ready for Mione; even though you think I'm going to lose."

"I didn't mean it like that Harry I just, fine! Take the deal or not Harry and good luck at the game." Hermione walked off angry at Harry and herself, why did everything have to be this hard? Why weren't there books out there on stuff like this? Hermione could feel the headache coming so she went to her room to lie down.

Harry and the rest of the starting team were ready and were waiting in the Quidditch locker room for the signal to come out. "Ok some of us had extra practice last night so we should be ready for today's game, and in case of any injuries player from the second team will take over, any questions?" No one raised a hand. "Good, also, Ravenclaw is playing for Cho, and while I want them to do well for her I don't want to lose, Cho Chang was a good, a great Quidditch player, I competed against her many times and she was a good friend. She did something for me last year that helped me a lot, even though she was..." Harry remembered sitting in the hospital room with Cho, how when he got mad she calmed him down, she held him, let him cry on her shoulder, she even fought off the Imperious Curse by putting herself at risk by not eating. "She was a great person but this is a Quidditch game and we will play to win." The signal was given for the two teams to go out onto the field for the leaders, not Captains as none had been made Captain this year, to shake hands.

"I'm sorry about Cho but I'm not about to let you win Delphis." Harry shook Delphis's hand thinking of how it should have been Cho; this would be her last year here if she had lived.

"Let us win? Sorry Harry but we don't need to be given a win we will win on our own, for Cho."

“Good luck then, for Cho.” They let go and mounted their brooms ready for the whistle. When it blew both teams took off Gryffindor getting the Quaffle.

“They’re off!” Will Flitwick was announcing the game with passion. His team had won yesterday and was still excited over it.

Harry flew around looking for the golden flash of the Snitch as the game went on. Soon both teams had scored four goals, Ravenclaw playing more aggressively than usual taking some cheap shots on the Gryffindors with less experience. Several times there should have been a foul called, if the referee had seen it. “Close game so far, if they keep this up it will come down to whether or not Harry, or Delois, catches the Snitch.” In that amount of time both teams had scored two more goals each. Harry saw that he would need to slow Ravenclaw down if Gryffindor wanted to take the lead in overall points and flew down as though he was going after the Snitch, cutting off a Ravenclaw player who had the Quaffle. “Does Harry have the Snitch?” Harry had stopped his dive after cutting off the Ravenclaw Chaser and flew back up above the stands. “Guess not.” Harry had done what he needed, Ginny and another Gryffindor player caught up and were able to get the Quaffle back heading to the Ravenclaw goals. Delois, seeing what had happened flew up to Harry.

“Nice job Harry, but if you want to play dirty we are more than willing to do so. If we have to we’ll go lower than Slytherin to win this game.”

“Don’t think anyone could do that but I won’t do it again, alright?” Ravenclaw was already playing rough and Harry did not need to see what would happen if they decided to play even harder.

“Fine Harry, by the way, is that the Snitch?” Harry turned where Delois was looking just in time to get hit in the face by a Bludger nearly knocking him off his broom.

“Harry takes a hard hit but stays on his broom!” The crowd winced in pain wondering if Harry had broken anything or just got a bruise. Harry shook it off glad he didn’t wear his glasses anymore. Looking around Harry was looking for the Snitch and Hermione, he didn’t

expect her to come out after what she said, and he didn't know if he wanted to either. "And they score again! 80-90 Ravenclaw gets the lead again." This brought Harry back to looking solely for the Snitch, they needed the Snitch, to win and to try and get the point lead for the Quidditch Cup from Hufflepuff. Problem was the Snitch didn't seem to be anywhere, there was nothing for Harry to do, he was starting to miss being Chaser, at least then he could be in the action the whole time.

"Harry watch out!" Neville tried to warn Harry but just as Harry turned around a Bludger hit him in the back.

"Foul!" Harry trying to catch his breath wondered why the foul had been called; he got hit with a Bludger, not another player. "Roughing a Chaser, Penalty Shot Gryffindor." The Ravenclaw team had hoped Harry getting hit would distract the referee long enough for them to get another hit on Ginny who was getting beaten by Chasers and Beaters. Ginny got the Quaffle and took her shot just getting it past the Keeper for Ravenclaw.

"100-110 Ravenclaw still has the lead but it just got cut down." Yesterday's game had been exciting watching Hufflepuff beat Slytherin in a blowout but this was far better, this was a match that would be won by the team that took the most sweat and blood from the other team and not by broom price. Harry was concerned, Ravenclaw had been leading by twenty points and were still playing rough to get the Quaffle back, what would happen if Gryffindor got the lead? Harry decided to look elsewhere for the Snitch as he couldn't see it from the sky. Flying down he went under the stands dodging posts and cross beams reminding him about the time he flew down here in a game against Slytherin, against Malfoy. Flying out the other side he still did not see the Snitch, where had it gone? Did they forget to release it? Harry shook his head that was a stupid thought, of course they released it. "140-170 Ravenclaw is starting to pull away but the Snitch will change all that!"

"Thanks Will." Harry didn't need to be told that, he had to find and catch the Snitch, if Ravenclaw got it he would lose two games in the same season, being left in third place. Harry couldn't see the Snitch, but if he couldn't then Delpois couldn't either. Harry kept flying around

diving every now and then acting as though he had seen the Snitch to keep Delphoe on his toes. Harry was getting bored and worried, Ravenclaw was now leading 170-210, if he was the Chaser he could just score and pass and be in the action and wouldn't be losing to Ravenclaw.

"Mary has the Quaffle and is charging down the field with, no!" Ginny had just been knocked off her broom by a Ravenclaw Beater.

"Foul!" Mary was lying on the ground hurt; she didn't look like she could get back up to Harry, this was his chance.

"Ginny you take my spot, I'll replace you and we can have Cissy take Mary's place." Ginny stared at Harry, she had been scoring all but three of the goals for Gryffindor, why was Harry replacing her? "Ginny you need to be Seeker, you're the only one who can match me as a Seeker, and while I'm not as skilled as you at Chaser but my broom does give me an advantage." They flew down to Madam Hooch to explain what they would do since Mary was hurt.

"What's going on? It looks like Mary is being carried off the field and someone else is coming on the field. A replacement, she looks like someone who played during the last Gryffindor game. Wait, Harry is taking the spot of lead Chaser, and Ginny's gone up top, what a change! Gryffindor team can't beat Ravenclaw with the current set up so now they are changing it up." Will Flitwick and others were confused but maybe this is what was needed to win the game for Gryffindor.

"Alright, I know this sounds bad, but give me the Quaffle, I will score, again and again, we will win." Harry didn't care it sounded like he was a Quaffle Hog he wasn't going to lose. Madam Hooch started the game again and the two teams took off, Harry grabbing the Quaffle and scoring within seconds of the restart.

"They score! 180-210, will Harry be able to save Gryffindor, I don't know, but if he is able to score like this again..." Harry had before Will could finish his sentence. "190-210 Gryffindor is catching up!" Harry was going after the Ravenclaw Chaser getting the Quaffle back and heading back towards the Ravenclaw goals. "And just like that

Gryffindor has scored again! 200-210 and this may get out of hand if Ravenclaw can't slow Harry down!" Harry was having a great time now, he wasn't worried about the Snitch, which was Ginny's job now, it was now his job to score as many points as possible.

"Come on people we need to keep scoring if we want to win! Let's make the Snitch irrelevant." Harry lead the Gryffindor Chasers down the field scoring again and again, a couple times letting the other two score to change things up and keep the Ravenclaw Keeper guessing who was going to score. Soon the score was 270-210, Ravenclaw couldn't score as Gryffindor, mainly Harry on the best broom in the game, kept the Quaffle for themselves.

"Earlier I said this was going to be a match of skill but with Harry as Chaser it has become a broom game." The excitement of the match had gone down now that Harry, and his Firebolt, was dominating the competition. "I know Harry has skill, but how good would he be on his old Nimbus 2000 or on an old Cleansweep? This is just turning into yesterday's game, unless Ravenclaw can get the Snitch they are done for in this match." Harry had scored again, and again, making it 290-210.

"Foul!" Madam Hooch blew the whistle as a Beater slammed into Harry stopping him from scoring. Harry was getting ready for his penalty shot when something caught his eye, a flash of gold.

"Ginny!" Harry pointed at it and saw Ginny look in the direction to see the Snitch. She dove towards it but as she had seen it so had Delpois. The game stopped, the penalty shot was forgotten as the two Seekers dove for the Snitch, Ginny had the lead but Delpois on his Nimbus 2001 was cutting the lead down with every second. The Snitch moved farther away then shot up catching the Seekers off guard.

"Delpois now has the advantage! With that move the Snitch has gotten away from the Gryffindor Seeker and has left her on a slower broom farther away." Ginny wasn't going to let her broom keep her from the Snitch as she shot up towards the Snitch nearly running into Delpois on her way up. "Is that a foul? No it looked like it was an accident, but now you can see where Delpois's broom gives him the

upper hand as he pulls away from Ginny.” Skill had nothing to do with the game now, whoever was faster would get the Snitch. “But Ginny grabs the back of Delois’ broom and pulls him back, or herself up, oh no!” As no one had been doing their job, just watching the Seeker race, the Bludgers were flying unblocked by any Beaters and one slammed into Ginny knocking her off her broom. Harry seeing this dove towards Ginny and caught her before she hit the ground not hearing the crowd of Ravenclaw students explode in cheer as Delois caught the Snitch.

“Yes! I know I may not be as great as Cho but I wasn’t going to lose to Gryffindor, I was going to win this no matter what, for Cho.” Delois had flown up to Will and spoke to the crowd, still with the Snitch in his hand. “But sorry to say Ginny got hurt, did someone get Madam Pomfrey?” Ginny was on the field breathing hard, her side hurt badly. Madam Pomfrey was in the stands watching the game, both because it was a school game and because she was part of the security set up, and was on the field as soon as she could get through the crowd.

“Let her have room students, she probably just cracked a couple of ribs nothing I can’t handle.” Madam Pomfrey had gotten use to repairing a Gryffindor Seeker but it was always Harry she had to patch up after a game, not Ginny. “Mobilicorpus.” Ginny lifted off the ground as though held up by invisible strings. Don’t worry she will be fine I just need to get her to the hospital room, move out of the way.”

“Can I come?” Harry was worried about Ginny and feeling guilty, if he had been Seeker he would have been faster than Delois, he would have been hit by the Bludger, he would have broken his ribs, not Ginny.

“You’ve seen the hospital enough Harry, go to your Common Room I need to get to work.” Madam Pomfrey takes Ginny to the castle and heads for her office.

Gryffindor was somber; they had just lost two games in a row, and were now in second place for the Quidditch Cup, as they had scored enough points to pass Hufflepuff. Harry felt horrible, he had lost two games as Captain and it was his decisions that caused them. If he had kept Ginny at Chaser he could have seen the Snitch, and being

faster than Delphoe caught it, but no he put her in as Seeker and made himself Chaser because he was bored. When he got back to the castle he couldn't talk to Hermione as they were still fighting, and no one else wanted to talk to him as he had just lost the game. Harry didn't want to go to the Common Room for fear of the other students and what they would say or do, and didn't want to go to the Great Hall since there might have been Gryffindor students, or worse Slytherin students ready to insult him for losing two games in a row even though they had to. Harry walked the halls of Hogwarts before going outside to Hagrid's new cabin. "Hagrid?" Harry knocked on the door.

"Come in 'Arry." Hagrid was sitting in a new chair with a new pet on his lap.

"Sorry it took me awhile to come down and visit you Hagrid, I was busy with things." Harry now had another reason to feel guilty; he hadn't visited Hagrid at all, except for classes.

"Is ok 'Arry, I have been plenty busy to making new work for students and training Snowie." Hagrid lifted a large black cat from his lap. "A Liger, she just a kitten now but she will get bigger when she gets older." He scratched Snowie on her head getting a purr from her. "What happened?"

"On what?" Harry wasn't sure exactly what Hagrid meant by what happened, did he mean the game?

"Over the summer, you were attacked in Diagon Alley, I wanted to be there but was helping Dumbledore with other things, he built this place and even though I wanted to pay him for it he wouldn't let me, great man Dumbledore is." Hagrid let Snowie get down and go over to a bowl filled with raw meat. "Remus said you and Hermione became invisible for a second and when you came back your hair was brown. Do you know the name of my pet from school?" Harry was confused, was Hagrid talking about Fluffy? "From when I was in school." Now Harry knew what he was talking about, Aragog.

"You mean Aragog?" Was Hagrid trying to see if he was really Harry?

“Good memory, I know Dumbledore made sure you were the real ‘Arry but it just seemed queer that happened.”

“I know Hagrid, and I would tell you but Dumbledore said not to tell anyone.” Isn’t that the excuse Hermione used to not tell Harry what was going on? Harry knew he was being a hypocrite using that same excuse to not tell Hagrid something but him and Hagrid was different from him and Hermione.

“Is ok ‘Arry I understand, there are things Dumbledore has told me I can’t tell anyone else. Where’s Hermione, she not mad at you about the game is she?”

“No, just something stupid going on with us.” Harry didn’t want to talk about that with Hagrid. “Are you mad at me about the game?”

“Of course not ‘Arry, it was a good game even if you did lose, quite exciting, but why did you switch with Ginny?”

“I was bored.” Harry mumbled it not proud of his actions.

“What was that?” Hagrid used a pinkie to clean his ear thinking that was the problem.

“I was bored, I, well I can’t talk about it but I was bored as Seeker, I wanted to be Chaser, be in the action, so I switched Ginny with me.”

“Well ‘Arry you weren’t bored with Seeker before were you?” Harry shook his head. “What changed about it? Not that I would know, aren’t exactly giant sized brooms.”

“I can’t say, part of the thing Dumbledore told me not to talk about.”

“An attack in Diagon Alley makes you bored with Seeker? What was the name of the three headed dog I let Dumbledore borrow to guard the Stone?”

“Fluffy, I am me Hagrid, although both of those questions could have been answered by Ron, I don’t know of anything he doesn’t know that

I do.” Ron had been such a good friend then, helped with Fluffy, went with him to find Aragog even though he was afraid of spiders.

“You just don’t sound right ‘Arry, and fighting with Hermione, you never did that before, her and Ron did but not you two.”

“Well we kind of have a different situation then before, being friends and being more brings new problems.” And Voldemort doing things to him didn’t help. “I better get back, it’s getting late and maybe I can get back to my dorm room without getting jinxed or hexed.” Harry stood up and left Hagrid’s cabin getting into the castle without seeing any students. Getting to the Common Room there were a couple people their but none of them drew their wand, or even looked at him. Getting to his room Neville wasn’t there but Devin was. “Whatever you have to say shove it.” Harry went to his bed realizing how tired he was.

“Hey don’t get pissy with me loser.” Devin didn’t care that Harry lost, Quidditch wasn’t a big deal to him, but Harry had been rude to him first.

“Whatever, are you going to hex me or anything?”

“No Harry, I’ll just smother you in your sleep.” Devin uncrossed his legs and got off his bed. “I was trying to meditate but if you want to get in a rude match I will gladly let you win.”

“Sorry, but I am going to sleep and really killing me while I sleep might save me from tomorrow.” Devin left letting Harry lay down on his bed staring at the ceiling, not looking up when Neville came in for bed.

Chapter 13: Possession is 9/10 of the Law

Harry had to deal with a Hermione who wouldn't talk to him, classmates who wouldn't acknowledge his existence, and Slytherin students who would not let him forget he, the magic Seeker, has now lost two games in a row. None seem to mention that they too had lost two in a row, and to the same teams, but Harry just kept ignoring them as best he could. With out Quidditch practice on the weekend Harry was bored, no classes, no one to talk to, and had finished his homework the night before as he had nothing else to do. Monica would say hi to him when Ginny wasn't around, and Devin would talk to him, when Devin wasn't busy meditating or going off to wherever. Other than that not even Neville would talk to him, Harry understood though, Neville was on the team, this was his first time being on it, and he had never won.

Harry left the Gryffindor Common Room and went to the library; he knew Hermione would be there, even if she wouldn't talk to him. He had spent countless hours sitting across from her, her nose in a book, him just wanting her to apologize for what she had said, even though in the pit of his stomach he knew he should be the one apologizing. When he got to the library Harry was in for a surprise, he didn't see Hermione but did see two other girls he knew. "Uh, you two haven't seen Hermione have you?" Ginny looked up from the book she was reading with Monica then went back to it when she saw it was Harry. Monica answered since Ginny wouldn't.

"No, sorry." Harry looked at the cover of the book, it wasn't a school book he recognized and he had read plenty of them last year when he was studying for his OWLs or just plain bored.

"Oh, ok, thanks Monica. Uh, you two look kind of, you know, weird together like that, aren't you worried about others?"

"Only you and Hermione come here, for now, it will probably pick up when OWLs and NEWTs come around but for now the library is empty."

"Ok, I guess, I'll leave you alone." Harry was going to go back to the Common Room when he figured that if Hermione wasn't in the library,

or the Common Room, she would be in Dumbledore's office. Harry wanted to go there, if he could get Hermione and Dumbledore to tell him what was going on then that would fix things between him and Hermione, wouldn't it? If Dumbledore gave Hermione permission to tell him she would, and then they wouldn't have a reason to fight, would they? Harry ran to Dumbledore's office opening the door without knocking.

"Harry!" Hermione turned around casting a spell at him. "Oh sorry Harry!" The wall behind Harry burst into flame then burned out leaving a scorch mark. "What are you doing here!" She lowered her wand and stared at Harry.

"I would like to know too Harry, this is my private office so a student bursting in like that could cause problems." Dumbledore had already put his wand away not worried about the damage Hermione had done to the wall.

"I, sorry, but I want to know what's going on!" Harry closed the door and went to a seat. "Me and Hermione had a fight about what you two have been doing and I want to know what it is, I tell her everything, and she keeps things from me. She says you told her not to tell me, which means it has to do with me, doesn't it? So I am asking you now what is going on instead of her since she hasn't talked to me for a month."

"Well Harry I did tell Hermione not to tell you as it does deal with you, and if Voldemort knows about it he may try something to stop it." Dumbledore went to his chair and sat down. "I would not recommend Hermione telling you, as I will not tell you. You may have a problem with this but as Voldemort poses a great threat to what we are doing you can not know."

"You think I would tell him! That I would betray you and join him for my parents? I can't believe this, how can you not trust me Dumbledore, I've trusted you with my life before and you can't even trust me enough to..."

"Oh not that Harry," Dumbledore interrupts Harry. "Voldemort has a connection to you and in your sleep he can even send Ron into your

mind; do you think there is anything you could hide if Voldemort went looking for it?" Dumbledore did not show his hurt that Harry would think that he did not trust Harry.

"Harry I can't believe you, I wasn't going to tell Dumbledore about what you did but you force me to." Hermione told Dumbledore about what happened the week before, when Harry was taken control of by another force.

"As I feared, you were connected to Voldemort then, directly. He may sense when your emotions change, to happy, to angry, and takes control of you then. Harry you may not be controlled by the Imperious Curse like others but there are other spells out there, and this is more than a spell. Harry do you ever black out?"

"No, and you will see me get too angry if you don't tell me what is going on!"

"Why I refrain from telling you is just that Harry, you have matured in many ways, but others you are still immature. Have you had any periods of time you can't remember? Any black outs recently when you became too angry or depressed?" Dumbledore was studying Harry, would he become mad enough for Voldemort to take control again? If he did it would give Dumbledore a first hand experience with the take over.

"I'm not immature! I am a man, I am an adult, I've been taking care of myself since I was old enough to get out of Dudley's way!" Harry didn't care what he looked like to Dumbledore right then; he was being treated like a kid, by both Dumbledore and Hermione. "I have fought Voldemort, I have fought his Death Eaters, I have done things some people never will!"

"Yes you have as I failed to protect you Harry."

"I don't need your protection Dumbledore, if you weren't protecting me right now Voldemort would come for me and I could duel him, kill him! I know how to do the killing curse, I know other spells just as deadly, I could do it!"

"Oh you could Harry? I have fought him before, during his first rise, and yet he still walks on this planet. Do you think you know something I don't Harry?" Dumbledore was trying to get Harry more angry, if he could get Harry mad enough he hoped for Voldemort to come through. He knew Harry had a darkness inside of him, but only part of it was his, and Dumbledore hoped it was the smaller part.

"That's not the point! I could do it if I had the chance, the first time I was weak from the maze, caught off guard, and didn't know as much as I do now. Even better now that I share his power, I have his power to use to kill him!" Harry felt the darkness rise; he was too lost in his rant to stop it.

"Harry calm down, please!" Hermione put her hands on his shoulders.

"No Hermione, you haven't talked to me for a month because of some stupid thing that was your fault! If you just told me what was going on I wouldn't have to do this! You never tell me anything, I tell you all about me but what do I get? Nothing! If just once you..." Harry stopped, he couldn't speak, he felt like he was choking on the air, then felt the darkness take hold. "Hmm, nice job Dumbledore, for an old fool you know how to control people without them knowing it." Harry's voice was deeper, raspier. "I didn't know what you were doing though but I will take this opportunity to give you a chance." Harry turns to Hermione. "Little girl if you want to keep Harry alive join me," Harry grabs her by her arms, "and I promise your parents will be safe. Harry needs the people around him, it is a weakness, but he does need them. You are one of them, I have Ronald Weasley and now I need you, join me girl and you will have anything you want. Ronald has told me how smart you are, how good you are in school, and even for a Mudblood you would be useful."

"Let go of me!" Hermione struggled but could not break the grasp. "Dumbledore help me!" Dumbledore did nothing.

"See girl he is controlling you, he always controls people, but I don't need to control people. I give people what they want and they follow me, do you think I am using any spells on Ronald Weasley? I gave him what he wanted and now he follows me, unlike that old fool who manipulates you, and now he won't even help you."

"Do you think Hermione is so ignorant that she would fall for that Tom? Hermione knows that I do what I think is best and sometimes that fails. Right now I want to keep you here Tom; I want to ask you something."

"Do you think I would answer you? I am no longer your student, I am the master!" Harry lets go of Hermione and turns towards Dumbledore. "You are old and weak, I am young and powerful!"

"Is this why you ran away like a scalded dog last time we dueled Tom?"

"Don't call me that old man! I am the Dark Lord Voldemort not some common Muggle!" Harry reached for his wand but was tangled up in an invisible gel before he could get any spells off.

"Sorry Harry, Voldemort, but I will not allow such actions in here." Dumbledore had not raised his wand or even spoke to cast the spell. "Why did you choose Harry? The prophecy applied to several babies and yet you chose Harry, why?" Hermione looked over at Dumbledore, what was he talking about?

"He is the one, yes others met the criteria, but after asking the others I found it was Harry who was the one."

"Asked? You tortured the Longbottom Couple into insanity, you tortured Melori and Jongal then killed them when they didn't talk, and then you went for the Potter's."

"Yes my mistake was going on bad information, you know the complete prophecy, and how would you like to make a deal for it?"

"Tom you have nothing I could want badly enough to give you that information." Dumbledore was starting to get worried, just how long would, or could, Voldemort control Harry?

"Really? Would you not like the power to live for ever? Or to have the safety of others guaranteed? Your Brother would be easy pickings for

me, or would you like someone brought back? I could bring you your wife back, your..."

"Enough Tom, Dorosde!" Harry collapsed onto the floor shaking.

"What's going on Dumbledore, what did you do to him!" Hermione rolled Harry onto his back trying to stop the shaking.

"I have forced Tom out of Harry, usually that spell is used on spirits who possess people but as you just saw it worked on Tom." Harry stopped shaking. "There, Tom should be completely gone from Harry." Harry's eyes shot open.

"What happened?" Harry got off the floor and sat down in a chair.

"Voldemort possessed you Harry, I knew he would, and we had ourselves a little chat."

"What prophecy!" Now Hermione was the one yelling.

"A prophecy about the fall of Voldemort, given by the great-great granddaughter of the prophet Isis, you know her as Professor Trelawney."

"That old fraud? How can you believe anything she says?" Hermione calmed down, she knew yelling would get her no where.

"She may not be as great as Isis but she does have the gift. She has, so far, given at least two prophecies that came true, and one more that hasn't been completed yet." Harry was confused now, he didn't remember a thing. "The prophecy concerns the Dark Lord and the person who would cause his fall, now the prophecy could have meant at least four different children at the time, but somehow Voldemort decided you were the one."

"The one what, to cause his fall, I already did, when he came to kill me."

"Close Harry, I too thought you had but Voldemort came back, so the prophecy still needs to be completed."

“So you are saying it is Harry who kills Voldemort? No matter what happens Harry will have to kill Voldemort?” Hermione grabs Harry’s arm in concern. “But that’s not fair, you are saying Harry will have to kill, have his soul torn...”

“No Hermione, the Prophecy is more than that, if you want I could tell you the prophecy, the whole prophecy.”

“What about me? You can’t tell me what you are doing with Hermione but are able to tell me this?”

“I now have new information; Voldemort did not know where you were until he gained full control of you. He does not connect to you constantly, he can’t, so the only time you are a risk is when Voldemort controls you.”

“So as long as I keep calm, don’t get mad, I won’t be a spy for Voldemort? Maybe I shouldn’t hear this...”

“No Harry you need to know this, I should have told you a long time ago, but I thought you were too young.”

“Too young? I had to fight a Professor when I was eleven, a Basilisk when I was twelve, Dementors when I was thirteen, Voldemort himself when I was fourteen. Just last year I watched my best friend kill people, just how much older do I have to get?”

“Yes Harry I know, why I feel foolish now, I should have told you before Voldemort came back, before you had to do all those things, but now I will tell you” Instead of just telling them Dumbledore went into his cabinet and got out a shining golden ball. “This has the recorded, unofficial recording, prophecy given to me more than fifteen years ago. The Ministry has an official recording of course in the Department of Mystery but I was able to make my own recording.” Dumbledore opened the golden ball by twisting it until a light came out of it and turned into a younger looking Professor Trelawney.

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month

dies ... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies ...”

“That’s it? Either he kills me or I kill him? Then why does he want me to join him?”

“He does not know the full prophecy, he heard the first part, up to ‘born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies’ but not the rest. The person who heard that part ran when I caught him spying on us.” Dumbledore again studies Harry, even though Harry believed him to be a mind reader he was not, Dumbledore was able to read body movement well enough to know when someone was lying, or hiding something.

“Who heard it?” Hermione now thought she knew why Professor Trelawney was a teacher at Hogwarts, to protect her.

“Severus Snape.”

“What? I knew he was a Death Eater, but he switched sides before Voldemort fell, but he killed my parents! How can you let him stay here?” Harry was aghast, after trying to make amends with Snape, after trying to be respectful; it was Snape that got his parents killed.

“He is no longer a Death Eater Harry, and he does know his potions. He has also made an invaluable spy for the Order.”

“But he killed my parents! If he had never told Voldemort about the prophecy he wouldn’t have gone after them.”

“Harry that’s not true, he had already gone after them three times, why they fit the prophecy.” Hermione put a hand on Harry’s in an attempt to get through to him. “Voldemort just had a new reason to go after them, not that he needed it.”

"That traitor, that bastard! I can't believe he did it, I thought he loved my mother and it is him who killed her!" Harry pulls his hand away from Hermione attempting to get up.

"Harry if you attack a Professor not even I will be able to help you, please sit." Harry did, whether he wanted to or not. "I'm sorry that when he was young that Severus was misguided but he has made up for his mistakes by putting his life on the line for the Order. Many attacks have been stopped because he has told me about them."

"He puts his life on the line? He killed my parents! Who else was killed because of him?"

"Harry that is not important, he has been with the Order even before the attack, we knew it was coming and so we tried to hide your parents, but as the Secret Keeper was Peter, Voldemort found them. Now as to why you came here in the first place, now that I know that Voldemort only knows what is going on when he possesses you it is safe we tell you."

"He's been training me Harry, for you, to protect you from the Death Eaters." Hermione grabs Harry's hand with both of hers to make sure he couldn't pull away. "Even before I turned seventeen he taught me how to Apparate, how to perform the Unforgivable Curses, how to block two of them, how to do spells so complicated even I have trouble learning them. I couldn't tell you Harry, Dumbledore told me not to."

"To block them?" Harry turns to Dumbledore. "You've been putting her under the Imperious and Cruciatus Curse?" Harry knew how much the Cruciatus Curse hurt, the first time he felt it he wished nothing more than to die, to end the pain. "How could you Dumbledore, you are supposed to protect us."

"He was Harry, I can throw the Imperious Curse off and the Cruciatus Curse only hurts a little now." Hermione grimaced thinking about the first few times, trying not to scream in pain, collapsing until she begged Dumbledore to take it off. "I can Apparate anywhere now; if we are attacked I can just Apparate us away from the attack, even though I don't have my license yet."

"But I'm the man; I'm supposed to protect you Mione." Hermione looked up at Harry and smiled, she hadn't heard him call her that for over a week. Part of it was her fault not wanting to talk to him, but it felt good to hear him say it.

"Harry do you think you alone could defend me from a Death Eater attack? Dumbledore has been teaching me so I can keep you alive."

"That is correct, and to keep yourself alive Hermione. As Voldemort said Harry needs people, but it is not a weakness, it is a great strength. Even Voldemort would be powerless if he did not have people around him; he needs them just as much as they need him."

"Not just that Harry I know spells that can stop anyone, if we are somewhere I can't Apparate, like here, I can help defend the castle, protect you. It's what I've been doing to make sure what happened before doesn't happen again." Hermione bit her lower lip still upset over what she had done.

"What happen again?" Harry was confused, what was Hermione going on about?

"You know how I am when I panic, our first year I panicked when we fell in the Devils Snare, it wasn't until someone reminded me I was a Witch that I used a spell to make fire. Last year I panicked when the castle was under attack but I was scared, I know spells but I couldn't fight, not a real one. You ran off to defend the school and I stayed behind and begged God to protect you because I was too scared to follow you."

"There are spells and potions to build confidence but it only creates false confidence, foolish confidence. I am teaching Hermione how to not only duel, to defend, but to use her brains when she does. Harry you have amazing courage; you don't realize that something is considered impossible as your courage bolsters you. It is impossible for a third year to cast a spell to scare off a hundred Dementors, it is impossible for anyone who is targeted by Voldemort to live, it is impossible for someone so young to deal with things even adults would have problems with. But as you have shown time and time

again nothing is impossible, highly improbable, but not impossible. If you want you can join us in our lessons, maybe become powerful enough to do as you wish, but even with that power it does not mean you have to use it. I have the power to become Minister of Magic but am I?"

"Dumbledore, I am sorry for how I acted, a man would not have done that." Harry gritted his teeth; he had been trying to be a man and acted, as Dumbledore had said, immature. "Can I please leave?"

"Yes Harry, and you to Hermione, I believe you need to talk. Harry remember that even Voldemort needs people, to have them around you is not a weakness, it may seem like it at points, but they are a strength." Dumbledore clapped his hands and made his door open, like Dumbledore use to do when he was Headmaster in the Great Hall. "Come in Jim." Jim peered around the door frame.

"Uh sorry I wanted to talk to you but the door was busy, I swear I wasn't ease dropping..."

"Jim it is alright, I would like to speak with you about your current situation." Harry and Hermione leave passing Jim who smiled at Harry as he passed.

"Well at least the entire Quidditch team isn't mad at me." Harry slowly grabbed Hermione's hand, entwining his fingers with her. "I'm sorry Mione; I shouldn't have gotten mad at you."

"No you shouldn't have Harry but I should have told you, even if Dumbledore told me not to."

"Dumbledore was right though, he didn't want Voldemort to know what you were doing. We both apologize and try to make up for the past month, ok?"

"I'm sorry Harry." Hermione leans over and kisses Harry on the lips. "I missed those." She smiles and nudges Harry with her shoulder.

"I'm sorry to Mione, and I missed this." Harry leaned down to kiss her but then quickly poked her in the side. "Tickle!" He starts tickling her getting her to laugh, something he really missed.

"I missed that to Harry; I can't believe we fought like that. November is almost over, soon December will be here and we will go to your house for it, right?"

"I guess, I miss my house, I never thought I would feel that. Of course Hogwarts was my first home but now I have one that belongs to me, that has my things in it, not Dudley's old things that belong to me, but my own things."

"And my parents, I miss them but it will be weird not having Christmas with Ron." Hermione bites her lower lip wishing she hadn't said that.

"I know, I wonder if I will get a Weasley sweater this year." He may have been able to buy better clothes but those were hand made, and had emotions put into them, he had liked getting them. He remembered the first time he got one, it was so strange to Harry to get a Christmas gift but now would he get one?

"They invited you to the wedding I'm sure Mrs. Weasley will send you one." They hold hands and start to head towards the library.

"Wait, Monica and Ginny are there, we should leave them alone."

"Oh? Aren't they worried that people will see them?"

"You and I are the only ones who go there so no they aren't. Let's go to the Common Room, or my room."

"We need to talk Harry, make sure this doesn't happen again so let's stick with the Common Room." Hermione's mind was now being muddled up with other thoughts but they did stop in the Common Room and sat down on a couch.

"Middle of the day and empty, nice for privacy but I miss the noise." Harry looked around, normally there would be people playing Wizard Chess or Exploding Snap, or just talking, laughing. But after last year

so many students stayed home, so many first years were being home schooled, that it nearly left Hogwarts abandoned compared to the usual crowd of people.

"Harry I already said I was sorry but it's more than that, I keep things from you when you don't keep them from me. I trust you but Dumbledore told me not to, and we had to worry about Voldemort..."

"I didn't know that, I thought you weren't telling me because you didn't trust me. I should have trusted you enough to keep something like that from me because there was a good reason for it."

"Harry you had every right to be mad at me, usually you have to apologize to me but this time it was my fault." She leans over and kisses Harry harder than last time. "I get mad at you, hold it against you that you are always apologizing, but that's all you can do. I was a little bitchy last time wasn't I?" She got Harry to laugh, what she wanted. "Saying sorry doesn't fix things, they still happened, but it means you care about how I feel." She kisses Harry again. "I'm sorry you lost the game, I should have been there to cheer for you." Harry laughs again.

"Mione that was my fault, I got bored and switched with Ginny, but this is my fault." Before Hermione could say anything Harry grabs Hermione by the throat. "Bitch! He is so easy; I can't believe he let me go like that! I am always watching, waiting, and when the chance comes I take them. Emotions have nothing to do with it, but as Harry has not accepted my deals I need to take a new strategy." Hermione grasps at the hand around her throat trying to break its hold. "I saw you in the old fool's office, I decided to show myself then, just like now." Harry's voice had gone deep, Voldemort had played his cards right and found out Dumbledore's plan. "I'll give you one more chance now that we are away from the old fool, join me or suffer!" Harry lets go of her throat.

"No, never!" Hermione went for her wand but was stopped by Harry who was using wandless magic, being bolstered by the energy Voldemort was sending while he controlled Harry.

"To late Mud Blood, I gave you the chance but now I must take someone else from Harry!" Harry gets his wand out and points it at Hermione. "Crucio!" Hermione screams in pain forgetting everything Dumbledore taught her. Again she loses her head when the time comes to use what she learned. With Dumbledore he would let her know when he was going to do it, let her prepare, but this wasn't Dumbledore, it was Voldemort. "So Mud Blood, do you want another dose or will you beg me for mercy? Oh I wish I could just let you go but you two make me sick! It wasn't bad at first, I would just plant images in his head, but then he began to leech my powers from me, I tried to get rid of you but it didn't work. I turned it off but the spell broke; now I have to deal with it all the time!" He spits in her face and laughs when she says nothing. "Crucio!" Hermione collapses to the floor and starts to scream again getting the attention of a wandering ghost. He could do nothing but there was someone in the castle who could, he goes through the walls and floors to get to the person.

"Miss, a student is being attacked in your Common Room, hurry."

"Mortimer?" Monica looks up and sees the ghost, an old man who was there years ago as a caretaker, many centuries before Filch.

"Miss a student is being attacked, they need help or they will be hurt."

"Ginny we need to go!" Monica jumps up and runs as fast as she can followed by Ginny a few feet behind who didn't know what was going on as she couldn't see or hear the ghost. They get to the Fat Lady and can hear the screaming inside; they give the password and find Harry standing over Hermione torturing her with the Cruciatus spell. Monica sees a shape behind Harry almost like a Shade, controlling Harry.

"Expelliarmus!" Ginny not distracted by something only Monica can see fires a spell at Harry who blocks it with his hand.

"Oh someone new to play with, the Necromancer and the Sister!" Both girls are put off by the voice, something was wrong; Monica thought a Shade but her next spell proved other wise.

“Eito Bibi!” The spell strikes Harry but the figure remains. Harry’s skin becomes deathly white; his veins show but run black, not red. His eyes become coal black, his power radiating from his body as he spreads his arms.

“Allow me to introduce myself, I am the Dark Lord Voldemort, and you have two choices, join me now or die like the Mud Blood!” Harry points his wand at Ginny, then Monica. He takes a step towards them, then another, leaving Hermione behind.

“No Harry, what’s wrong with you! I would never join You-Know-Who!” Ginny was scared, she had said Voldemort before, part of Harry’s and Hermione’s DADA and because it was a lesson from Dumbledore, but in his presence she couldn’t say it.

“Then die! Avada...” Before he could complete the spell he is hit from behind by a very angry Witch knocking him out. Hermione undoes the spell turning the club back into her wand.

“Thanks, if you two hadn’t gotten here I would have been in trouble.”

“Don’t thank me; Monica is the one who ran over here for some reason.” Ginny was still confused by that but realized that it was a good thing she did.

“Mortimer told me a student was being attacked, he wouldn’t have come to me if it wasn’t serious. What happened to Harry was Voldemort really controlling him?”

“Yes, don’t tell anyone ok? Help me get Harry to his bed.”

“Why do you need our help? Mobilicorpus.” Hermione was still hurt from the Cruciatus spell and wasn’t thinking clearly so Monica used a spell to carry Harry to his bed.

“I have to tell Dumbledore, I am a Prefect, so are you Hermione.” Ginny was a little bit in shock; she had just about to be hit with the killing curse, and now it turned out a friend was being controlled by Voldemort.

"We can't talk here, Voldemort might still be listening." The three girls walk out, Hermione leading them. "Harry is connected to Voldemort, Dumbledore wasn't sure how that worked but it looks like he was wrong about something." Voldemort said he was always connected to Harry, did that mean he had seen Harry when they... Hermione got goose bumps at the thought.

"So let's go tell Dumbledore, it's our job Hermione."

"Ok, maybe Harry should go to Madam Pomfrey, I hit him hard." She felt bad about it but it was Voldemort at the time, not Harry. They keep walking towards Dumbledore's office, Hermione knocks on the door when they get there.

"Yes Hermione, Ginny, and Monica?" The castle had whispered to him that they were coming, but not why they had come. The three walk in and Hermione sees Jim sitting in a chair.

"Uh Jim needs to leave, for this, it's important." Jim nods and leaves without saying anything.

"What happened to Harry?" The three girls were shocked, could he read minds? All the time Hermione had spent she wasn't sure but this confirmed it to her, not realizing that if something serious needed to be talked about and Harry wasn't with them it most likely meant it concerned Harry.

"Voldemort possessed him!" Ginny blurted it out. Hermione elaborated.

"We were talking and Harry attacked me, Voldemort attacked me, he told me to join him or suffer."

"And you chose to suffer, we know Voldemort can possess Harry when he..."

"No he can see what Harry sees; hear what he hears, without possessing him." Hermione bit her lip, Dumbledore knew he had made another mistake and his face showed it, they never should have told Harry.

“So he knows now does he? Where is Harry?”

“In his room, I knocked him out when he turned his back on me.”

“I saw something behind Harry, it looked like a Shade, but I guess it was Voldemort.” The other two girls stare at Monica, there wasn't anything behind Harry, they would have seen it.

“Hmm, so he uses Halix Tempori when he possesses Harry, but why is he always watching what Harry does? Did he say?”

“Voldemort said he can't turn it off, he said he could control it at first but then couldn't. He tried to get rid of us but we know how that worked.” Amazingly to the girls Dumbledore chuckles.

“Tom always did do poorly in those subjects. If he paid more attention to Psycholynkios instead of just the physical powers of magic he could turn it off. But we know why he attacked you in Diagon Alley, and that we can protect Harry.” Dumbledore looks at Monica and Ginny. “Now you two aren't a problem but I must insist you tell no one about this, not family, not friends, not your boyfriend, no one. I could swear you to an unbreakable oath but I hope that will not be required.” They both shake their heads. “Good, this information is dangerous for Harry; imagine if others knew of this connection to Voldemort? Hermione when Harry wakes bring him here.”

“I was thinking I might need to take him to Madam Pomfrey, I hit him pretty hard.”

“Oh so you used a Muggle means of knocking a person unconscious, well when he wakes bring him here and if he needs any help I will make sure he gets it. When you leave tell Jim to come back in.”

“Jim? He was listening to us, what if he...” Hermione gets her wand out ready to make sure Jim knew what would happen if he told anyone.

“He won't Hermione, trust me.” Hermione puts her wand away and leaves with Monica and Ginny.

"Dumbledore wants to talk to you, if you tell anyone about what you heard so help me God I will..."

"I won't I swear, I would never do anything to get him in trouble." Jim runs in quickly closing the door behind him.

"Gee Hermione remind me to never make you mad." Monica laughs trying to ease the mood.

"He's a third year, he is in Gryffindor and on the Quidditch team, but if he tells anyone I will make sure he regrets it." Hermione was showing that she had a darkness in her, as did everyone, just some had more than others.

"Maybe we should wake Harry up, or bring him here now, if Voldemort sees and hears what Harry does then he might try and possess Harry again." Monica, even though she was the only one without a Prefect Badge, was taking charge.

"Ok, let's go get Harry and bring him here." The girls go and get Harry, Monica again using the Mobilicorpus spell to carry him, and bring him to the door that leads into Dumbledore's office.

A few minutes later Harry's eyes start to flutter. "What happened?"

"It's ok Harry, we brought you here." The three girls take Harry into Dumbledore's office not even thinking of knocking. "He's awake."

"Ah yes, Harry, sit still and listen to everything I say." Harry nods not sure what was going on. "Tom, Voldemort, if you want to stop the connection just say these three words." Dumbledore holds up a piece of paper so only Harry could see it. "And concentrate on closing your mind. You were able to shut me out so you should be able to shut Harry out, as close as you are, but still you aren't so weak that Harry could keep connected to you, are you?" Harry shook his head for a moment then heard a strange humming noise coming from inside his head.

"What's going on, I was in the Common Room with Mione then I am outside your office with a headache and now this."

"Just wait Harry." Dumbledore got out a stick that was split in three pieces then placed it in front of Harry's forehead. "Now Voldemort you shouldn't need the help but as you seem to be lingering..." Dumbledore could not believe he had been so foolish, to use something like Halix Tempori to control Harry, to be so weak as to not being able to shut off a connection like this, he never thought Voldemort could be so ignorant of magic. Finally the noise in Harry's head stopped. "Ah very good, now Harry to explain what has happened I think we need Hermione to tell us the whole story."

"I uh, we were in the Common Room talking, and being together we started to kiss, but then Voldemort took control of Harry. He told me to join him or suffer, I told him no, he used the Cruciatus Curse on me."

"So I have not trained you well enough." Dumbledore had been training her, but he saw how she looked when she first came in, if she had been able to throw it off Voldemort would have done something else.

"It's not that Dumbledore I panicked, I didn't expect it, but he told me that he was unable to control the connection. Before he could but then he couldn't so he used a spell but then it broke, he saw everything, heard everything, and when we were in here he possessed Harry. He tricked me, we never should have told Harry."

"What? I attacked you? Mione I'm so..."

"Don't say it Harry, you didn't attack me, Voldemort did. But as I was saying, then Monica and Ginny came in and distracted Voldemort. He gave them the same option, join him or die, Ginny said no so Voldemort was going to cast the killing curse but I stopped him."

"He played us all Hermione; he did it so I would teach him how to stop it." Now everyone else in the room looked at Dumbledore, Voldemort wanted to be caught? "Imagine having someone else in your head every day, surrounded by true friends, people who loved

you, family. Now if you are someone who's closest friend is someone you can't trust, who is only your friend because he fears you, or hates their family and has no loved ones how this would feel. Tom was always ignoring magic at its purest form; he was much more into Charms and Defense Against the Dark Arts. But the magic that connected you to him Harry was old, and neither dark nor light, but magic at the form that has existed since the dawn of time. He used a spell that allowed him to control you but while he did this he could do nothing more. He moves, you move, he casts a spell, you cast a spell, this was a spell that was left behind for more creative and less invasive means of controlling."

"So he won't be in my head anymore?"

"He can still start the connection, but from now on your will hear it, and I will be able to see it. The spell I gave him had two parts, one to end the connection and one to give tells when he was connected." Dumbledore was proud he thought of it in time, he may have 'manipulated' Voldemort into doing it, but Voldemort was trying to manipulate him first. "Harry may I see your necklace?" Harry grabbed it, he only took it off to bath, sleep, or play Quidditch. "I will make it so Voldemort can no longer use Halix Tempori." Harry takes it off and hands it to Dumbledore. He waves his wand over it not saying anything but using his great power to cast the spell without physically saying it, then hands the necklace back. "I am sorry I did not see it, I thought it was a much different connection, one that Voldemort forced, but it was not. I could have severed the connection a long time ago if I knew."

"Dumbledore, you aren't perfect, no one is." Harry felt violated, all those things he had done with Hermione, or just sitting around reading with her, all seen by Voldemort. Dumbledore was supposed to be the greatest wizard alive and yet he couldn't notice what Voldemort was doing. "I want to go lay down, my head hurts still."

"I'm sorry about that Harry; I had to hit you to keep Voldemort from casting any spells." Hermione grabbed his hand. "I panicked, I'm so sorry, I could have stopped him but I panicked." Just like in her first year, and second, and third, and fifth. "It doesn't matter what I know if

I can't use it when I need it, 'I don't have any wood,' If I remember correctly."

"Hermione you shouldn't need to know, need to act like that, but it would help if you remembered you were a Witch." Harry chuckled trying to cheer her up.

"Are you kidding? She asked me and Ginny to help her carry you up to your bed. And what's this about not having any wood?" Monica to was trying to ease the situation.

"Long story involving a three headed beast named Fluffy and a carnivorous plant ending with my first, or second, encounter with Voldemort."

"Fluffy? One of Hagrid's 'babies'?" Ginny was getting into it making her own comment.

"If you four will please go back to your Common Room, don't go anywhere else. Keep an eye on Harry and say something if you hear the buzzing noise stop."

"How did you know it was a buzzing noise?"

"Because I made it that way Harry, I can't read minds no matter how many times you say I can." Dumbledore smiles at the group, he knew that Harry thought he could read minds like a book but he could not, at least not with everyone. "I have some work to do, been so busy helping my students, Headmaster McGonagall's students, I'll never get all these papers graded." The four leave for the Common Room the three girls let Harry lay down on a couch when they get there.

"Sorry Mione I'm really tired." Why he wasn't sure, all of a sudden, even the walk to the Common Room, seemed to drain all the energy he had.

"We should go to Madam Pomfrey, what if it's because I hit you?" Hermione bit her lip in concern.

"I'm just tired Mione, getting possessed by Voldemort probably did it."

Chapter 14: Merry Freaking Christmas To You To!

The weather outside was frightful, the fire inside the Common Room was delightful and as the students had nowhere to go they stayed inside. Hermione was cautious always asking Harry if Voldemort was connected before she said, or did, anything while Harry had kept wondering what would happen now. If Voldemort had seen and heard what was going on would he attack the castle before Dumbledore could complete training Hermione? Harry had gone to two of the lessons and learned new things but it was becoming hard on him, he felt weaker. Ever since the day Voldemort was cut off he felt like a battery was dead in him, he just didn't have the energy he use to.

"And how many times do you stir it?" Hermione's hand shot up, they were in Potions, a class Harry no longer cared about. He tried to respect Snape, but now he knew what he had done. Because of him his parents were dead, or so Harry thought. "Yes Granger?"

"Seven times Professor Snape."

"Very good, 5 points to Gryffindor. Now that you know how to make this potion do so, no books, as I and Miss Granger have just gone over every step of the potion you should know how." Most of the class grumbled, even Hermione, but they went to work. Harry on the other hand put his head on the desk, he was still tired for some reason, and he didn't care what Professor Snape would do.

"Harry get up, he's looking at you." Hermione was worried, more so then normal, as lately Harry seemed to be missing something. He wasn't as happy as he used to be, in DADA he hadn't raised his hand to answer a question, and like last time he wasn't making the potion.

Professor Snape walks over to Harry, and then looks at Devin. "Devin are you affecting Harry again?"

"No he isn't murderous bastard." Harry says it using a spell to make it so only Professor Snape could hear it.

“What was that Potter?” Professor Snape was shocked, what was Harry talking about?

“You know exactly what I mean Death Eater.” Again Harry was using a spell so only Professor Snape could hear it.

“Harry go to my office now!” Professor Snape may have found the new Harry Potter a good thing but how he was acting now negated that.

“Fine, Death Eater.” Harry gets up and walks to the office, sitting down he takes the spell off. Professor Snape walks in closing his door.

“Harry what is wrong with you? Why the sudden change, what have I done to have you call me that.”

“You told Voldemort about the prophecy, they died, you murdered them you bastard.” Harry was keeping calm now; he did not want to raise his voice. “I know Voldemort killed them, and Wormtail told Voldemort where they were, but you were the one who...”

“I did nothing like that!” Professor Snape slams his hand on his desk. “I did not know at the time that Lily would apply, when I found out that she did I begged the Dark Lord to spare her.” The memory of that hurt Professor Snape, he wished he never had told Voldemort about the prophecy.

“So you had no problem killing someone else? And you only begged for my mother’s life? So me and my father could die? You know what you did was wrong but instead of going to Azkaban you get a nice job here, protected by Dumbledore. He makes mistakes and you are one of them.”

“Harry you know very well I could take points off for comments like that, but I won’t. You’re right; I only begged for your mother’s life, I did not care for your father or you.” It was cold but it was the truth.

“Oh, so you say ‘Sorry, my bad,’ and Dumbledore forgives you.”

"I did more than that, I became a spy, I helped put people away, and until a few months ago I was a spy for Dumbledore." But then someone betrayed the Order, they weren't sure who yet.

"Decide you would rather work for Voldemort?"

"Not at all Harry, someone betrayed Dumbledore but was not me. He kept me out of Azkaban; I owe my life to him. Who do you think would give a known Death Eater a job? You know how I am to someone who I owe my life to."

"You sic Voldemort on them, but beg for their wife to be spared. Did you think my mom would just forget about my dad and fall in love with you? Just get James out of your way and move in on her?"

"No Harry, I had lost Lily already, I knew she would never love me after I got the Dark Mark. I saved your life, in return for your father saving mine. Do you think I would not do the same for Dumbledore? Harry I am sorry for my actions, I have tried to make up for them by helping Dumbledore, by helping you."

"Bastard, I swore to kill the people responsible for my parent's death, Voldemort and Wormtail, but you are one of them also."

"Does my action afterwards not show that I was wrong, that I know I was wrong? Harry you could never defeat me in a duel and I will not fight you in one, you must realize that I had no intention of killing Lily. And did you not think of it Harry? Only those who have defied the Dark Lord three times were part of the prophecy that meant that the Dark Lord had tried to kill you parents before, just this time he was successful." Snape was making a good point, just like Dumbledore did.

"Sorry. May I go back to class?" Harry was done with this, he was tired still, and even though his gut said he was right his head said he was wrong, Snape had changed, and people can change.

"Harry it is too late to complete this assignment, do a four page report on the potion and its history to make up for it, now go to class. And," Snape stops Harry before he leaves, "I am sorry also for what I did,

what I felt, you were nothing but a child and I felt nothing about the Dark Lord killing you. I have changed and I hope you realize that.” Harry walks out of Snape’s office and goes to his desk. Instead of working on the assignment Snape had given him he lays his head down and rests.

The week passed, it was now three days before break and he was worried about going home. “Mione?”

“Yes Harry?” Hermione moved so she was more comfortable, the chair was made for one but they made it work.

“Should we go home, to my house anyways, over break? What if Voldemort starts the connection and finds out where we live?” Harry moved so Hermione would be sitting on a leg instead of higher up on his hip which was sore.

“Of course Harry, Voldemort has seen it already but can’t find it because Dumbledore made it so he couldn’t.”

“Dumbledore has failed before, I don’t want to put you and your parents at risk, anymore then what you and they already are.”

“Harry it is almost Christmas, a time of peace and joy, relax.” Hermione put her head on his shoulder trying to get Harry to relax.

“I know, but Voldemort...”

“Voldemort does not control what you do, anymore, Harry and Dumbledore has made it so only the people you or him want can enter. I’m sure you don’t want Voldemort to go into your home so he can’t.”

“Of course I don’t, not that I wouldn’t mind dueling him again.” Maybe not right then as he always felt as though his batteries were low for some reason. “Mione, I have an early gift for you, now it doesn’t count as a Christmas gift since, well, you’ll see.” Hermione got off his lap and followed Harry up to his room.

“Harry, if you want to, you knows, we can talk about it first but...”

"No not that Mione this." Harry got a box out; Dumbledore had sent it to him earlier that day. "Dumbledore says they aren't dangerous so you can have them back." He opens the box to reveal the pendant and the ring that Dumbledore had taken from Hermione to make sure they were safe.

"Where's your ring?" Hermione put hers on seeing that it only came up blue.

"Right here." Harry got it out and put it on seeing the ring change from blue to half blue and half red. "Need help with the pendant?" Hermione shook her head as she took her necklace off and put the pendant on.

"There it is again, oh Harry thank you!" She saw the purplish aura around Harry, with a little yellow on the edge; his emotions were of love and happiness, not that she needed the pendant to know that. "Harry, I got you something, but was going to wait for Christmas to give it to you, but if you want I could give it to you now."

"If you want to Mione." Harry waited as Hermione left the dorm room and went to hers. A minute later she was back with a small box. Harry opens it to see a golden heart clasp; he opens it to find a piece of brown hair and a picture of Hermione. "Just like my parents, except I don't have their hair anymore." He had used it to try and bring them back, and may have, he wasn't sure.

"It's where I got the idea Harry, I hope you like it." She had to use some of the money Harry lent her but she wanted to get Harry something great, not that book ends weren't great in her opinion.

"I love it Mione, and the person it came from." Harry set the clasp down and got up to kiss Hermione. "Aw isn't that just cute? About time this happened, been bored out of, well, your mind." The voice! It spooked Harry so badly he nearly broke Hermione's nose with his forehead.

"Harry what the bloody hell was that for?" Hermione checked to see if her nose was bleeding.

"The voice, he came back, he spoke to me."

"Voldemort! Harry close your eyes, I'll go get Dumbledore." Hermione completely forgot her pain but was stopped by Harry when he grabbed her arm.

"Not Voldemort, the voice, the one that warned me about, you know." It kept them from getting caught, it told him to bring his things when he went to Diagon Alley, but not why.

"Are you sure Harry? Maybe we should..."

"I'm sure Mione, if it was Voldemort I would know. Voice?" Nothing. "I don't get it, why won't he respond, Voice?" Still nothing. "I swear I heard him, it, but why now?"

"Harry are you sure it wasn't Voldemort?" Or crazy, Hermione didn't say that part out loud but wondered.

"I'm sure, he said something, but now he is gone again." Harry didn't want to say what the Voice said to Hermione, she might not like it. "I, I feel different, watch out!" Harry fell to his knees; his head felt like the first time he got drunk, his vision became blurry.

"Harry!" Hermione kept him from falling face first into the floor. "Harry what's wrong, say something!"

"Something." Harry wasn't sure why but he felt weird, his vision was still blurry, like when he still needed his glasses... "My glasses, I need my glasses again? No!" He squeezed his eyes shut and kept thinking to himself that he didn't need them, he could see fine. He opened them. "Ok, that didn't work." He could see fine, out of his left eye, but his right eye was still blurry.

"Harry should I get Madam Pomfrey?" She thought Harry had gone crazy, he said something about his glasses, he hadn't worn them for over a year why would he talk about them now?

"No, I just need to try it again." He closed his eyes and tried again. "Why did that happen?" He could see fine again, but what was going on? "The connection, Voldemort realized that Dumbledore had tricked him and cut the connection completely. You still have some of his power though it seems not as much as before." "It can't be, you mean that..." Hermione stared at Harry, who was he talking to? "Ah no trouble Boy, so superficial, I thought you were more matures then that."

"Harry I'm getting Dumbledore, you aren't making any sense." Harry kept his grasp on her arm.

"No, not Dumbledore, I'm fine." That was why he had felt weaker, the power he was leeching from Voldemort wasn't coming into him anymore, his eyes, they changed back to what they were before he used Voldemort's power to heal them. But he changed them back again; his head still hurt and his thoughts came fast. "It's gone Mione I'm fine, I must have sat up to quickly."

"Harry it was more then that." Hermione was biting her lip in worry. "What's wrong with your eyes?"

"Nothing, they went fuzzy for a second but I changed them back." He used his own power to do it, he knew they could be perfect and so he could make them perfect. "I'm tired Mione, I need to lie down." Harry got on his bed and stared at the ceiling. "I'm sorry Mione, thank you for the gift."

"Merry Christmas Harry, if you want I could stay with you."

"No it's ok, I just need to sleep." Hermione hurt by that left Harry alone, she could see something was wrong, his aura had gone black for a second, and then he seemed to go crazy.

The next day Hermione avoided Harry, they went through class, it was the last day for them, and it wasn't until after the last class that she spoke to him. "Harry what's going on, you lied to me yesterday, why would you lie?"

"About what?"

"You were, and still aren't, fine!" Other students in the hallway looked at Hermione after her outburst.

"Mione I don't want to talk about it, maybe when we leave for break, but not now." Harry had a long conversation with the voice and still wasn't sure what was going on.

"Ok, hide something from me." Hermione knew it was hypocritical of her; she hid things from Harry and got mad when he kept asking her about it, but this was different, right?

"I won't hide it from you Mione since I don't know what it is yet."

"Look when we get back to the Common Room tell me please! Even if you don't want to, we can't keep things from each other anymore." She knew she sounded like a git, but she wanted to know, she might have been able to help Harry. Getting to the Common Room they found Ginny crying in a chair, but no Monica.

"Ginny are you ok?" Harry was glad for the distraction, even if it meant that another student was hurt.

"No, I have to go home but I can't!" This confused him, the Burrow was still abandoned, did she leave something there and couldn't go to get it?

"Ginny whatever it is I'm sure you can get it."

"What? Harry go away, I don't want to talk to you."

"Ginny what is wrong; tell us, both of us." Hermione sat on the arm of the chair rubbing her back trying to comfort her.

"I can't go home, they hate me! It's not my fault, I can't help it." Harry was still confused, why would the Weasly's hate their own daughter, she wasn't Ron, unless she did...

"Ginny why would they hate you? You haven't gone to Voldemort or any Death Eater have you? You didn't help Ron, did you?"

"No of course not, that bloody buggerin bastard can go to hell! It's because of Monica, they said they don't want me to see her anymore and if I go home they will keep me there." This surprised Harry, the Weasleys were always so kind, why would they have a problem with Monica?

"But Ginny, the letter didn't say that." Hermione had read it, after trying to help Monica calm Ginny down, that was months ago why was she acting like this now?

"They hate her, I can tell, they hate me because of her." Ginny stopped crying now that her anger at her parents was rising. "I told Monica and she yelled at me, she hates this place!" Ginny got out of the chair. "I do to! Why can't we live in America where we aren't considered bad, wrong, why is England so hell bent on making people like Monica into monsters? We haven't even done anything like that together, we just hold hands, nothing like they called me, my parents hate me! At least in America we wouldn't be burnt at the stake for it."

"No just be burnt for being Witches, Ginny I'm sure your parents don't hate you." Hermione looked at Harry then motioned for him to leave, this was not something she thought Harry should know, it was between Monica and Ginny and if she could help she would but Harry didn't need to be there.

Harry goes up to his dorm room and finds Devin meditating on his bed. "Don't you have anything else to do Devin?"

"Harry just because you can't see the beauty in being alone, being in a quiet space, doesn't mean others can't." Devin hoped Harry caught his meaning of alone and quiet.

"Why don't you, I don't know, play a game of chess with Neville or something? That's quiet or go to the library and read like Hermione?"

"Harry has anyone ever shoved a hot poker into your chest?" This caught Harry off guard, what a weird question.

"No, can't say I have."

"Then you don't know the pain I feel every day."

"The medicine doesn't work anymore? You should tell Dumbledore about that."

"Him I think not, I stopped taking the medicine because I can deal with it on my own. My body is my temple and I am not going to be putting anymore of that stuff into me, if you knew what was used to make it you would agree." Devin got off his bed. "Harry do you know what it's like to know the man that killed your mother is out there alive when there is nothing you can do to end that?"

"Of course I know Devin, Voldemort is out there, but I can do something about it."

"Then why don't you do it? If I could I would eviscerate Ron, tear his heart out and feed it to him, but I can not as I do not know where he is or how to get a hold of him. That coward has not opened any letters I send to him, I challenge him and he does nothing."

"Devin that's uh, normal." Harry had wanted to do the same; he tried to kill Ron during the attack on Hogwarts, but failed. "But to waste your life on something like that, what will you do if you succeed?" Dumbledore had asked him that a long time ago, if he killed Voldemort, what would Harry do after? What purpose would he have in the world if he killed Voldemort, and that was what he should focus on.

"The Republicans, they killed my sister, and once I am done with Ron, once I am old enough, I will go back home and hunt down every last Republican, from the KKK to the GOP, I will kill them all." Devin's plans were far larger then Harry's, he would be normal, no longer attached to Voldemort in any way.

"Uh, then what? What will Monica do, would she still accept you as her Brother, or friend?"

“Harry I don’t plan on living long enough to find out. I just have these things to do then my life will be complete.” Harry was shocked, Devin sounded just like him, before he realized what he had, Hermione.

“Devin you need to find someone, I have Hermione, Monica has Ginny, your mom, Professor Krats, had Snape.” She wasn’t really his mom, but cared for him like one after his parents were killed.

“Love is for those who...”

“Love is for everyone with a heart Devin, some who have no heart like Voldemort, can’t love. Are saying you are like Voldemort?”

“No, I could never be that cold, I’m not Voldemort or Cheney, I’m not heartless, but...”

“Then realize that others care for you. Monica loves you, you are her Brother, you two grew up together right?” Devin nods. “And me and Neville like you, Luna likes you to, we are people who care about you, do you want to hurt them, hurt Monica?” Harry knew it was wrong to say that, Devin loved Monica, but it was true.

“No,” Devin squeezes his eyes then grabs his chest, “Harry go away.” Devin sits back down on his bed and tries to concentrate, make the pain go away. Harry wanted to but what if Hermione was still talking to Ginny?

“I can’t, not now.”

“Then shut up and leave me alone.” Harry goes and sits on his bed getting the Marauders Map out seeing that Ginny and Hermione were still in the Common Room.

“Ok, but couldn’t you do that somewhere else? Like the library, that way you wouldn’t get interrupted by me or Neville, or anyone else.”

“Monica and Ginny like the library for that same reason, and even if it is big enough to have them and I in it at the same time their activities distract me.” Harry expected to feel something come off of Devin but nothing did.

“Well I have to wait for Ginny and Hermione to get done talking.” Harry is about to say something else when Devin sticks a hand out.

“Shut, Up, S-H-U-T, Space, U-P, is that clear enough for you Harry?” He puts his arm back down closing his eyes. Harry doesn’t respond, he doesn’t feel like arguing with Devin. He goes back to the Marauders Map and watches as Ginny and Hermione are joined by Monica in the Common Room. He keeps watching, worried about Hermione, when him and Hermione fought he wouldn’t want to get in the middle of it.

“Harry, can you hear me?” Hermione was talking to him through the rings!

“Yes Mione, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing, but I was wondering if we could have another guest at your house over the break? Maybe have Dobby make another room or just let Ginny stay in Monica’s room.”

“I don’t know Mione, you would have to talk to Dumbledore, and putting Ginny in Monica’s room would be like me in your room isn’t it?”

“Yes, kind of, but Dumbledore, and my parents, don’t know about them.”

“Are you sure? If the Weasly’s know they might have told Dumbledore.”

“I thought of that but Dumbledore told them not to tell anyone about you, not their friends, family, or boyfriends.”

“Well, we have to talk to Dumbledore to see if it is ok, and the Weasly’s, I’m sure they want to see Ginny, right?”

“I don’t know, I read the letter but Ginny says she talked to them some more that they don’t like Monica and want to keep Ginny from seeing her.”

"Well, it isn't up to us, if Ginny wants to and Dumbledore says its ok I guess."

"Thanks Harry." Harry stops rubbing his ring not sure if it was a good idea to take Ginny in, another person in his house meant another person that could be hurt if Voldemort tried to attack him. Looking at the Marauders Map he sees that Ginny, Monica, and Hermione left the Common Room.

"I guess I can go now."

"Did you have to say that? You could have just left." Harry knowing that Devin would be going to his house for Christmas, along with Monica and now probably Ginny, decided to see if he could get Devin to ease up.

"Know what I am getting real tired of that Devin, I open my home to you, I try to be nice, talk to you, and you act like, well, yourself."

"How many people have you killed? How many souls have you sent to hell? How many times have you had your soul ripped from you only to be replaced by pain? If being an asshole kept that pain away would you be freaking Mr. Rogers?" Harry didn't know who Mr. Rogers was; Devin had problems he didn't want to deal with.

"You need to find a way to stop the pain without being an asshole, what will hurt more, the pain from your soul or the pain of having no one around?" Devin's face went red with anger, why couldn't Harry leave him alone? "You're angry at me right now but I feel nothing, are you sure that pain is your soul or from your feelings wanting to get out?" The reaction from Devin surprised Harry, he started to cry.

"I wasn't there, they buried my mom, Diane, and I wasn't there. She treated me like a son after her real son died, she took me in without question, and I couldn't be there when they buried her." Now Harry felt the emotions, he became sad himself; he felt like crying but concentrated on keeping his composure.

“Do you think she blames you? You were hurt, after you saved the students of Hogwarts, after you protected everyone in this school, you were hurt. Do you think she would hold it against you that you couldn’t make it to her funeral? If she really considered you her son she is happy you are alive, that you didn’t pass away with her, that at her funeral only one person was buried.” Maybe that’s what Sirius was, happy, it was only him buried at the funeral because he protected his friend, and his parents, were they happy that he was alive? That at their funeral it was just them buried and not him? Harry lost his concentration and started to cry, both because of Devin’s feelings affecting him and his own sadness that he may have brought his parents back to life only to have them captured by Voldemort.

“Harry? What’s going on?” Harry didn’t even know that he was rubbing the ring, Hermione heard him. He started to answer, then took the ring off, he had to get away from Devin first so he would be out of the emotion bubble Devin had created.

In the Common Room Harry starts rubbing the ring. “I’m okay, Devin affected me.”

“Oh, ok, Dumbledore says that he will talk to the Weasley’s, he did not know that they were planning on keeping Ginny away from the school. But if he talks to them he will know why they want to keep Ginny away, I don’t know if Ginny will stay with us.”

“Ok, whatever is best for Ginny.” She had enough problems without him adding to them.

Harry sat down and waited, what would happen? If Ginny stayed at home then he would need a new Chaser, or a new Seeker. If she left he could become a starting Chaser and train a new Seeker, but who would make a good Seeker? Not Hermione, she was far too scared of flying, and Devin, well, no need to make him worse. Someone in a lower grade, but who? Harry shakes his head, was he wishing for Ginny to stay home? The door to the Common Room opens and he sees Neville with Luna. “Hi Luna, Neville, you excited about Christmas?” Harry tried to make small talk, Neville had started talking to him again, even apologized for how he acted after the game, even though Harry felt Neville had good reason to act like that.

"Is Devin up in our room?" Harry nods, Luna goes up the stairs and leaves Neville in the Common Room.

"Oh so you two aren't, she shouldn't be going up there." Devin might still be crying, but Luna wasn't affected, maybe she could help Devin.

"She needed someone who knew the password," Neville sits down, "and I was the first person she saw. She said it was urgent that she got here, how she knew Devin was up there I don't know."

"Where else would he be? If he isn't in class he's up there, not that I blame him." No one did as far as Harry knew, Devin had gone through enough. "So what are you doing for Christmas?"

"Going home, see family, go to St. Mungos to see my parents, same thing every year." As far as he could remember that was Christmas, visiting his parents in the hospital. "You?"

"Well going home for a change, but no family." He was going to have a lot of people around though from the sound of it.

"You-Know-Who screwed both of our Christmases, I don't know what's worse not having my parents on Christmas or having them but knowing they are how they are." Neville didn't know what he said would affect Harry, how could he, only three people knew he tried to raise his parents, that may now be held by Voldemort.

"Voldemort, not You-Know-Who." After Dumbledore's assignment last year Harry was surprised by how few people said Voldemort.

"It's the same thing Harry, Merry Freaking Christmas right? Good will to Men and peace on Earth, and cross your fingers that the people you see will be around next year." The newspaper ran a list of all those who died after a Death Eater attack, usually an entire page was dedicated to it as more and more attacks happened.

"Merry Christmas, and to a New Year where Voldemort falls." The Christmas spirit failed to take them, maybe the New Year would bring

good things. They sat there not talking, just thinking about Christmas and how it could be better.

A few minutes later Luna came down from the Boy's Dormitory alone. "Where's Devin?"

"He is sleeping; the Snorkic must have drained his energy." She walks aimlessly, from what Neville and Harry saw, until she got to the door and left.

"Snorkic?" Harry looked at Neville.

"Her father's paper says it is a type of invisible snake that feeds on people's energy, and please don't ask me how I know this." Neville had tried to learn about all the things Luna 'knew' and talk to her about it but she always looked bored, glassy eyed, except when Devin's name was mentioned.

"And that's what made him sleep, I wonder what would happen if she had to go up against a Death Eater." Who knows, maybe sick that Snorkic on them.

"Just hope it never happens, to anyone." As much as Neville hated the people who hurt his parents he doubted he would be able to do anything to them.

"Neville, I need to go somewhere." Harry didn't but he didn't want to stay there with Neville, he had an itch that he had to go somewhere, why he didn't know. Leaving the Common Room he sees Luna sitting on the ground staring off into space, maybe this was why. "Luna?"

"Hello Harry." That wasn't much of a response, Harry had hoped for more.

"Why are you sitting out here?"

"Because I haven't looked at this wall before." Harry looked at the wall, there was nothing there.

"Ok, good luck with that."

"Thanks Harry, if you want you can sit here and look at it with me." She keeps staring at the wall and seemed serious about it.

"No I need to go somewhere." Harry had no idea what was going on with Luna, first she needed to see Devin who was drained by a Snorkic, and now she was staring at a wall, no wonder people called her 'Loony Luna'.

Harry wandered the halls not knowing what to do but he felt that he had to do something. Was it Christmas? He already got Hermione's present ready, and a gift for Hagrid, and Remus, and the Weasly's, and everyone else. Was he forgetting someone? Harry went to the library for a place to sit down while he tried to think of someone he might be forgetting. He had to laugh at that, a few years ago he never would have had that problem, but now he might be forgetting someone. Surprisingly there was someone there that wasn't Hermione, something that happened as rarely as people seeing Bigfoot. "Hey Jim how you been?"

"Ok Harry, excited about Christmas?" Jim puts down the book he had been reading, Quidditch Throughout the Ages.

"I guess, hey I read that before, what part you on?"

"1974, the greatest Chaser performance in Hogwarts history happened then." Harry stopped himself from laughing, he had affected the history of Quidditch, and now people were reading about it not knowing who it was.

"Oh yeah, what was his name again?" Harry wanted to see what name was put down.

"Devin Granger, maybe Hermione is related to him."

"I doubt that, she is a Muggle Born." Harry put a hand over his face to hide the smile on his face.

"Oh, amazing, he rode a custom broom that beat everyone else by a long shot, to have a broom that nice would be cool." There was no

picture of the person; Jim wondered who it was to have played so brilliantly.

"I'm sure he wasn't that great, so what are you doing for Christmas?" Harry felt that itch go away, was this why he had it?

"I don't know yet, Dumbledore says my mom..." Jim stopped talking; he wasn't supposed to tell anyone about it, especially Harry.

"One of the people hurt in an attack? I'm sorry; I guess you are staying here?" Jim nods. "Well, if you want, I would have to ask Dumbledore first, but my house is plenty big enough and you are on the team, if you wanted to you could come to my house for Christmas." Jim's eyes lighted up then closed.

"I can't, Dumbledore says I have to stay here."

"Oh well, you should listen to Dumbledore, he isn't perfect, he makes mistakes like any human does, but he is one of the greatest wizards I know." "No resemblance is there Boy?" The voice came to Harry, but only confused him. "Uh, I hope they find your Mother and she is ok."

"She was never ok, but I loved her. She was horrified when we got the letter to Hogwarts, said I was a freak like my father."

"About as bad as when I got my letter, my Uncle tried to run away but Hagrid made sure more letters came."

"The Care of Magical Creatures teacher?" He had liked the class, to deal with animals so strange and magical was incredible to him.

"Yeah, but he wasn't the teacher yet. He got me my Owl, Hedwig, for my birthday."

"I got a cat, my Mom won't let me keep it at home, she says it's one of those 'freak' cats and they aren't allowed at home."

"Well I'm sure she misses you, wishes she could be home for Christmas with you." If she was still alive, what was Jim's last name?

Harry had kept up with the list of those attacked, had he read it and not even known it?

"I hope so, if that bastard Voldemort hadn't come back my dad would still be alive, could live with him." Jim pounds the table; he grew up not knowing his Father, just what he had read about him.

"Sorry, when did it happen?"

"April 6, 1997..." Jim puts a hand to his mouth, he shouldn't have said that.

"Oh, it's ok if you don't want to tell me." Making up a date in the future, weird way to not tell someone, but Harry figured it was hard for Jim to talk about it.

"I'm sorry; I need to go to Dumbledore." Jim gets up and leaves before Harry can tell him that Hermione, Monica, and Ginny are there.

"Harry? Dumbledore says the Weasly's don't want Ginny to come home, they are afraid Ron will attack, and it's ok if she stays with us." Harry felt something lift off him, he knew the Weasly's wouldn't hate Ginny for what she was they were too good of people.

"Ok, and Jim is on the way to Dumbledore's, want to come to the Library?"

"That where you are?"

"No, I'm in the Slytherin Common Room; I just thought you might like to go to the Library."

"Very funny Harry, I'll be there in a minute." Harry was glad he had the rings back, it made things so much easier, of course so did most magic, cleaning dishes, dusting a room, or darker things, but it did make things easier.

A couple minutes later Hermione, Ginny, and Monica show up in the Library. "Thank you Harry!" Ginny hugs him, and then surprisingly Monica does to.

“Uh no problem, but I knew your parents wouldn’t hate you, or Monica.”

“They are good parents, unlike some.” Monica had a former girlfriend whose parents banned her from their house when they found out about her and Monica, they said they wouldn’t let her evil corrupt their child, when it was their ‘precious’ child that came on to her.

“Hermione I wanted to show you this.” Harry picks up the book Jim left behind and shows the passage about the best Chaser performance, done in 1974.

“Harry that still wasn’t a smart thing to do.” Monica and Ginny see the passage.

“Devin Granger? Hey Hermione, are you sure you’re Muggle born? There’s another Granger, he was big in the Ministry during Voldemort’s first reign.” As far as Monica knew Granger wasn’t that common of a name, at least in America it wasn’t.

“I’m sure, that Devin Granger isn’t related to me, I bet he was so ugly they couldn’t stand to take a picture of him.” Hermione smiles at Harry, he smiles back at the joke, their inside joke.

“Wow, why can’t we have him on our team, look at those scores, but he only played in one game, I wonder why.” Ginny saw the stats, none of his goals were blocked, his skill on a broom was probably even better than Harry and that was with an old broom, not a new one like a Firebolt.

“I’m sure he is a little old by now Ginny, and definitely not a student.” Harry and Hermione start to laugh, getting weird looks from Ginny and Monica.

“Ginny, if you want I could have Dobby make a new room in the house or you could stay in Monica’s room, whichever you want.” Ginny looks at Monica not sure what to say, Monica had been trying to pressure her into doing more things, but she always stopped when Ginny told her to, maybe it would be ok.

"I guess I'll stay with Monica, she has two great pillows to sleep on." Harry puts his hands over his ears.

"I don't need to hear about that!" They made him uncomfortable, he didn't think it was wrong, he knew what wrong was, but this was just different. Voldemort and the Death Eaters were wrong; this was love, just something he wasn't comfortable with.

"Harry who was it that was more than happy to hear about me and Monica in the Prefect bathroom..."

"That's different, that was just, I'm not talking about it!" Harry's cheeks become red from embarrassment, the girls laugh.

"He's so cute and innocent, Hermione you need to corrupt him sooner or later." They laugh some more, Harry laughs with them.

"Don't need to work on me, work on Devin, I think, I know Luna has a crush on him but he's acting like himself." Harry had to get the conversation off him; his cheeks were burning with embarrassment.

"I keep telling her to keep talking to him, even if he doesn't talk back; it's just how he is. I think Luna likes him enough to keep trying, she interrogated Monica about Devin trying to find something she could talk to him about." Luna was Ginny's best friend and was glad Monica was helping her; Luna took so much from her fellow students. If they just took time to get to know her, she was the one person Ginny trusted more than Monica, or Harry and Hermione; she was the first person Ginny told about her and Monica and she never told anyone.

"She was, she came up to talk to Devin, and he was uh, bad."

"What did he do? Did he hurt anyone?" Monica still loved Devin like a Brother.

"No he was meditating and I bothered him, he said something about missing Professor Krats, your mother's, funeral. Why I was crying Mione."

“Good, I knew he felt bad about something but was keeping it inside, it wasn’t his fault.” They four leave the Library and go to the Common Room.

Chapter 15: Christmas Cheer, Liquid Cheer, Happy Holidays!

It was time to go home for the holidays, Hermione made sure that everyone had their things packed, annoying the older students but it made things much easier the next morning. Getting the last breakfast before the trains came Dumbledore sent a letter to Harry for him, Hermione, Monica, Devin, and Ginny to go to his office after breakfast. Harry tells the rest and they finish early. Harry knocks on Dumbledore's door and it opens. "Come in; come in, no time to waste." They hustle inside wondering what Dumbledore called them for. "You will not be taking the train home."

"But I, I wanted to see my parents." Hermione bites her lower lip.

"Oh don't worry you will, but you will be taking a different way. We got reports that Voldemort will attack at the train station so we are sending as many Aurors and others to prevent this attack, and taking the target away." The group looks at Harry making him conscious of who the target was, not that he didn't have a good idea of who it was. "So you will be going directly to the house." Dumbledore gets a long stick out. "I have already made this into a Portkey, all you do is touch it and you will be there."

"What about our things, or our pets?" Harry had neglected Hedwig over the summer, completely forgetting about her during his escape to the Muggle World, and then the attack in Diagon Alley...

"They are being sent a different way, in fact they may already be there if Dobby moved fast enough. Have a good holiday all of you." The group reaches out and touches the stick, all getting the hook behind the navel feeling.

A minute later they land in a familiar place, to all but Ginny, the Library. "Wow this doesn't look like Hogwarts Library." Ginny looks around at the room.

"Welcome to my home, kind of small but it works." Harry laughs and leads the group out of the Library. "I'm guessing we are staying in the same rooms as last time, Monica you need to show Ginny your room, choose which beds you are sleeping in."

“Why do we need to do that?” Monica stares blankly at Harry, then raises an eyebrow.

“I don’t care just don’t put those thoughts in my head.” The group, except for Devin, laugh.

“What’s so funny?” It was Mister and Misses Granger waiting for their daughter to get there. Dumbledore had sent Dobby and told them the kids were coming.

“Mom, Dad!” Hermione runs over and hugs both of them. “We all arrived, uh; you know most of them, except for Ginny.” Ginny walks over and extends her hand.

“Hi Mister and Misses Granger.” Tom, then Penelope shakes her hand.

“Its Tom and Penelope, Pen for short. We talked to your parents about your situation, sorry you won’t be seeing them for Christmas but I understand they want to keep you safe.” Ginny and Monica crossed their fingers hoping the Weasley’s hadn’t talked to them about anything else. “You are staying in Monica’s room right? Well before you all break loose the rules are the same, and for Ginny they are No boys in a girls’ room after 9, no girls in the boys’ room after 9, no magic even though Mr. Dumbledore made it possible to do it without being caught, and if you make a mess clean it up even though we have Dobby.” The Granger’s had gotten use to Dobby but still wanted the kids to be responsible for their messes.

“Yes Sir, I will make sure to follow those rules.” Ginny looks at Monica and starts to laugh, Monica does to.

“Are we missing something?” Pen and Tom look at each other lost, what was the big joke?

“Can we unpack our things now?” Devin is uncomfortable and wants to get to his room.

“Yes, you all have the same rooms, and Monica and Ginny are staying in the same one, although if you want I’m sure Dobby can make another room for you.”

“It’s ok; we share everything already a room will be nothing.” Monica grabs Ginny’s hand and takes her to their room. Hermione, Devin, and Harry go to their separate rooms unpacking their things. Harry gets done and goes to the kitchen seeing Dobby.

“Hey Dobby, do you want Christmas off?”

“Off? You want me to take Christmas off the calendar Mister Harry Potter Sir?” Dobby didn’t get what Harry meant.

“No, the day off, you don’t have to work, a break, vacation. You only do what you want that day, within reason.” Harry hoped that explained it well enough.

“But I do what I want, keep the House of Potter clean make sure the House of Potter is acceptable to guests Mister Harry Potter Sir.”

“Ok, just wondering, I’ll make sure to get you a good Christmas present for all your hard work.”

“Oh thank you Mister Harry Potter Sir, it has been such an honor working in the House of Potter Mister Harry Potter Sir.”

“One thing, can you make the rooms sound proof? So the people inside can’t be heard by the people outside of the room?” Harry did not want to even think about what Monica and Ginny would do, or hear about it. Harry didn’t know it but Ginny and Monica were messing with his head, their relationship was about love and caring for each other, they hadn’t done anything serious as Ginny wasn’t ready and Monica loved her enough to respect that.

“Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir, and if you want I can make Miss Weasley a room, Dobby is more than capable of doing so Mister Harry Potter Sir.”

"No Dobby they are sharing a room, it's not your fault or anything." Harry wasn't sure if that was what Dobby thought or not but hoped that helped. Leaving the kitchen Harry heads upstairs and goes to Hermione's room, knocking on the door. "Mione can I come in?"

"It's your house Harry, but sure come in." Harry does and sees she is still putting things away.

"It may be my house, now, but this is your room." Harry looks at the things on Hermione's bed, mostly books. "Want help putting things away?"

"If you want to, put them in alphabetical order by Author." Harry turns around and starts putting books away not hearing, or seeing what Hermione was doing. Turning around to get more books he sees Hermione topless.

"Mione don't do that." Harry puts an arm over his eyes to keep temptation away.

"Come on Harry, you've seen me naked before, and I thought over vacation we could get closer, like we were."

"Then let's talk about it, hard to pay attention to you when you have those out." Harry can't resist it anymore and lowers his arm, opens his eyes. "As nice as they are Mione what would your parents do if they walked in?"

"They won't, they know to knock first, and..." Hermione closes her eyes, concentrates hard, and then opens them. "Darn, didn't work."

"Mione they are fine, trust me, but could you please put a shirt on?" She does, much to Harry's relief and inner disappointment.

"Sorry Harry, I shouldn't..."

"Don't say that Mione, I love you, and if you feel you are ready for more we can talk, explore that, but to just do that, well, I liked it." Harry smiles at her.

“You should buster you’re the only guy to see them, well, except when Ron did, you know.”

“Don’t worry about him Mione, he will get what he deserves, and glad to hear that.” He goes over and kisses her. “But you said guy, others have seen them?” He raises an eyebrow trying to imitate what he saw Monica do.

“Well I have taken baths and showers at school, kind of hard to do that alone all the time.” She laughs and kisses him back. “Monica’s right, I need to corrupt you sooner or later, I...”

“I don’t want to hear about that, what they do is their business.” Hermione laughs again pulling his hands off his ears.

“You are so innocent, I love that about you.” They kiss, deeply, breaking apart when there is a knock on the door. Before they say anything the door opens and Hermione’s parents walk in.

“What’s going on?” Tom sees his little girl flushed with heat, and Harry, he doesn’t like it.

“Just helping Mione put her things away.” Harry grabs a couple books and put them on the bookshelf.

“Well Harry could you go somewhere else for a minute? We want to talk to our daughter; I know this is your house but...”

“You are the adults, well, actually, I think Devin and Monica are to, and Hermione is to,” Harry shakes his head, “but I know what you mean.” Harry leaves Hermione’s room glad the Granger’s hadn’t walked in minutes earlier.

Out in the hallway he goes down to Monica and Ginny’s room, then decides to leave them alone, he didn’t want to bother them. Going downstairs he goes to Devin’s room to see if he needs help with anything. “Devin?”

“What Harry, just because this is your house doesn’t mean you can...” Devin grabs his chest before he finishes the sentence.

“Devin!” Harry runs over and helps Devin up onto his bed. “Are you ok?”

“God fucking damn it!” Devin squeezes his eyes shut trying to ignore the pain. “Fuck that hurt.” Devin is breathing heavily, trying to get himself together. “Sorry Harry, I don’t know what that is.”

“It’s happened before?” Maybe they should tell Dumbledore, what just happened couldn’t be good for Devin.

“Its nothing I can’t deal with, I have to remember to get mad when I feel like it.” Devin had kept his emotions in for so long that it was taking him awhile to let them go.

“Are you sure? We can get Dobby to go to Dumbledore; he would want to know about this.”

“No, he can’t help; I just have to stop holding things in.” Devin had found that his soul was in him, he didn’t need his emotions anymore, his soul was back, or others had filled it when he killed the bodies they were held in.

“I just wanted to know if you needed any help unpacking, but I’ll leave you alone, if you want.”

“Sorry I yelled at you, I wonder what the Granger’s would do if they heard that.” Devin laughs something Harry couldn’t remember ever hearing from Devin.

“Well you and your sister are 17 now right? You are adults, besides Ginny I’m the youngest one in the house and it’s my house, how sad is that?”

“Lord of the Dance.” Harry looks at Devin, what did he say? “Sorry Harry, a comedian said that, it’s been nice listening to them again.” Devin had a hard time with it, laughing, getting angry, feeling happy, but he was getting use to it, sometimes he would try to hold it in with disastrous results.

Harry leaves Devin feeling a little unsettled by Devin's laugh, and goes back to his room. He had unpacked already, although he didn't really have much to unpack as he liked to keep things in his trunk and that in the bottomless pouch. Sitting on his bed he hears someone walking towards his door and before they can knock he says, "Come in Mione."

"How did you know it was me?"

"I just left Devin in his room, and it didn't sound like Monica and Ginny, and your parents would have made more noise, so I figured out it was you." Hermione's cheeks are bright red; her talk with her parents had been quite embarrassing. "What happened?"

"They know I'm an adult now so I am able to make my own choices, but they want me to follow the rules still. But if I don't..." She reaches in a pocket and pulls something out. Hermione can't look at Harry as she hands them to him.

"These are uh, what I think they are?" The foil packages all read Trojan.

"I told them we aren't doing that but they said we should be safe, just incase something happens." Her face is completely red, as is Harry's.

"Well I uh, guess, I should keep them on me." But Harry doesn't move, he is too embarrassed to do anything. "Your parents really uh, I don't know."

"Know how to put me in my place; I can't believe they did this." Hermione couldn't even look at her parents when her father gave them to her, they knew how their daughter was, the best way to make her not do something was to embarrass her about it. "But it is a good idea, if we did want to do that, but not now."

"I agree, we can't, and we aren't ready for that." But the idea had been planted in his head, the seed spreading giving him thoughts he didn't want.

"I know, not for that, but maybe more then what we have been." Hermione is able to move, and walks over to Harry on his bed. "They understand that we might not follow the rules, since I am an adult and you are the owner of the house, so maybe we could stay together, like we use to at your Aunts house."

"I guess if that's what you want, I wouldn't mind having your two pillows..."

"Git." She pushes him playfully after he takes the words Ginny had used about Monica a few days earlier. "Could you put those away, I can't think straight when I see them, even if you are." Harry crosses his legs to hide the fact the thoughts in his head had made something straight. He gets his bottomless pouch that he was keeping next to his bed and puts the condoms in there. "Besides the magical methods are far better and safer, a 100 they won't fail." Hermione laughs at the look on Harry's face. "I haven't taken the potion Harry, don't need to since we aren't ready for that."

"Not yet, now come here!" Harry grabs Hermione up in a hug and kisses her.

The next day after breakfast the teens go into the backyard. "It's so warm out here, amazing." Magic was an incredible thing.

"We could play a game of Quidditch, 2 on 2, with Devin as the ref." Monica looked at Ginny, her and Ginny versus Harry and Hermione, even as good as Harry was they would win.

"What do we use for the Quaffle, or Snitch?" Hermione did not want to play; she and a broom did not get along.

"Just get something round for a Quaffle, and no Snitch just pure Chaser skill and Keeper skill.

"Oh that's not fair I don't have any Keeper skill, or any skill on a broom."

"Hmm, guess Quidditch is out then."

“Wanna hear a joke?” The group turns around and stares at Devin, was he serious? “In the end everyone becomes bisexual since we get fucked over by Mother Nature and Father Time.” They laugh, as does Devin, but the others are nervous.

“A Rabbi, a Cleric, and a Priest walk into a bar, you think one of their Gods would have told them it was there.” Ginny laughs at her joke.

“My Girlfriend wanted a pet so I gave her crabs.” Ginny pushes Monica away from her.

“Hey, that’s not funny.”

“Yes it is.” Devin was laughing, his soul felt great, he was scared to do this at school incase he hurt someone, but here he was with friends and family, even if Monica wasn’t really his sister. “Make like a tree and get out of the kitchen.” The others don’t get it. “Sorry, from a movie.”

“Crime Fighters fight crime, Fire Fighters fight fires, but Peace Fighters fight for peace? Isn’t that like fucking for chastity?” They all turn and stare at Hermione where had that come from? They are too stunned from hearing that to laugh. “Sorry, guess it wasn’t funny.” Now they start to laugh.

“Mione where did you hear that one?”

“My parents, they didn’t know I was still awake, before we knew I was a witch.” Back at her own house, she heard her parents laughing, and snuck downstairs to see them watching a comedian and telling jokes back and forth. They continue telling jokes, laughing, forgetting that it was Devin telling some of the best ones. About ten minutes later after hearing all the laughing the Granger’s come out and hear the last joke, being told by Hermione.

“A brunette and a red head,” she elbows Ginny while smiling at Monica, “are arguing. The brunette says ‘If you’re on top you’ll have a boy, the red head says nuh uh, if you’re on the bottom you’ll have a boy’ then a blonde walks over and says ‘me and my boyfriend are

having puppies!” The group starts to laugh when they hear someone clearing their throat behind them.

“Oh hi Tom, I guess you heard that one.” Devin laughed a little more, it was a good joke.

“Yes we did, Hermione where did you hear that last one?”

“From you.” Hermione stares at her feet, feeling like an eight year old who just got caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

“And you said it wrong, if you’re going to steal my jokes you should at least tell them right.” The group, except for Hermione, laughs.

“You are old enough for such jokes Hermione; we aren’t going to scold you, although I don’t know if Ginny should be hearing some of them.” Penelope looks at the red head, she was only fifteen.

“You missed the one about the Amish girl then.” Ginny smiles at the adults, she wasn’t going to be left out of the fun just because she was younger than her friends.

“Wanted to tell you lunch is almost ready, but if you want to eat out here, it is warm.” Penelope looks around, the sun was out, out here, and if you looked out a window in the front of the house you knew it was cold and dreary.

“If you want to Mom, we could have a picnic!”

“Oh we don’t want to stop your fun Honey, but did you hear the one about the...” The group has lunch outside, telling more jokes, the Granger’s wouldn’t normally do this but they had so little contact with others they were happy to be included with their daughter and her friends.

Just one day until Christmas was left, and even though Harry had already given Hermione a Christmas present he had another one ready. He liked the gift Hermione had given him, the locket with a piece of her hair in it and had ordered a locket, by sending Dobby to Dumbledore to be extra safe, and had just gotten it. Harry goes into

his bathroom and stands in front of the mirror. "Ok, grow my hair a little." It doesn't, Harry doesn't know why, but it doesn't. "Ok, grow longer." He did nothing more than what he was used to, just think of it growing longer, or shorter, but it didn't. Harry closes his eyes and concentrates hard on making his hair longer, this time it grows. Cutting some of his hair off he closes his eyes and concentrates on putting it back, it does. "Well that was weird, probably because I broke Voldemort's connection." Harry leaves the bathroom and puts the hair in the locket, a golden locket in the shape of a heart, but he had no picture of himself to put in it.

"Mister Harry Potter Sir." Dobby had apparated without warning scaring Harry, causing him to drop the locket. "Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am has left the house."

"What? How, I can't believe her, to just walk out the door, she could get hurt."

"Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am apparated. Dobby tried to go to her but she had already entered a place that Dobby can not enter." So it wasn't the school, where else could that be?

"Don't tell anyone ok Dobby? Maybe she just wanted some fresh air." And that air was in a place not even Dobby could apparate to. Harry bends down and picks the locket back up. "Wait, she isn't, she already got me something." Had Hermione gone to Gringotts? It was the only place Harry could think of that Dobby couldn't apparate too directly. "Go to Gringotts, if Hermione is there, watch her, make sure she is safe, and if she is attacked make sure she gets out of it." Dobby apparated away with a loud crack.

Hermione was leaving Gringotts with a sack of gold, and silver, and bronze. The interest on the money Harry loaned to her had built up quite a bit. She had gotten Harry a present already, but her parents she hadn't, or any of her friends, it was hard to do so when she couldn't go to any stores when at Hogwarts, or order anything with the risk of a Death Eater intercepting it and sending something dangerous. Hermione had used a spell to make her hair red, and was wearing a deep blue robe, to cover her identity. She didn't want to

risk going into the Muggle World to buy gifts and went out into Diagon Alley to see if she could find something for her parents and friends.

An hour later Harry was sitting in Hermione's room waiting for her to get back. He couldn't believe she would do something so dangerous, so reckless, so unlike her. He didn't tell anyone else; if she was doing what he thought she was he would yell at her for doing it but didn't want her to get in trouble. Harry jumped off of Hermione's bed that he had been sitting on when the crack of someone apparating broke the silence. "Harry!" Hermione drops the bags in her hands.

"What were you thinking!" Harry had to keep calm, if he yelled, if he argued, it would only make Hermione mad and not realize what kind of stupidity she had done.

"I, I just wanted, I had to get them something."

"Then why didn't you do what I did?" He had Dobby get things, or go to Dumbledore to be extra safe.

"What did you do?" Those four simple words stopped Harry; it was so simple he hadn't seen it.

"I had Dobby get the things, for you, for our friends, even got a thing for your parents." Harry didn't tell her, if he had she wouldn't have done something so foolish. "Nice hair."

"Shut up Harry, I was smart about it; no one would have recognized me."

"Ron would have Mione."

"How did you know I was gone?" Hermione had been so careful, she didn't know it would take this long, but she had been careful.

"Dobby told me, I told him to make sure no one got in or out without me knowing, and he told me when you left." Harry never thought Hermione would leave, but if someone tried to get in he wanted to know.

"I'm sorry Harry, I wonder how long they will try and ground me." Hermione tried to be safe, smart, but she had to admit it was stupid.

"They won't, I didn't tell them Mione." Hermione hugs Harry.

"Thank you Harry, I'm sorry but I didn't know what to do, I didn't want to have nothing to give on Christmas."

"Well do you need help in wrapping what you got?" Harry motions to the multiple bags lying on the floor.

"No I can do it, but you can help if you want." She gets the items out showing them to Harry, who does help, and get the wrapping done.

"What's this bow go to?" Harry holds a large red bow, but didn't see anything to put it on.

"That's for you, you'll see." It would be corny, and silly, but she knew Harry would like it.

"Hermione, I want you to promise not to do that again, at least tell me first, I was worried." He holds her face in his hands. "I sent Dobby after you; he couldn't apparate to you so I assumed you were at Gringotts, I was right wasn't I?" Dobby hadn't come back so Harry figured that he found Hermione.

"I had to get money, but I stayed in Diagon Alley where other witches and wizards were."

"Who could have been Death Eaters." Harry wanted to make sure Hermione knew how dangerous, how stupid, it was to do what she did.

"They weren't, and even if they were they didn't recognize me." Hermione still had red hair, when someone knocked on her door. "Oh crap Harry, I don't have the spell to change this back, I need the book." She goes over to her bookshelf and grabs it.

"Honey?" It was her mom. "Oh hi Harry, Ginny?" She saw the back of a red head. "What are you doing in here?"

"Folic bronus." Hermione changes her hair back. "Mom why would Ginny be in here?"

"Oh I thought, must have been the light." She looks at the empty bags, and sees some presents wrapped. "I was wondering what we were doing tomorrow, I know we usually do things a certain way, but with your friends here you might want to do something different."

"Its ok Mom, we can do things like we always do. I don't think their parents will mind..." Hermione bites her bottom lip that was the wrong thing to say since the only other person there with parents who were still alive was Ginny, unless Harry did raise his.

"Ok, I know the Stark's are both adults now but Harry and Ginny aren't, but you always had some for Christmas and didn't know if they would want to either."

"Question, what are you talking about?" Harry had no idea, what Christmas tradition?

"Oh we usually have wine, but if you don't want to we don't have to."

"No it sounds like a great idea." Harry had drank, sure it was Muggle beer and rum, and vodka, and scotch, but never had wine. "But I don't think we have any."

"We could send Dobby, like I should of." Dobby appeared before anyone could say anything else.

"Should of what?"

"Mom if we give Dobby money we could get wine, Wizard Wine since I don't think a Muggle would like a House Elf trying to explain what a Galleon or Sickle is."

"Oh well, he works for Harry, is it ok if we do that Harry?" Harry nods. "Well, Honey we don't have any money since we can't get to the bank..." And they hadn't worked for over a year, being on the run did that to someone.

“Don’t worry Penelope I’m sure I can find the gold somewhere.” Harry had a vault full of it, even more now that interest had built on millions of Galleons.

“Ok Harry, sorry for bothering you two.” Unless they were doing something she and her husband didn’t want them to be doing.

“Its ok Mom we had just gotten done wrapping presents. I know we don’t have a tree to put them under so going to keep them up here.”

“Alright Honey, you and Harry don’t spend all day inside, it’s nice out, in the backyard.” Penelope walks out, closing the door behind her.

“Dobby,” Crack, “If I gave you some money could you get us some wine?”

“Mister Harry Potter Sir I need something to show the buyer is over seventeen.” Harry hadn’t thought about that, it made sense though.

“Here Dobby.” Hermione goes over to a pouch, Harry recognizes it as the one she made bottomless, and pulls something out. “My Apparition license.” Dobby takes it and apparates away.

“When did you get that?”

“Dumbledore took me, Mr. Weasley set it up so I could do it secretly, so no one would try and attack or anything.” She passed it her first try, even with Dumbledore teaching her she was worried, apparition was a lot like riding a broom, and something you couldn’t learn by reading a book.

“Well how about we go outside? It is nice out, and when we go back to Hogwarts won’t be able to enjoy it.” Holding hands they go to the backyard.

The next morning the people of the house get up quickly, it was Christmas, and you never grew too old for Christmas! Dobby had made breakfast already, the group wolfing it down. Even Devin seemed to be in a good mood, happy, excited. “So Harry, are we

going to sit around and open gifts together or just do it alone?" Devin had never liked Christmas much, since his soul had 'broken', but now he couldn't wait, he wanted to let the joy and happiness of Christmas explode from him, now that he could let it out without hurting anyone.

"Well, is everyone done with breakfast?" Everybody nods, even the Granger's. "I guess, I don't have a tree, but the Library has enough seats and room for it." They all go to their rooms, getting many different colored presents, the Christmas Cheer getting to them. A few minutes later they were all in the Library, except one. "Dobby." Crack.

"Yes Mister Harry Potter Sir?"

"It's time to open gifts, here's yours." Harry had put some of his old socks in a box, along with new ones, making sure that none of them matched. Dobby takes the wrapping paper off slowly, carefully, and then opens the box.

"Oh thank you very much Mister Harry Potter Sir." So many colors, so many styles, some pure white, some blue, some with stripes and some with none. "I got Mister Harry Potter Sir something to." Dobby apparates away then comes back with a very poorly made sweater.

"It's great Dobby, thank you." Harry didn't put it on, it might fall apart if he tried, and he did like it, Dobby had made it for him.

"Dobby do you want to take the day off?" Hermione didn't think it was right to make Dobby work on Christmas.

"I'm sorry Miss Hermione Granger Ma'am but today is already here and can not take it off the calendar." He apparates away before a confused Hermione can say anything else.

"I already asked him Mione, he said the same thing." Harry looks at the many different boxes, and bags, and other presents. "Voting time, all for just digging in and opening what they have raise a hand." They all do. "I guess no need to ask if we should go in order." They start opening gifts, the sound of wrapping paper being torn and people thanking the person who got them whatever it was they had gotten

fills the room. Some like the Granger's carefully took the wrapping paper off, much like Dobby, before opening their gifts. Hermione opened the box with the golden locket from Harry.

"Thank you Harry." She opens it and finds the hair. "Thank you." She puts it in her pocket not wanting to add it to her necklace just yet.

Harry had opened gifts of sweets, Quidditch supplies, books on Quidditch, including one from Ginny where she had already marked a page, the book Quidditch of Hogwarts, where the greatest Chaser played in 1974, with words scribbled next to it. "We need him on our team." And a smiley face sticking its tongue out.

Ginny let out a squeal and quickly put her gift from Monica in a pocket. "What was that Ginny?" Devin sitting closest to her heard the squeal.

"Nothing, it's nothing." Ginny blushed, how Monica had taken the picture she didn't know, but she was glad she had time to hide it before anyone saw it.

Hermione's parents were touched most by their gifts from their daughter and Harry. Harry had gotten them pictures of Hermione, wizard style, from school. They had two others, but these were special, these were at her school, she wasn't posing for them, but in most of them deep in a book or laughing about something. Their daughter had gotten them both bottomless pouches which she had filled wizard's sweets and a stone in each; Hermione had a piece of paper tied to one of them explaining what they were.

"When it glows white it means I am safe, ok, not in danger, when it glows black I am in danger, this way you will know I am safe at all times. I know you say no matter how old I get you will always be my parents and always worry about me so maybe this will help you stop worrying so much.

Love, Hermione

"Thank you Harry, Hermione, these are great." Everyone had opened their gifts, leaving a mess of wrapping paper and ribbons. "Now

before you kids leave clean this mess up.” Yes Dobby could do it, but it was Christmas, and the kids had made the mess.

“Ok.” Ginny gets her wand out and shrinks the pile of paper and ribbons then touched the end of her wand setting it on fire, making it disappear.

“We said no magic, but that was quick.” As it was Christmas the Granger’s let it go, even if it wasn’t they had come to be loose on the rules, after all it wasn’t their house, and except for Ginny and Harry, they were all adults.

Harry looked around wondering where the other gift from Hermione was, she had saved the large ribbon for it, but it wasn’t there. Harry let it go, maybe it was something big, or special, that she wanted only Harry to see. The group takes their loot, er presents, to their rooms and goes back to the Library. “Merry Christmas everyone!” Devin was having so much fun, he hadn’t needed to meditate for nearly two days, and he loved Christmas now.

“We normally watch the Christmas parade from America but we don’t have a TV, what do you want to do?” The Granger’s use to love watching the big parade, with floats, and bands, and people dressed up as elves, although looked nothing like a House Elf, and of course the big guy in a Santa suit smiling, making children all over the world smile.

“You’ve never seen a game of Quidditch have you?” Monica knew that in America Muggle’s with magical kids could watch a Quidditch game when their kid was playing, but she had never seen a parent at the Quidditch games at Hogwarts.

“No, we’ve read about it from books Hermione gave us, it seems like fun.” And dangerous, Tom was glad his daughter had never been into sports, flying around with giant metal balls trying to hit you was far too dangerous for his little girl.

“Well if we can get Hermione or Devin to play we could play a small game.” Monica looks at her brother, hoping he would. He had told her

about how he had been feeling great, almost like before what had happened to his real sister, maybe he would get back on a broom.

"I will, but I don't have a broom." Devin hadn't been on one in nearly three years, he knew he wouldn't be as good as he use to be, but riding a broom was like riding a bike, you never forget how.

"Dobby?" Crack "Could you go to my vault and get some gold for a broom? A Nimbus 2001 will work."

"Harry I can't, those are expensive."

"It's Christmas, and they have dropped in price since the Firebolt and the Nimbus 2002 came out." Dobby apparates away to Gringotts, then to a broom store. A few minutes later Dobby was back. "Thank you Dobby." Harry gives it to Devin. "Early Christmas gift for next year."

"Isn't that what you always tell me and yet you always get me something for my birthday or Christmas." The group laughs at Hermione's joke.

"Thanks Harry, I guess we could play now, what are the teams?"

"Girls versus boys!" Monica and Ginny stick their tongues out at the two boys.

"You're on! Be right back." Harry goes to the kitchen and looks in the cupboards, then refrigerator for something round. Grabbing an orange he goes back to the Library. "Here's the Quaffle, no Snitch, no Bludgers, and now we need something for hoops."

"A hoop, make it challenging, and why not just make them?" Monica gets her wand out and makes a circle in the air, then does it again, making two hoops with magic. "Sorry Tom, Penelope."

"You are an adult, and its Christmas, and we want to see Quidditch." It was so hard to enforce the rules, these kids, even if most of them were adults by age, were the little contact they had with humanity, when the older wizards and witches came they were busy in a

meeting, and when they did stop one for a short conversation it was hard to think of anything to talk about. No TV, no newspapers, except for the magical one, so they didn't know anything to talk about. They did ask for a few things, special food, or special items, like the ones they used to make sure they didn't have another child, but other than that they were cut off from everything.

Outside Monica uses magic to make the hoops float in the air, something she learned from her dad who was a huge Quidditch fan and had taught her much of what she knew about Quidditch. She still had her first broom, one that he bought, but it was in America, in whatever room her father put it in. "One Chaser, one Keeper, first person to get twenty goals wins." Hermione grabs the orange, Quaffle, and puts it behind her back.

"Ok, I have it in a hand, left or right?"

"Left." Hermione shows her left hand, no orange.

"Harry and Devin start with the Quaffle." Harry takes it from Hermione and pushes off. "Start!"

Harry charges across the backyard, it was smaller than a regular Quidditch field, but so was the hoop, and there was only one of them. Dodging Ginny easily he goes for a goal which Monica blocks. Ginny gets the orange from Monica and goes towards Devin, Harry tries to steal it but Ginny keeps it, and shoots for a goal, Devin blocks it. "This could take awhile." Hermione and her parents are sitting on the ground watching. The game goes on, with Harry getting the first goal after twenty minutes of playing. "Go Harry!"

"Biased much Hermione?" Ginny gets the orange and dives, when close to the ground she pulls up, and using her legs to jump and add more speed to her Cleansweep broom, is able to score on Devin. They go back and forth, but Harry with a much better broom is able to get the winning goal making it 20-16.

"Luck, pure luck." Monica was laughing, it was fun, even if she lost.

“Rather have luck then skill any day Sis.” Devin sticks his tongue out at Monica.

“I admit my broom helped, but we still won.” Harry flew down to Hermione. “Want to go for a ride?”

“No Harry, you know that I can’t fly.” And a fear of heights didn’t help.

“Do you?” Harry looks at Penelope and Tom, he wasn’t sure if a Muggle could ride a broom or not, but if they could why not let them?

“It does look like fun but I could never, you go so fast...” Penelope was tempted, it did look like fun.

“Tom?”

“Sorry Harry but if I fell it would mean the end of this old man.” Tom shared his daughter’s fear of heights. “But if you want to Penelope it does look like fun.”

“I’ll try.”

“Mom you’ll break your neck!”

“No she won’t Mione, Penelope hold the broom like this.” Harry helps her get on it. Now, jump, but don’t lean forward unless you want to go faster, to turn lean in the direction you want to go, to stop pull up while leaning back.” Penelope jumps, goes a few feet in the air, panics and falls back to the ground.

“Wait, give me another chance.” She closes her eyes and jumps again. She goes up into the air and stays. She opens her eyes and leans forward a little, she moves. “Wow, this is far better than an airplane, you can feel it, wow.” She flies around in a slow circle before coming back down. “I can’t believe it that was scary enough but so much fun, thank you Harry.” Penelope gets off the broom and gives it back to Harry.

“Just try doing it at a hundred kilometers an hour, that’s when it gets fun.” Harry smiles at her letting her know he is poking fun, for a Muggle it was enough just to get on a broom.

The rest of the day passes, dinner is ready. “If you want we have wine, right?” Dobby has two bottles on the table. “But I don’t know if you should Ginny, you are younger then the others and your parents might not like it.”

“I’m fine Pen, and it’s not like wine is Voldemort.” Ginny holds a glass to Dobby who fills it, Ginny takes a sip. “It’s sweet, but tastes funny.”

“Much better then the kind we usually get, what year is this?”

“Miss Granger it is 1996.” Dobby answers, correctly, it was 1996, but Penelope meant the age of the wine.

“Could I see a bottle?” Dobby hands Tom a bottle and nearly drops it when he reads the year. “1633!” This stuff was older then even what the Pope drank.

“It does taste better then what I drank.” Harry liked the sweetness of it, better then the bitter taste from the beer and rum and other such alcohol he had in the Muggle world. They eat Christmas dinner, drinking the wine, talking, enjoying themselves. After nearly an hour of savoring the food, the wine, and each other they finish dinner.

“Thank you Dobby for the wonderful dinner.” Dobby smiles at the compliment from Harry. Harry leans down and whispers to Dobby, “How much did that wine cost?”

“5,900 Galleons a bottle Mister Harry Potter Sir.” Harry had spent over ten thousand dollars on two bottles, it did taste good, and he did have the money, and the alcohol had made him cheery.

“Merry Christmas Dobby, take the rest of the time and do whatever it is you do for fun.” Dobby apparates and goes to his room, where piles of socks and other items of clothing he had collected awaited him.

“Harry come with me.” Hermione grabs his hand and leads him to her room. “Close your eyes for a second.” Harry does, not peeking, until Hermione tells him to.

“What?” Hermione had tied the large bow from yesterday to her head.

“Come unwrap your present Harry.” Hermione smiles, giggling a little, the alcohol from the wine made her feel even sillier than what she already did from putting the bow on.

“Are you sure Mione?” Harry’s mind while being clouded by alcohol was still in control of his actions.

“Come on Harry, we don’t have to go that far, but I miss being next to you, having you next to me, been so long.” Hermione sits on her bed. “I can help you if you want.” She takes her socks off.

“Ok Mione.” Harry and Hermione undress each other, Harry enjoying unwrapping his last present, kissing, touching, making the other one happy until falling asleep next to each other on Hermione’s bed.

Chapter 16: Ron the Terrible

The next morning three couples woke up naked. Hermione and Harry who quickly got dressed, Harry going to his room after kissing Hermione and hoping that no one would be in the hallway, were the first to wake up. The next couple, Tom and Penelope, were worried, they had been too cheery from the alcohol to use protection and were crossing their fingers God wouldn't use their one mistake to cause them problems. They were too old for a baby, and with the threat of Voldemort and Death Eaters they didn't want to bring a baby into that world. The third couple, Monica and Ginny, were fighting.

"You know I wanted our first time to be special!" Ginny had refrained from doing what she did last night for a reason, first she was scared, and second she wanted it to be special, until last night when the alcohol affected her most due to youth, size, and lack of experience with alcohol.

"Wasn't it special? On Christmas, together, making love?" Monica was starting to regret doing what she did, if Ginny broke up with her she would be lost.

"But not like that, I wanted to, damn it Monica! I never did anything like that, I wanted our first time to be special, and something that was amazing, not me being to drunk to enjoy it."

"You did enjoy it, you remember it, or you wouldn't be arguing with me about it."

"I hate you, I'm sorry, but to make me feel so small when I'm wrong, to show me I am being stupid, grr..." She kisses Monica. "Please forgive me."

"Ginny you were scared, and I love you to." Monica smiles at Ginny brightly. "So sexy when you growl, and it was special because it was with you."

"We better get cleaned up; I wonder what Dobby will think about the mess we made on the sheets."

"I don't know; maybe tell him to not tell anyone, just to be safe." Ginny had been a virgin, with her hymen intact, that Monica broke with a finger.

"Shut up, we need a shower." There was one attached to the room, like all the other bedrooms, something either the Black family had done or Dobby had done.

Devin, the only one alone, knew that was his own fault. He still had feelings for Monica, she wasn't really his sister, but she would never be more than a friend to him. He was still getting use to letting his emotions out, making sure they didn't build up or else he would start to burn on the inside, until he released his emotion all at once which affected people. He heard Harry running down the hall, Devin smiled, and he hoped Harry had fun. Maybe when they got back to school he could talk to Luna, she was nice, strange, but nice. She tried to talk to him before but he always pushed her away, hopefully it wouldn't be too late.

Everyone, even after waking up and getting showers, whether alone or with someone, didn't feel like doing anything. Dobby had made breakfast, but that would require going to the kitchen. Harry was almost tempted to call out for Dobby to bring him breakfast but didn't. He got up, after a shower and putting clean clothes on, and went to the kitchen. "Thanks Dobby, might want to put the other stuff away, everyone is slow getting up today I guess." Harry grabbed a plate, then another, and decided to give Hermione breakfast in bed. Not knocking on the door Harry walks in, Hermione was still in the shower. Harry puts her food on the bed that Hermione hadn't made yet, and sits in a chair to eat. A few minutes later Hermione comes out of the bathroom wearing nothing. "Hermione I brought you food." Harry couldn't stop himself from looking at Hermione, he was worried that they had moved to fast, even after what they did their first time dating, but she was beautiful

"Harry!" Hermione foolishly tries to cover up before she realizes what she is doing.

"Sorry, but after last night I thought..."

“Didn’t you eat enough to be full?” Hermione makes a joke getting dressed.

“I did, but this tastes good to, I brought you some but I guess you aren’t hungry after eating last night.” Hermione grabs the plate and sits on her bed.

“Very funny, I’m just glad my parents didn’t decide to check on me this morning, imagine that?” Harry nodded his mouth full with bacon.

“I would be dead; your dad would have strangled me before I could get a spell off.” They laugh, not feeling uneasy or embarrassed by what they did.

“That was fun Harry, but we were stupid, I can’t blame it all on the wine, if we had...”

“Don’t worry Mione I was in control, for most of it.” He smiles at her. “And it was fun, and incredible, I love you so much it hurts sometimes, and last night I got to show you.”

“I love you to Harry, thanks for breakfast, even though Dobby made it.” She finishes her food, leaving some bacon and an egg yolk on the plate. “I feel so lazy today; I wonder what the others thought about me not showing up for breakfast.”

“I don’t know, no one was up, I had Dobby put the other plates away until they get up.”

“I bet Monica and Ginny had fun last night.” Harry chokes on the last bit of egg. “I love doing that to you, why do you blush so badly when you hear about that?”

“It’s strange, I mean, I know every guy’s fantasy is that, but in real life I can’t figure it out. Aren’t we supposed to be geared to creating the next generation? So how did nature screw up...”

“They aren’t screwed up, maybe nature realizes there are too many humans already so makes people like that.”

"You think it isn't a choice?" Harry wasn't sure, if it was a choice it was a weird one to make, in his opinion, but if it wasn't what fun was that? Shouldn't you be able to love who you want to, not have it forced on you?

"Could you see doing the things we did last night with Devin?"

"No, but..."

"Then why would they be able to? I couldn't see myself doing anything like that with either one of them, because I don't love them, I love you." Hermione was actually sick to think of it, she didn't know why, maybe it was nature, but she could never do anything like that, she didn't have it in her.

"Let's not argue about something like that, it's stupid, if they love each other then let them do what they want, just don't tell me about it."

"Mmm, want to hear about what I did in the shower, while thinking about you?" Hermione laughs and throws a pillow at Harry, knocking the plate in his lap off and breaking it when it hit the floor. "Oh sorry Harry..." Crack

"Mister Harry Potter Sir mustn't be breaking the plates." Dobby grabs the plate and apparates before Harry can say anything.

"Wow, he's good; you should give him a raise." Hermione laughs and throws a second pillow, this time Harry catches it.

"He is the only House Elf being paid in the country, maybe even the world, and he loves getting socks, what kind of raise can I give him? He gets all my old socks and plenty of new ones, I just bought him two dozen new ones for Christmas." He throws it back at Hermione.

"Aw, how sweet, weird, but sweet, Dobby has a foot fetish." They talk some more, laughing, enjoying life as it was.

The rest of the day was a lazy day, the Granger's got up for lunch, Monica and Ginny went into the backyard and laid in the grass enjoying how great magic was, Devin read books, it was just a last

day. That night however, things changed. "Come on Harry, they can't ground me I'm 17, and they can't really ground you since this is your house." Hermione wanted Harry to sleep in her bed that night, even if it was only to hold each other.

"Are you sure? They grounded me before, although it wasn't much of one since already under house arrest." Harry thinks about it, they really couldn't punish him, Hermione was an adult, and this was his house as she said. "Ok, let me get some pajamas on, I'll be right up." Harry kisses her on the lips and goes to his room. Changing into his sleeping clothes he goes back.

"You couldn't wait to change up here?" Hermione smiles at Harry.

"Not tonight Mione, last night was incredible, it was special, and I am still exhausted from it." Part of him was anyways.

"Alright, ready for bed?" Harry nods. "Then come over here." Hermione gets in her bed, then Harry. "Goodnight Harry, I love you."

"I love you to Mione, goodnight." Breathing in the smell of her hair, like cherry blossoms from her shampoo, Harry drifts off to sleep.

"Isn't this just cute? You and the mud-blood." Ron!

"What are you doing here, Dumbledore cut the connection."

"Oh but the Dark Lord wouldn't let that keep him from calling you would he? Here." Harry's vision blurs, and then goes to a girl lying on the floor. "There she is, isn't she cute? Your sister Harry, she begs for you to save her, to stop me, yet you don't. The Dark Lord is willing to give you anything you want for her and your parents, but you let them suffer instead."

"Shut up Ron that won't work on me, I know it's a trick."

"Really? You doubt the power of the Dark Lord? Foolish, the only reason the Dark Lord didn't do this earlier was, well, you. He didn't have his power until you gave it to him, and he couldn't bring your parents back since he didn't have anything with their life in it, but you

did. The Dark Lord knew that the saps your parents were they would give little cutesy gifts like hair to each other, and you used it to bring them back. You are so predictable, but so were your parents, something you have in common.”

“I’m not listening Ron.”

“Oh, but will you listen to this? Bitch!” Ron kicks the girl lying on the ground. “Your brother is right there, you talked to him before, and oh you didn’t know the Dark Lord was watching, but you did. Here he is anything you want to say to him?”

“Don’t, they love you Harry, don’t...”

“Shut it bitch.” Ron kicks her again. “She makes lots of noises if you do the right thing to her.”

“She can’t be my sister; I was an only child, so this is a trick. Voldemort is stupid Ron, he may be smart in some things but in this he is as stupid as you are.” So Harry told himself, again and again.

“Oh Harry it was an interesting tale of how she came to be, want to hear it?” Harry wanted to ignore Ron, but this he had to hear. “Good, it seems the Dark Lord was followed by a follower the night he went to kill you. This follower was close to your parents, he knew them better than most, and he knew Lily Potter was pregnant.”

“Wormtail?” Besides Wormtail, Dumbledore was the next closest after they went into hiding, had contact with them.

“Yes, that rat of a man followed the Dark Lord, and when he fell did Peter help the Dark Lord? NO! He went to Lily, she was dead, but a piece of her was still alive, inside of her.” Ron smiles evilly and looks down at the girl on the floor. “He got her out using magic and ran away with her. But when Sirius caught him Peter knew he couldn’t stay human, and couldn’t take care of the bitch, so he took her to a Muggle orphanage. She grew up there thinking she was a Muggle, but Peter knew, he would check on her every year, to make sure she was safe. But when he brought the Dark Lord back he had a chance to get the bitch out, to tell her she was a witch. The Dark Lord was

amazed by Peter, he had done something without being told to, and it was a good thing. We know you want a family, why you called me brother, but here you have a sister who begs for her brother to save her.” He kicks her again making her whimper. “Poor thing, she was beautiful when I first got her, she screamed, begged me to stop, but she was nothing to me! Do you want her to feel pain Harry? Do you want your sister to be punished because you won’t do the smart thing?”

“Leave her alone!” Even if she wasn’t his sister she was a person being hurt by his former friend, his brother.

“No, and right now you can’t break the connection, so watch and listen to her pain because you are too stupid to follow the Dark Lord!” Ron takes his wand out. “Crucio!” She screams, ear splitting scream, writhers on the ground. “Like that? Well, maybe this will get you to wise up.” Ron sets the girl’s clothes on fire, but with magic doesn’t burn her. “Pretty nice meat isn’t she? And she is all mine to use whenever I want, almost as good as the slanted pussy I got from Cho.”

“Stop! Please Ron, don’t do this, you can still be saved, Dumbledore...”

“Is an old fool, he will die soon Harry, he can’t have many years left, and why would I want to be saved from paradise? Power, money, women, she isn’t the only one I shag, being the right hand man of the Dark Lord makes women fall before me, wanting me.” Ron takes his robe off revealing he is wearing nothing else. “Watch Harry, listen to her beg, you can’t cut the connection until the Dark Lord does, no matter what that old fool told you.” Harry tries to close his eyes, but in this dream, vision, whatever it was he can’t. He can’t turn away; he is being forced to watch Ron violate this girl.

Ron continues for nearly an hour, before standing up and putting his robe back on. “You see what you can stop Harry? Join the Dark Lord, join us and this stops. He grows tired of waiting Harry, he tries to be nice, to make a deal, but you turn them down. Maybe this will give you something to think about. Just call out ‘Voldemort, I need you!’

and he will talk to you, make a deal.” Everything goes black for Harry, who sleeps for the rest of the night dreamlessly.

The next morning Harry wakes up after the nightmare, the connection, but doesn't hear the buzzing noise. Did Dumbledore's spell fail? Or did Voldemort wait until he was asleep, so Harry couldn't tell Dumbledore? “Harry?” Hermione feels Harry moving around.

“I need a shower; I need to clean that off of me.”

“What? Harry wait I'll...”

“No I have to do this alone, don't touch me, not now.” Harry felt dirty, he had watched his former best friend, his brother, rape a girl, and didn't stop it. But the only way to do so was to join Voldemort, something he couldn't do. Harry goes to his room, takes a long hot shower trying to clean something that wasn't there. Nearly rubbing his skin raw Harry gets out a little shaky, he had to do something, if this girl was, or wasn't, his sister it didn't matter she was an innocent person being hurt by Ron. Going into his room Hermione is waiting for him.

“Harry what's wrong?” Hermione thought she had done something wrong, why Harry told her not to touch him.

“Ron, he, he was connected to me last night.”

“You mean, when we, on Christmas, but didn't you hear the noise that Dumbledore...”

“No last night, he, he had a girl, the one from before, he hurt her. He told me if I wanted to stop it I should join Voldemort, but I can't do that. But he hurt her, he; he violated her, and made me watch.”

“That bastard!” Hermione pounds the bed with her fist. “How could he, he was never like this, how could he change so much?” Harry gets dressed wondering the same thing. “I knew he was mad about you getting so much attention during the tournament, but he got over it, right?”

"But then you went with Krum, and I won, but he didn't change then. He may have hated Krum since you were dating him, and jealous of me, but he didn't change yet. He thought you were a Death Eater, attacked you because of it, but when a real Death Eater came to him at the hospital he didn't attack them, why?" Hermione shrugs her shoulders. "I don't know either, maybe he was too weak, too weak to fight, and they tricked him, but by the time he got the Dark Mark he had to know he couldn't turn back. He says he has everything he ever wanted, money, power, women, but he doesn't have us does he? He doesn't have his friend, maybe that's why he wants us to join Voldemort so much, to really have everything he wants he needs his friends." Dumbledore said they were not a weakness, friends were strength, needing people were strength, and even Voldemort would be nothing without his followers.

"He can go straight to hell for all I care, and if I am the one to put him there..."

"No Mione, I won't let you do that. Dumbledore says when you kill someone your soul is torn, yours is too beautiful to have it torn, I will be the one to send him to whatever afterlife he believes in."

"Harry we can't, it's just emotions right now, but we can't kill him, even if he has changed into a bloody bugging bastard." To kill took more than casting a spell, it took intent, it took a part of the soul Hermione didn't want to admit was in her, in Harry.

"Not now, but if I could get him alone, to save that girl, I could."

"Exactly Harry, you are the hero, you don't mean to be, you don't put on a cape and fly around to save the day, you just are. She could be a Death Eater playing a part of the act to get you to join Voldemort."

"Why does life need to be so hard?"

"No one ever said it was easy Harry, but sometimes it feels like it won't end, and other times you wish it would go on forever, can't remember who said it, probably in the Bible or something."

"Like when we are together, but that won't end for many years, right Mione?" The mood had lightened, the dirtiness of last night was gone from Harry, and Hermione had filled it with herself.

"Forever and ever Harry, as long as you'll have me." She walks over and kisses Harry. "Now I need a shower, care to join me?"

"No, not right now, my skin is kind of sore, scrubbed to hard." Stopped when he started to bleed a couple times.

"Well I'll see you at breakfast Harry, love you." She kisses him again.

"I'll be there."

Harry sat at the kitchen table; he didn't feel like eating after what he had seen the night before. Harry couldn't hear a buzzing noise so Voldemort wasn't coming through; he started and stopped the connection when he was sleeping. Harry hated that he could do nothing, well he could, but it meant joining Voldemort, something Harry couldn't do. Hermione was finished showering and joined Harry in the kitchen. "I'm sorry Harry, if Ron did that last night we might need to tell Dumbledore, we can't be letting Voldemort connect to you, even at night."

"He was doing it to get to me Mione, he knows I play the hero, even when I don't mean to. Last year I ran to save Cho, to protect the school, I didn't think of it as playing the hero but it was. I have to keep myself from doing that, I can't risk it, even to stop what Ron was doing."

"It could have been a Death Eater, playing a role, so you would be the hero." It's what Hermione could think of; she didn't want to believe that Ron, their former friend, could be so evil.

"I know, and it might not be my parents, but they could be my parents, she could be my sister."

"But how Harry, you were an only child."

“Ron told me how, how my Mom was pregnant when Voldemort killed her.” Harry pounds the table with his fist. “How Wormtail followed Voldemort, used magic to get her out of my Mother, and put her in an orphanage when Sirius started to chase after him. When Voldemort came back Wormtail got her out of the orphanage, told her she was a witch, and they have been trying to use her to get me.”

“Well, maybe, I’m sorry Harry I can’t help you, I wish I could but I can’t.”

“You don’t have to, it’s my problem...”

“Which makes it my problem to Harry. I love you Harry, and if you have a problem it means I have a problem.” She leans over the table and kisses Harry.

“Oh I don’t need to see that!” Tom had just walked in for breakfast.

“Sorry dad.” Hermione doesn’t blush; she loved Harry and didn’t care if her father saw her kissing him. “Where’s mom?”

“Uh, she is, it’s nothing.” Yet, they knew it was too early for a pregnancy test but if his wife was they had no way of getting a pill, or the other option, if she was pregnant they would have the child.

“Ok, well, Harry, after breakfast want to go into the backyard?”

“I’m done.” Harry couldn’t even stomach a piece of toast.

“Oh well, let me get something on a plate and we can go outside.” Hermione puts some bacon, an egg, and some toast on a plate. “Say good morning to mom when she gets up.” Hermione and Harry go outside.

That night Harry was worried, he didn’t want to go to sleep, and didn’t think he could, if Ron connected to him again... “Mione?”

“Yes Harry?” They were lying in bed together, this time Harry’s bed.

"Could you do a spell that wakes me up if I, something?" Harry wasn't sure what to ask for, he had racked his brain for a spell that would work but he couldn't think of any. After all the spells he learned and read about he couldn't think of a single one that met his criteria.

"In case Ron connects again? Well, I could do something that should keep him from connecting." Hermione rolls over and looks at Harry. "But it might hurt you, if I get it wrong..."

"Ron will hurt me far worse than you, whatever it is please do it, I won't blame you if it hurts me."

"Are you sure?" Harry nods anything to keep him from seeing what he saw the night before. "Ok, let me get my wand." Hermione rolls back over and reaches to the floor next to her bed and grabs her wand. Getting up and off the bed Hermione starts to concentrate. "Harry sit up please." Harry does. "Please work, Bloki Psyoro!" A green beam comes out and hits Harry. "Harry!" Harry had collapsed, Hermione wasn't sure if the spell was supposed to do that, it didn't describe it very well in the book she read. It was supposed to let someone sleep without being disturbed, but how long it would work, was supposed to work, she couldn't remember. Going over to her book shelf she finds the book. Finding the spell she is frustrated, it just gave the effects, not how long they would last, if done correctly. Hermione walks back over to the bed and gets in. "Harry, please wake up tomorrow." She moves the unconscious Harry so she can hold him, falling asleep.

Three days later and Harry had slept soundly every night. The spell worked for exactly 6 hours every time it was used, and kept Ron from connecting to Harry. They had one more night until they went back to Hogwarts, but weren't sure how they were going there, would they take the train or port key? "Dobby?" Crack, "Please go to Dumbledore and ask him how we, my friends and I, are going to Hogwarts." Crack.

"Harry, when we do go back, I could teach Devin the spell since you can't do it to yourself." Hermione was rubbing Harry's back, they were sitting on her bed, they had just gotten done eating dinner.

"No, when we get back I'll deal with it, but I don't want Ron here, when I'm with you."

"If you're sure Harry, I don't want him to hurt you, I love you Harry." Hermione hugs Harry, kissing his cheek.

"I love you to Mione, I love you to." Harry turns his neck and kisses Hermione. "Are you sure you want to do this?" Since it was their last night at Harry's they wanted to be together, like they were on Christmas.

"If that bastard connects to you the buzzing noise starts, close your eyes and I will get my wand." Hermione didn't want Ron to ruin this; she loved Harry and wanted to be with him.

"Ok Mione, I love you so much Mione, and if he tries to look at you, I can't do anything." Hermione hugs him again, kissing his neck.

"Don't worry Harry, don't worry." Hermione lets go of Harry and lies on the bed. "Come here Harry."

The next morning they woke up next to each other, with someone pounding on the door. "Oh bloody hell Harry, hide!" Harry rolls out of the bed and rolls underneath it. "Come in!" Penelope walks in.

"Honey it's time to get up, what the?" Penelope sees the bed is a mess, her daughter wasn't clothed, and something wasn't right. "Oh my God! TOM!"

"Mom what's wrong?" Hermione tried to play stupid, something very hard for her to do.

"Where is he, where's Harry?" Penelope goes over to the bathroom and looks in it. "Where is he hiding Hermione?"

"Mom I don't know..."

"Why did you call me up here?" Tom covered his eyes, he didn't need to see his daughter's... "Wait, where's that Harry kid!"

"Go to his room; see if he is there, he has to be hiding in here Tom." Penelope was going through Hermione's closet.

"Mom, Dad, he isn't in here!" Then Hermione grabs a ring on the table next to her bed, and drops the other to the floor. "Come on Harry, get it."

"Mione, what do we do?"

"I'm gonna drop my bag, climb in it, hide, I'll get you out later." Hermione pushes the bottomless pouch under the bed. "I'm sorry, but stay in there, I don't know when I will be able to get you out."

"Hermione Jane Granger where is he!" Tom got back from Harry's room, whose bed hadn't been slept in. "And get a shirt on or something!"

"I don't know, he's not in here, I swear." Hermione pulls her covers up to her neck. "What's wrong with you? He isn't in here, he wasn't in here, if he isn't in his room I don't know where he is." Hermione tried to sound convincing.

"Oh so you just sleep like that every night? And that mess, Hermione Jane Granger we can't believe you would do this..."

"Even if I did I'm 17! I am an adult, you may be my parents but I am an adult if I did do what you are saying it isn't bad! He isn't up here!"

"Oh really? Then what's this?" Tom picks up a pair of boxers, Harry's boxers.

"I, uh, Harry isn't up here!" Tom looks under the bed, nothing but a bag.

"Magic, you used magic, Dobby!" Crack

"Yes Mister Granger?"

"Go to Harry, and tell us where he is." Crack

"See? He isn't here."

“Then why are you...”

“I was getting ready for a shower! When you knocked I thought it was Harry so I jumped in bed to cover up when Mom came in.” It took her a few minutes to think it up but hoped it worked.

“Then where is he?”

“I don’t know! If he isn’t in his room he might be at the graveyard...”

“Then why hasn’t Dobby come back yet?” Hermione wasn’t sure; did he end up in the bag?

“Uh, if Harry is at the graveyard, you can’t apparate there; you have to use a port key.” It was true at Gringotts, but not at the graveyard, but her parents didn’t know that.

“Apparate? That’s the teleporting thing you do, right?” Hermione nods. “I’m sorry Honey, I, how do you explain the boxers?”

“If Harry is kidnapped I need an article of clothing from Harry to do a homing spell, I got an entire outfit of Harry’s, shirt, pants, socks, and underwear.” Actually that would be a good thing to do, but Voldemort could block any of those spells.

“But, the, Hermione you’re lying.”

“I am not; I had a nightmare last night, that’s why the sheets are well, everywhere.”

“Oh I’m sorry Honey, I, now we’re really running late; the other wizards are going to be here soon, quick get a shower and get ready.”

“Oh so we are taking the train?” Penelope shrugs her shoulders. “But then why are they coming?”

“Dumbledore sent a letter saying they were coming to get you at eight, it’s almost 7:30 we’ll leave you alone, sorry.” Penelope and Tom

leave Hermione's room, both hearts trying to slow down, they had quite a scare about their little girl.

Hermione reached under her bed and pulled the bag out. "Harry, you can come out now." She sees Harry is standing around, not sure how to get out. "Hmm, how about I do this, get ready." Hermione turns the bag upside and Harry, along with other things, fall out.

"That was weird; the hole seemed so far away, I couldn't reach it." Harry, still very naked, wonders what to do. "Uh, if they are waiting for me they might wonder how I got up here."

"And the Order is coming to pick us up soon, you can share the shower with me then I will put you back in the pouch and take you to your room." Hermione walks over to the bathroom, Harry follows more than happy to join her in the shower.

After the shower and getting Harry to his room Hermione helps him pack his things. "We only have a few minutes Harry, hurry up."

"I just need to get Hedwig and her cage; I'll meet you in the front." Hermione leaves Harry's room and gets her things, that she had packed the night before, and meets Harry and the others in the front.

"Mom, Dad, I'll miss you."

"We will miss you to Honey; it was nice seeing you over Christmas though." Tom and Penelope hug Hermione, still a little shook up over their earlier scare with their precious little girl.

"I know, just a few more months and I'll be back for summer." Hermione realizes that is a long ways away, but she would see them then, she had to go to school so she could become smarter and stronger. Maybe smart enough and strong enough to help Harry; protect Harry.

There is a knock on the door. Harry opens it up without waiting for the password getting a wand in his face. "Harry what would happen if I was a Death Eater?" Remus was disappointed in Harry's carelessness.

"But we knew you were coming, it had to be you." It was pretty bad, but they knew the members of the Order were coming.

"Yes, but I could have been a Death Eater, if we had been intercepted by Death Eaters and they used Veritaserum on us they would know where you live."

"I'm sorry Remus." Harry had been excited to see Remus but now he felt small, he had done something that could have gotten them all killed.

"Ok back in the house."

"What? Aren't we..."

"No, we are being followed by Death Eaters, thankfully Dumbledore and his magic has made sure they can't follow us all the way here. We need some hair from all of you, we are going to send you by portkey but we want the Death Eaters to think you are taking the train. Tonks, Meriwether, and Spires will take the girl's places, I'll take Harry's and Dawdles will take Devin's." Everyone pulls a little hair out and gives it to the ones taking their places.

"So we are taking portkeys, are you sure it will be safe for you to go as us? If the Death Eaters attack..."

"We will only have your image, not lack of skill in battle. We are all, except Remus, trained Aurors." Tonks takes Hermione's hair. "I can make myself a brunette at will but this will be different."

"And we have Moody at the wheel; his eye is the best watchout we have." Remus takes Harry's hair. "Have the bag Moody?" Moody takes out several vials, all recognized as Polyjuice potions by the students. The adults take their potion, and seconds later a second group of teens is at the front door.

"Wow, American is bigger." Spires looks down at her new self. "We need to go, Moody give them the portkey." Moody hands a cup to Harry.

"All you do is touch it, and when all of you do you will be at Hogwarts. Make sure you are holding your things or they will be left behind." Moody leading the second group of teens to a Ministry car leaves the first group behind.

"Are we ready?" Harry looks at his friends, they all nod. "I guess grab on and wait for the..." They do before he finishes, the hook behind the navel feeling taking him.

Landing in the Great Hall they see other students arriving by Port Key. "I wonder why, the train station wasn't destroyed or anything, it would have been in the Newspaper." More students landed around them, it didn't seem like anyone would be coming in on the train.

"Harry, there are only so many students in Hogwarts; maybe they thought this was easier." Hermione watches as even more students arrive, but she knows it was only a fraction of what normally went to Hogwarts. "Maybe parents pulled even more students from Hogwarts..."

She was right, even more students were kept at home, parents couldn't let their children leave them after spending time with them over Christmas. Hermione and Monica were now the only 6th year girls in Gryffindor, both Patil Twins were kept at home. All of the Gryffindor girls in Ginny's year were kept at home also leaving her alone. Luna had the same thing happen to her, but she liked this, it meant her things wouldn't 'walk' off. Most of the 7th year students came back, they were 17 and their parents couldn't tell them what to do. But so many more had been kept back; barely a hundred students were left at Hogwarts. "This can't be good; if students keep getting pulled they will have to close it." Hermione knew it took a lot of money to run the school; the teachers alone took a lot of Galleons.

"I hope not, what would happen?"

"Home schooling, maybe, unless more students come back. But, if there are fewer students, less food and things to be bought, that would save money." But she doubts it would be enough. A few more

students appear in the Great Hall, about 120 altogether, when Dumbledore enters the Great Hall with Headmaster McGonagall.

“Children many of you are wondering why you have come here by Portkey instead of on the train and the answer is safety.” Headmaster McGonagall followed by Dumbledore go up to the staff table in the Great Hall. “First you may have realized that many of your fellow students have not come back. Their parents are worried about the Death Eaters and another attack on the school, even though that is foolish; this is the safest place in all of England. You have come here by Portkey also because there is no point in using the train for so few students, to risk another attack on the train station, on the train itself.” Many students look around, they were there during the attack on the train station, no one had died as the Ministry had been prepared.

“Now that you are all here earlier then normal enjoy the meal that should be done by now and take your time settling down.” Dumbledore claps his hands and plates full of food appear on the tables, goblets of pumpkin juice, the students leave their things on the floor and eat, enjoying the meal.

Later on, after getting back to the dorm rooms, Hermione has come up to Harry’s dorm room. “Harry come here.” Harry leaves Devin and Neville in the dorm room and follows Hermione to hers.

“Now wait Mione we can’t...” She kisses him hard, smiling brightly.

“Ginny is alone, so Monica moved her stuff to Ginny’s dorm room, meaning I’m all alone in here.” She smiles even more.

“You mean, that Monica is with Ginny, and that means that you are the only one left here?” Harry raises an eyebrow he knows what this implies. “Well that does bring many things to...” She kisses him hard interrupting him.

“You might want to leave your things in your dorm room but we can stay here at night, together.” She grabs his hand and sits down on her bed. “Like at your house.”

"Wait Mione what would you know, Devin and Neville say?" Harry was nervous, he liked what they did at his house, it was special, even when they just held each other as they slept, did he want that here? Would it involve more?

"Who cares? They know we are dating, and do you think Devin or Neville would hold it against you if you stayed here instead of there? Also, now that we are here I could take the potion so we could, you know, make love?" She said it more like she was asking Harry then telling Harry.

"I, I don't know Mione, are you ready for that? Our first time..."

"Didn't happen, remember what you said? We are starting over, as if we never did anything, so that didn't happen. I am ready for it, and it isn't some stupid potion or me feeling like we need to do more, I love you, and want to make love." Hermione felt so stupid for how she had acted the first time they dated, she was going off of books and what the other girls were doing, she wasn't concerned about what Harry really wanted. This time was different, she even talked to Monica about it, about how she felt, and knew this time was different. "If you don't want to we don't have to, I know you love me, not what we do but me."

"I, if you really want to, if you are ready, I am ready. If it will make you happy we can, tonight even, here."

"If it makes you happy to Harry, I don't want you to do something you don't want to, as long as you are happy." Hermione still felt stupid about how she acted before, Harry wanted nothing more then to make her happy and all she did was hurt him, force him to do more then he wanted. He went along with it because it made her happy, but not now, this time was different, she was only going to do something if it made Harry happy.

"I love you Mione." Harry hugs Hermione. "Tonight we can, we can make love." Hermione hugs Harry back.

“Ok Harry, this is going to be a little embarrassing asking Madam Pomfrey for it, there’s only one use for it, and she will know.” Hermione blushes a little thinking about it.

“I’m sure Madam Pomfrey has given it to plenty of students, why they have it right? And you are an adult, technically, so why be embarrassed?”

“You’re right; maybe I can act like I am studying it, trying to find other uses for it.” Hermione laughs a little, thinking about it, it might actually have other uses she could look for. There were over a dozen uses for dragon’s blood, why not this potion?

That night, after dinner, Harry grabs his bottomless pouch, with everything in it, and goes to Hermione’s room. She was waiting for him, wearing nothing but a smile. “Are you ready Harry?”

“I hope so Mione, would hate to disappoint you.” He joins her in the bed, making love for the first time with anyone. The first time had been a potion, Amelia was nothing but an escape, this was truly love.

Chapter 17: Double Trouble

After nearly a week of being back at school things were starting to become 'normal'. With so few students the 2nd and 3rd year students were grouped together in classes, and most classes had students from every house. With this meant less time spent in class, and made teaching easier for the Professors. "Charms is still so easy, even though its stuff we never did in you know when." Hermione and Harry had been bored for most of the class, Hermione was still the best and Harry wasn't too far behind.

"I know what you mean Mione, if I hadn't been so bored during my last summer at the Dursley's, or read so much when you were gone, so many things that have made this easier." And now he knew it was him doing it, when he learned that Voldemort had been sharing his power Harry thought that maybe that was why classes had become easier, but this past month and more had shown that Harry was doing it all on his own.

"You mean since you finally studied you did better! Why do you think I was always trying to get you and, you know, to study?" Hermione sticks her tongue out at Harry as they walk down the hall. "And nice of you to stick around after your Charms class was over, you really should think about becoming a teacher."

"I'm not you Mione, you're the future Professor not me. I'm the next Viktor Krum, hopefully, I don't know if I could play if Voldemort was still out there."

"That won't matter, I'm sure Voldemort will fall before that." Hermione holds Harry's hand walking to the Common Room.

"Cross your fingers on that one Mione, Dumbledore, or I, might not be able to beat him."

"You won't have to do it Harry!" Hermione squeezes Harry's hand. "You won't have to kill anyone, or face Voldemort, that's why there are Aurors and the Order..."

“Except the prophecy says I have to kill him, or he will kill me. Why do you think he wants me to join him so badly, well, except he doesn’t know the whole prophecy.”

“I know Harry, but please, don’t let him trick you, or let Ron make you do anything stupid, I know you want to save the girl, whoever she is, but if you do they will hurt you.”

“You’re right, I do, but I can’t, to do that would probably get me hurt.” He had to accept that, he had no way of even getting there, let alone a way to get the girl or anyone else, out.

“Good, now let’s get some more studying done.” She kisses Harry on his cheek. “Unless you want to do something else.”

“Oh we can wait for tonight, right Mione?” Harry kisses Hermione on the lips. “But haven’t you had enough? I know I’m starting to get worn out, you’re so incredible that I give it my all.”

“I’ll never have enough of you Harry.” They get their books out to study in the Common Room.

A week later, and with another snow storm, Care of Magical Creatures had been canceled. Harry had nothing to do, Hermione was in her Ancient Runes class, Devin had gone somewhere besides their room so Harry wasn’t going to bother him. Harry closes his eyes, trying to control his thoughts, to meditate, when he hears a buzzing noise. “Voldemort!” Harry keeps his eyes closed, puts his hands over his ears, but this meant he wouldn’t have a way to get to Dumbledore to block Voldemort.

“Close Harry, Voldemort is allowing me to talk to you.” Ron, with a smug look on his face, stares at Harry. “I just wanted to see how you were doing Harry, see if you were ready to accept our deal.”

“Never!” Harry can’t believe Ron, how could he think Harry would ever join Voldemort?

“Then I’m sorry to say we need to up the ante.” The vision moves away from Ron and shows two people in separate cages, his

brothers! "We gave them a deal, join the Dark Lord or prepare to die. They refused, and now here they are."

"You wouldn't Ron, they, they're your brothers!" Harry could see the two, both curled up sitting on the floor. He couldn't tell which one was which but neither looked like they were at their best.

"I won't, if you promise to join the Dark Lord." Ron gets his wand out and taps it on the cage; lightning comes out of the wand and electrocutes the cage, and the person inside. "Just promise the Dark Lord and this stops. Last time he cried and begged me to kill him, the Dark Lord wanted to but I thought this might push you to join us finally."

"I, I can't, I mean, I..." Harry was stuck, if he said no the Twins would die, if he said yes he would have to, well, did he? "If I promise to join you, I can't join you right now, but I, I promise, give me time to convince Hermione..."

"Why should we? We could just give you a collar for that mud-blood bitch."

"I don't want that, a slave, I want Hermione to join with me, if I can't convince her then we can use a collar, but give me time, end of this school year, I promise."

"Why should we..."

"Quiet Ronald. Harry, you're planning something, I know you are, but a promise is a promise is it not? You won't go back on your word if it meant death of an innocent would you? We are going to make it so we can track these two wherever they go, and make them come to me whenever I call for them. Ronald, release them, Harry has promised as we asked. Until the end of the school year you say? I will hold you to it Harry, if you try to break our promise I will kill these two, your parents, your sister, and then I will kill you and anyone else you love." The connection stops, the buzzing goes away.

"Harry, Harry!" Neville was standing over Harry shaking him; Harry had collapsed to the floor.

"I'm ok, I just, must be a cold." Harry gets up. "Thanks Neville but I'm fine."

"Are you sure? You were screaming something; you kept saying something about Ron and Voldemort."

"I, I guess I fell asleep."

"You and Hermione not getting much sleep are you?" Neville laughs relieved that Harry had just been having a dream.

"You know it." Harry laughs with Neville, glad for the cover story. "Man that was a weird dream."

"Sounded like a bad one, I was just coming back since there's nothing to do until dinner."

"Yeah, why I was taking a nap." When would the other classes end? Why couldn't Hermione have the same class schedule as him?

"Well, I'm going upstairs, have some homework to do." Neville leaves Harry in the Common Room for more then homework. He felt a twinge of jealousy, Harry had Hermione, Devin and Luna he was sure were dating, yet he had no one. Ginny was just a friend, Monica was just a friend; he was closer to Moaning Myrtle then any girl at school. She helped him get the nerves up to ask Luna out, but Luna said no.

After all afternoon classes had ended Harry surprised Hermione outside her classroom. "How did you get here so fast?"

"Care of Magical Creatures was canceled due to the blizzard so I waited for you." Harry smiles and kisses Hermione. He wasn't going to tell Hermione about the vision, the conversation, whatever it was with Ron and Voldemort. He would think of something, had to, if he didn't want to become a Death Eater.

Valentines Day was fast approaching, and unlike last year Harry was looking forward to it. But he would have to get something for Hermione and had no idea. He tried Neville, he tried Devin, they had

no clue and he felt stupid for asking them. He was getting frustrated, he didn't want to get more jewelry, and Hermione had enough as it was. He didn't want to get flowers, that seemed tacky, but had no idea what to get her. He would have to ask a girl but was embarrassed to do it, he should know what to get Hermione, not be forced to ask a girl, but Monica was Hermione's friend, she would know. Harry waits for Monica, and most likely Ginny, in the library. They still came here all the time to be alone, but soon it would be flooded by 5th year and 7th year students, well, not flooded as there were so few students left, more of a drip of students. Monica, and Ginny, gets to the library several minutes after Harry gets there. "Hi Monica, I uh, wanted to talk to you about something, hi Ginny."

"What's it about Harry?" Monica hadn't expected anyone to be here; she saw Hermione back at the Common Room and expected Harry to be around there somewhere.

"I need to talk to you about something, well, I guess Ginny could help."

"Help? With what?"

"Valentines Day is coming and I don't know what to get Hermione." Harry blushes feeling even more stupid, how could he not know what to get Hermione? She was his girlfriend, he could always think of something to get her, but now... he had no idea.

"Well you could give her bestest friend a million Galleons." Monica laughs at her joke.

"I'm serious, I don't want to get her more jewelry and flowers, they just seem so I don't know. I want to get her something special but I don't know what to get her."

"Well you two have been doing something for quite awhile, those walls aren't soundproof." Ginny and Monica laugh, the walls were pretty thick, and they couldn't hear it, but Ginny knew it would get Harry to blush even more. "You look so cute when your face gets that red."

“Oh so red is your color? Maybe I should dye my hair.” Monica laughs as she runs her fingers through her hair.

“Stop it! I’m serious; I don’t know what to get her.”

“Well you do always get her such flashy things; maybe she would like something else, even flowers. Or chocolate, women love chocolate.”

“Ooo, some chocolate fudge, liquid chocolate, mmm, more of a gift to yourself than her though.” Monica’s mind turned to perversion, staring at Ginny getting an idea for their Valentines Day.

“I’d go with flowers and chocolate though, it is Valentines Day, and you don’t usually get her those things.” Ginny wondered why Monica was looking at her like that, it crept her out a little.

“Really? I think those are so, mundane, normal, I don’t want to get her normal things.”

“It’s not normal if you find special ways to use it.” Monica had it all in her head; this February 14th was going to be a fun night.

“Thanks, I guess I could find a special way to give it to her.” Harry leaves the two in the library trying to think of a way to make it special, special things, special ways, for a special woman.

Just two days until Valentines Day and Harry had two problems, Hermione and Ron. He had promised to become a Death Eater, it was a stupid thing to do, it was to save the Twins, but stupid. He didn’t want to go to Dumbledore or Hermione, Hermione would tell him what he already knew and he thought Dumbledore might be disappointed in his actions. And he really didn’t want to tell Hermione so close to Valentines Day, they hadn’t had one together and now that they were he didn’t want to mess it up. He hoped Hermione would like the gifts he had gotten, and how they would be given, following Monica’s advice. Unfortunately Ron, and Voldemort, were not going to let Valentines Day be a happy one for others.

“Bring him here!” A man is dragged before Voldemort. “Thought you and Dumbledore were so smart did you?”

"I, I'm sorry My Lord, I, he made..."

"He did nothing! You were playing both sides until the victor came out." Voldemort gets his wand out. "Do you have anything to say before you die?"

"No! Please My Lord I never meant..." Pain erupts through the man's body as Voldemort hits him with a Cruciatus Curse.

"I planted you at the school all those years ago; you swore your loyalty to me, after one Professor left me he was killed, and when the traitor Severus left me you were the last connection to that school."

"I know My Lord; why I am still useful, please, give me another chance." The man was begging for mercy, something Voldemort had very little of.

"Well then, there may be something you can do. All Owls and packages are checked before being allowed into Hogwarts now, very hard to get something in. I could spend my time and energy to do it but you can help me. I have an item for you, make sure the mud-blood Hermione Jane Granger gets it, she is what stands before me and my prize." Just for the hell of it Voldemort hits the man with another Cruciatus Curse.

Harry could feel the pain in his scar, Voldemort was up to something, there wasn't a buzzing noise so he hadn't connected to him but his power, his evil, was coming through. "Harry are you alright?" Hermione looks up from her book when she hears Harry grunt.

"I'm fine; it's just a headache from reading so much." Harry sets his book down rubbing his forehead.

"Don't lie to me Harry." Hermione saw where Harry was rubbing, right over his scar. "Voldemort isn't connecting to you is he?" She was too concerned to be mad at Harry for lying.

"It's nothing, he must be doing something, I can't tell what though." Sweat starts to form around his brow, the pain is increasing, was

Voldemort attacking him? Why would he though, Harry had promised to become a Death Eater, but Voldemort knew Harry was planning something he just let it go.

“Harry if it’s Voldemort we...”

“No, not Dumbledore, I’ll be fine, he must be trying to hurt me without getting his hands dirty.” And again Harry wondered why, he had promised to join Voldemort.

“I don’t want you to hurt Harry, Dumbledore might...”

“No! I will not bother Dumbledore with this.” Harry worried that Dumbledore would read his mind, know he had promised to Voldemort to become a Death Eater, even if it was only to save the Twins. Harry rubs his forehead some more, sweating some more, his body feels hot, his scar hurt, what was Voldemort doing?

“Harry, please, let’s go to Dumbledore...”

“No, not yet.” Harry couldn’t, not until he came up with a plan to get out of the promise he made to Voldemort, or at least not until Valentines Day was over, he wasn’t going to let anything ruin that for Hermione. “I’m feeling better, really, he must have stopped.” Harry stopped rubbing his scar, he had to stop, if Hermione took him to Dumbledore it wouldn’t be good.

“Are you sure?” Hermione puts a hand to Harry’s forehead. “You don’t feel warm, I guess its ok.” Hermione bites her bottom lip in worry, Harry didn’t look alright, but he said so, and his head wasn’t warm, she let it go.

Valentines Day came; February 14th was met with dozens of Owls dropping cards and gifts on the breakfast table. Hermione noticed she didn’t get anything, she sees Harry got his card, and an invitation, what she sent him, but she didn’t have anything. “Harry, is Hedwig ok?”

“Yeah, she’s fine, why wouldn’t she be?” Harry puts the card and invitation away. “Perfect, especially for later.”

“What?” Hermione looked around, seeing everyone else had something to open, but not her. “Where’s my gift?”

“Later, you’ll love it Mione, I swear.” I hope. Harry holds her hand and kisses her on the cheek. “You’re ‘invitation’ is perfect for what I have planned.”

“Really? I can’t wait, maybe we could skip classes, wait, I have my test in Arithmancy today and...”

“It’s fine to wait Hermione it won’t go anywhere.” And it would take time for Dobby to set it up. Harry gave Dobby an extra pair of socks for the work he was doing. Around the table squeals of joy and delight were heard, laughs, happiness, everything was going great on this day, unlike last years Valentines Day.

After class Hermione goes to her room and is amazed by what she sees. Roses of all different colors are on the walls, ceiling, and petals on the bed. The only thing not covered by roses or petals was the window and floor, and there was a package on the bed. She opens it and sees an antique necklace, made of rubies and sapphires, her birthstone and his, just like her bracelet. “Hermione! You were supposed to wait so I could take you up here.” Hermione is startled when Harry comes in.

“Oh I didn’t know, I was going to put my things away and saw it, its beautiful Harry.”

“I’m glad you liked it, I know flowers on Valentines Day are mundane but I thought this would more then make up for it.” He had thought of a great way to give them to Hermione, even if they were just flowers the way they were given was amazing to both. “What’s that?” Harry sees the necklace.

“A necklace, how much did it cost?”

“I don’t know, I didn’t get it.” Harry reaches out for it when someone, something, stops him. “Fool! Don’t touch that, it’s a booby trap!” The

voice stops Harry just inches away from touching the necklace.
“Hermione where did you get it?”

“It was on my bed, you mean you didn’t get it for me?”

“No, the voice says it’s a trap, I don’t know how though.” “Such a small mind, do you remember the last time you two touched something from Voldemort?” “It’s a time turner?”

“I don’t know Harry, but if you didn’t give it to me then how did it get here? All packages are checked, well, Valentines Day would be different I guess, so many Owls coming in, might have missed one or two.” Hermione thought Harry was talking to her.

“Not Owls, if it was on your bed it was more than that, someone had to place it on your bed.”

“A spy, but it, it would have to be a girl, or someone who knows how to get up the stairs.” Hermione is still holding the necklace.

“Or a House Elf, I’m sure the Death Eaters have House Elves, and they could order one to do this, House Elves are everywhere in the castle, they keep it clean, cook food, change sheets, do the laundry, who could tell one from another?” Harry doesn’t know what to do but makes sure not to touch the necklace. “That failed once already Voldemort wouldn’t try it again, imagine what would have happened if Hermione had put that on?”

“Harry? What happened?” Harry’s eyes had glazed over.

“A necklace, a collar, that’s what it is!” Just like Cho’s, but why would Voldemort send it to Hermione? Did he want to tempt Harry, have a perfect obedient Hermione? Or was Voldemort the one who would control Hermione... “Don’t put it on, we need to take this to Dumbledore, I’m sorry Mione I wanted our Valentines Day to be romantic, perfect, but this is dangerous.”

“I know Harry, I wanted our Valentines Day to be perfect to, damn Voldemort.”

“Mione don’t say that, I know you’re mad, you have to be to curse, but we need to get to Dumbledore’s.” Hermione puts the necklace back in the box, following Harry to the door, turning around before she leaves to look at the room, so beautiful, a sight unlike any other, purple, red, pink, blue, even gold roses covering everything; it had been marred by Voldemort.

At Dumbledore’s office they knock, Dumbledore tells them to come in. “What would you two need to see me about on a day like this?” Dumbledore has concern in his voice; something serious would have to happen for these two to see him.

“This.” Hermione puts the box on Dumbledore’s desk. “We think it’s from Voldemort.”

“I know it’s from Voldemort.” The voice said so, and as long as he had that voice it had never been wrong. Vague, cryptic, and sometimes what it said took time, but never wrong.

“Oh what a beautiful necklace, I see, a very powerful spell is on this.” Dumbledore studies the necklace closely. “It would have to be something important for Voldemort to relinquish something that belonged to Helga Hufflepuff.”

“Wait, thee Helga Hufflepuff? One of the four founders of Hogwarts?” Hermione’s curiosity and yearn to learn take over her fear of danger.

“Yes, but why would Voldemort send this to you? The spell is one I do not recognize.”

“It’s a control spell, like the one he used to control Cho.” Harry was trying to focus his mind on Cho, so there would be nothing for Dumbledore to find but that.

“How do you know this Harry? Hmm, yes, it could very well be, yes, but how did you know this?”

“I, uh, it makes sense right? If Voldemort got control of Hermione he could make her do things, like what Ron did with Cho.”

“Oh Voldemort is not the controller, he may have put the spell on here but he is not the controller. The person needs to be in contact with the person, hear their voice, I believe.” Dumbledore studies it some more. “Harry you are hiding something, what is it?” Without even looking away from the necklace Dumbledore knows something else is wrong.

“Uh no, why would there be?”

“Harry I know when someone lies, so please tell me what it is.” Dumbledore stares at Harry now setting the necklace aside. “Hmm, you seem to know Voldemort would try something like this, how else would you know it was jinxed?”

“I, the voice told me, he knew it was a trap.” Dumbledore keeps staring at Harry, it was true, Harry wasn’t lying about that, but there was still something else.

“That voice seems to have powers beyond yours Harry, could be dangerous or helpful, there is still something going on Harry, tell me, I could use magic to find out but I hope you trust me enough to tell me.”

“I do trust you, but, I...”

“You don’t want to disappoint me.” Dumbledore could see it, the way Harry moved his arms, his eyes, the way his voice changed.

“Please, I’m sorry, but it was the only thing I could do, the Twins, they were...”

“You know about that? Do you know what happened? They were found but a powerful memory charm had been used, we don’t know where they were.” Dumbledore listened with apt attention to Harry’s story, and about the promise. “I see, you wanted to save them so you made a promise, one you must break.”

“I know, but it was the only thing I could do, I was able to buy time by telling them I wanted Hermione to join, willingly, but I only have until

then end of the school year. They will get the Twins again, or someone else, my parents and sister.”

“And Voldemort said he knew you were planning something, yet let you go, the Twins go, he must think he has you. But Harry your parents are dead...”

“They are not! I brought them back, and my sister, she was saved by Wormtail, why would they lie about that!” Harry couldn’t stop himself from yelling, his family was at stake.

“Do you know how you react when just talking about them? Exactly why they would make you think that. Your mother wasn’t pregnant, couldn’t be, and there is still no way to truly bring the dead back.” Zombies didn’t count.

“Harry, I know you did what you thought was best but you could have told us earlier.” Hermione holds his hand. “This is why they did it, you want to play hero...”

“I do not ‘play’ hero! I want to help what is so wrong with that! If I didn’t play hero you would be dead, the school would be closed, and Voldemort...” He would have been back earlier, if Harry hadn’t played the hero to save Hermione from the troll, and had her help to stop Professor Quirrel, Voldemort would have been back five years ago. Instead his being a hero brought Voldemort back two years ago but got Cedric killed.

“I didn’t mean it like that Harry but you are predictable! Ron knows exactly how you would act!” Hermione squeezes his hand trying to keep calm.

“There is a much greater concern then this, you two have forgotten something, the person would have to be in voice range to control the person, so who would be in voice range of Hermione?” Dumbledore stops the two before their arguing got out of hand.

“Someone at the school a student.” Harry tries to think, who left would help a Death Eater?

“Or a teacher.” Dumbledore didn’t want to think of it, but if one of the Professors, his co-workers, were helping Voldemort it was serious. “We know it isn’t Severus, or Headmaster McGonagall, or Hagrid. This still leaves many Professors left. I am sure I know of those who would never... but it is Voldemort, if he found that person’s weakness, or threatened someone they loved, I’d hate to think they wouldn’t come to me but everyone has a weakness.”

“Professor Snape was a Death Eater, I bet it is him!” Harry still hadn’t gotten over what he had learned, that Snape had told Voldemort of the Prophecy.

“Harry he would never do this, he was a traitor to Voldemort, he put his life on the line during Voldemort’s first reign and his second reign until he was discovered.”

“But who else could do this, to try and, hurt Hermione...” Harry squeezes her hand, more worried now than ever before. A teacher as a traitor, it could still be a student. “Why not a student, it could be one of them, not a teacher.”

“Yes but that would mean a female student as males aren’t able to go up the stairs, also have to be Gryffindor since they are the ones who know the password, and we know it isn’t Monica or Ginny, that leaves twelve more students, most of them either 7th year or 1st year. I doubt Voldemort would use someone so young, so that leaves us with five 7th year students.”

“Yeah, it does, and...”

“Harry, why didn’t they help out last year? If they were Death Eaters then they would have helped the Death Eaters in last year’s school attack.”

“Why didn’t the teacher?”

“They were told not to, as the student very well could have. We need to keep an eye on them, and the teachers, Hermione I would assume Voldemort would use one of your Professors as they are closer to you,

so that narrows it down for us. I will keep the necklace here, it is a piece of school history, and it belongs with the rest.”

“What about the promise though, I, I can’t think of anything but to get out of it, short of killing them.” Which Harry wanted to do, if he could go to accept the Dark Mark but instead kill Voldemort then the Death Eaters would fall, he wouldn’t be a Death Eater, and his family, plus the Twins, would be safe.

“And what would you use to kill Voldemort? A Killing Curse? His soul has been torn into so many pieces it would only tear a bit of it away.”

“There are other spells...”

“That Voldemort could block, would block. Harry he is too powerful and has too many protections, some of them he didn’t even think of. He is immune to the Killing Curse, unless he were hit with so many that it took every piece of his soul, all the torn pieces, he wouldn’t die.”

“There has to be a way Dumbledore, there has to be.” Harry didn’t want to think of Voldemort as immortal, it took all hope away.

“There is, we just haven’t found it yet. The Prophecy says you have power that Voldemort doesn’t know of which made me look at what Voldemort, Tom, disregarded in school. He used an old form of possessing people, and he didn’t use a common, easier, way of connecting to you. He is too physical with his magic and mind; he doesn’t understand the true ways of magic. Just like your mother used a spell that was old, so old Voldemort never thought of it, we might need one to defeat him.”

“But I don’t know anything like that, I didn’t even know about magic until I turned 11.”

“Neither did he, he was an orphan until I came and got him.” This surprised Harry, he knew Voldemort was a mud-blood, half wizard half muggle, but didn’t know he knew nothing of magic until he was 11.

"I guess, maybe its muggle means he doesn't know of." Harry says it as a joke but Dumbledore takes it seriously.

"You're right, you, unlike Tom, were not only in the muggle world you were exposed to more then it in your muggle school." Harry didn't know where Dumbledore was going with this. "Hmm, it might work; it would be something that Voldemort wouldn't think of, protect against."

"What like a gun Dumbledore?" Hermione understood where Dumbledore was going to, was thinking of. "Or a bomb, nothing as powerful as what the military has, but it would be something Voldemort wouldn't look for right? He would look for a spell, a potion, not something muggle."

"You're right Hermione, Voldemort would never think of that. He has such disdain for all things muggle, even his muggle heritage. When did you first think of this Harry?"

"I, uh, I remembered something Hermione told me." Actually now he was, about the time on the train when Hermione told him about the Americans in WWII, using bombs so powerful they turned a 100,000 people into ash each.

"I see, we will need to look into this, the Order will be sent to find out how much Voldemort knows about muggle weapons." Harry already had an idea, it wasn't exactly muggle, but it would work, so he hoped. "You two don't need to be wasting your time in here I'm sure you have something to do on Valentines Day." Harry and Hermione leave Dumbledore's office heading for the Common Room.

"You don't think he, you know, knows..." Harry didn't like how Dumbledore said the sentence.

"Well we are dating, and I am an adult, you will be to in a few months, it's only natural that we would, you know." Hermione blushes thinking about it, if Dumbledore knew, it was a little creepy, but it did make her forget about Voldemort and the necklace.

"I guess, weird, he seems to know everything. He always knew what my father and the Marauders were doing..." Harry doesn't want to

think of that, he wanted to think of what was in Hermione's room, he had planned it so well, ordered all the flowers, had Dobby help him put them up, he didn't want to waste it. "Hermione if you don't want to we don't have to go back to your room, we could go, I don't know, to the lake or something."

"No, its beautiful Harry, I love it, I never saw anything like it." She grabs Harry's hand and they go back to her room to celebrate Valentines Day their way.

Chapter 18: Magic Days and Ways

Now that spring had come Quidditch training had resumed. After losing two games in a row, in the same season, and with him as Captain, Harry wanted no problems this game. "Come on Neville, have to be a little faster on blocking the Bludgers, every second gives us an advantage."

"I know I know I'm trying Harry." Neville was running himself ragged, he had been doing a Beater training round for nearly twenty minutes, in the Room of Requirements.

"Good, Slytherin sucks, even more then what they usually do, but we can't let that go to our heads. Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff are undefeated, they will play each other this weekend, while us and Slytherin, two teams who haven't won a game this season, will be playing against each other. And while it is a long shot we still have a chance to win the Cup!" Harry flies his broom over to where the Chasers and Keepers are. It is five Chasers against two Keepers to get everyone on the team training. "How's it going over here?"

"Monica is starting to tire out, Jim isn't as good as she is and she is trying to help him." Ginny was trying to be nice, not play as well as she could, but the other four Chasers were wearing the two Keepers out.

"Ok everyone break for five minutes, no point in getting injured before the game." The Gryffindor Quidditch team flies down to the stands and sit, taking a much needed rest.

"Gee Harry worried about this next game?" Ginny laughs, she was starting to be glad she had lost the bet or she would be the Captain of the worse Gryffindor team in over fifty years.

"Of course I am I worried about all the games." Harry didn't appreciate the jokes, or humor, it was getting to him that his first year as Captain might be his last, no way the others would make him Quidditch Captain next year if they lost the next one, they might not anyways. Ginny was doing a good job herself, Harry was almost starting to regret winning the bet.

"Don't worry Slytherin is horrible, Hufflepuff beat them by being better than Slytherin and not just getting lucky."

"Luck had nothing to do with it Monica, they played well, against our secondary team, and we had some problems." Ginny looks down at her feet feeling guilty about it, Harry had gone off to see where she was, if she hadn't been so stupid that game they might of, would of, won it.

"We? Got a mouse in your pocket?" Monica reaches over and puts her hands in Ginny's pockets. "Nope, so who is this 'we' you speak of?" Monica laughs showing she was joking.

"Its ok Ginny, that was my fault to, I should have asked you if that was what you wanted to do, not tell you to do that. And the second game was entirely my fault if only I had stayed in..."

"Or I had a better broom, or the Snitch went a different way, Harry Quidditch is a sport but it is a game, why play if you don't have fun?" Ginny yawns, she is tired after all the training they had been doing the past week, and studying for her OWLs, and her relationship, and life in general. "Can I go? I still have a lot of studying to do for my OWLs."

"Ok, anyone in the fifth year..." That was stupid; Ginny was the only one on the team in the fifth year. "Never mind, let's end this practice, go to bed or something."

"Something? Gee Harry while you have 'something' to do I have to listen to Devin talk in his sleep." Neville laughs a little, a little jealous of Harry, and annoyed with Devin.

"He's talking in his sleep? Why didn't he tell me?" Monica is concerned; if Devin said something he shouldn't while he was asleep it could be bad. "What does he talk about?"

"Can't make most of it out, but think they are about girls, keep hearing a girls name anyways." Neville blushes a little not wanting to imply what he had.

"Oh one of his dream girls, wonder what Luna thinks about that?" Ginny and Monica laugh, Luna and Devin weren't dating, yet, but they were trying to get the two together.

The next morning Harry wakes up next to Hermione. "Get up sleepy head." He kisses her on the lips.

"I'm awake." She rolls over away from Harry.

"Being awake and being up are two different things. We have school today and if you sleep much longer won't have time for a run and things."

"What kind of things do you have in mind Harry?" Hermione rolls back over facing Harry smiling.

"Not now Mione, I'm still a little tired from last night, we need a run, a shower, and food." Harry gets up finding his boxers to put them on.

"I know, but you are so warm, the bed is so soft, I love waking up next to you." Hermione yawns, stretches her back and legs, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. "A run, yeah, I guess."

"You don't have to if you don't want to." Harry felt like he had to, he noticed that after not running over Christmas break he had gained weight, and not muscle weight, and his stamina was off a little. One of the drawbacks to cutting Voldemort off meant not being able to build muscle, and keep it, as easily as before. Sometimes his eyes went back to how they use to be and his hair would go crazy, one time nearly sending him to the infirmary when during a Potions class his hair grew so long it went into his cauldron and made it overflow. But if it meant keeping Voldemort out Harry was more than willing to run in the morning to stay in shape. Hermione and Harry get dressed for running, joining Monica, Devin, and Ginny.

"If it gets warmer out soon we can go back outside for this." The group was talking after a good hard run and now doing stretches and other warm down exercises. "Not have as much of an audience." Ginny hated how the boys would stare at her, and even more at how

they would stare at Monica. She tried to get Monica to wear something different but Monica liked the attention, both from the boys and the way Ginny worried over her.

"I just wish the rest of the Quidditch team would join us, you two both have better stamina, and so do I, from running. If we all ran together it would help build a, uh, what ever it's called." Harry was trying to think of the word, it was on the tip of his tongue and he just couldn't get it out.

"Comradely?" Hermione knew the word Harry was thinking of.

"Yeah, how did you know that was the word I was thinking of?" Hermione stares down at his hand, he had been rubbing the ring while trying to think of the word and she heard the gears going in his head. "Oh, well, we all need a shower, Devin want to use the Prefect Bathroom?"

"Sure, why not." Devin had been doing other exercises, trying to get back in shape, and had almost gotten back to the shape he was in before the attack.

Today was Harry's favorite class, Defense Against the Dark Arts with Professor Dumbledore. "Today we will be mixing things up class, we all know offensive a defensive spells but how do they compare to what Muggles have?" Most of the class stares at each other, what did Dumbledore mean? This wasn't Muggle Studies why would they care about Muggles? "Us wizards use magic, they use other means, can anyone name something that Muggles use that we don't?" Hermione's hand shoots up in the air.

"Electricity."

"Very good, but I want offensive and defensive Muggle things not general life things. Anyone?"

"Nuclear Warheads, tanks, fighter jets, body armor, Ak-47, canons, torpedoes, uh, grenades, trying to think of more." Monica tries to think of more as the class, except for Devin, stares at her.

“Very good, all of those things are offensive and defensive items used by Muggles, quite the list you had.” Dumbledore writes something down on a piece of parchment. “Anything else?”

“Land mines, you always forget land mines, oh and fighter jets, hmmm, biological warfare is pretty nasty, chemical to.” Devin named more; Devin liked Muggle warfare, one of the things he learned about when he was in a Muggle School after being kicked out of the Magic School. “Nothing like a B-52 Bomber to make your enemy submit, although submarines are pretty cool to.”

“Yes very good, thank you, now can anyone besides them a situation where those weapons, any of them, were used?” Harry raises his hand.

“Uh, the Americans used two bombs to end the second world war, in Japan.” Harry remembered what Hermione had told him.

“Yes, what two cities, and what kind of bombs?” This Harry didn’t know but Hermione sure did.

“Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and they were Atomic Bombs or A-Bombs for short.”

“Very good, ten points to Gryffindor. Now how does magic compare to those weapons?” This time a Hufflepuff student answers.

“Its far better of course, those Muggle contraptions can’t do half the things magic can.” He was a pure blood, and while not snobbish enough to be a Slytherin thought rather little of Muggles.

“What can magic do that a Muggle weapon or ‘contraption’ can’t do?” The student was stumped, he didn’t know enough about Muggles to answer.

“This isn’t Muggle Studies, why should we deal with such rubbish?”

“Because a Death Eater may not use magic to hurt you, or kill you. A piece of steel going through your chest can and will kill just as well as

the killing curse.” It was what Harry thought of, and true, maybe Dumbledore was trying to find something else not just teach the class.

“Yes Harry and a bomb will destroy just as much property as a rampaging Manticore. Now I want an essay on the difference between Muggle weapons and our weapons, magic spells and swords, staves, the likes. The library has the books you need.” This class wasn’t as exciting as some were but it was over with more than half the time left. Harry and Hermione used Devin and Monica for detailed information on different Muggle weapons, it seemed to Harry and Hermione that American wizards were in much better connection to Muggles than the English wizards were.

The weekend was fast approaching, as was the last day of school. The last of the Quidditch games were going to be the last week of March, the undefeated Hufflepuff versus the undefeated Ravenclaw, and the two teams who hadn’t won a game the season, Gryffindor versus Slytherin. “So Harry who do we root for in this game?” Hermione and Harry were sitting in the stands waiting for the Quidditch game to start.

“Both, but hope for a quick game, the fewer points they score the better.” For Gryffindor, they could still win the Quidditch Cup, slight chance, but they could if this game went their way.

“I’m rooting for Ravenclaw then, for Cho.” Hermione uses her wand to make a flag with Ravenclaw colors. “Go Ravenclaw!” The game starts and the two teams go at it. Harry watches with both excitement and concern, the longer the game went the more points scored the less of a chance Gryffindor had of winning the Cup.

“She dives, pulls up at the last second, score!” Will Flitwick was calling the game and was going nuts as Hufflepuff took the lead. “Boo! That was a penalty!” The Hufflepuff fans agreed after a Ravenclaw Beater nearly took the head off of the Hufflepuff Seeker.

“They’re playing dirty, like they did against us, they don’t want to lose.”

“Are you sure? They never played like that before...”

"They don't want to lose, they are playing for Cho, and they will do almost anything to win." Harry wasn't sure if that was a bad thing or not, he was almost desperate to win a game, would he be tempted to play dirty at tomorrow's game?

"Oh, well, go Ravenclaw!" Hermione cheered for Ravenclaw while Harry cheered on Hufflepuff, one of them was sadly disappointed.

"No! Ravenclaw gets the Snitch!" Will Flitwick and half the stadium exploded in anger while the other half exploded in excitement, the game ended 110-290. Hufflepuff's winning streak came to an end while Ravenclaw all but guaranteed the Cup for their house.

"Go Ravenclaw! Good for them, maybe Cho was helping them." Hermione looks up into the sky.

"I don't know, Dumbledore said..."

"But you saw her go; who are you going to believe?" The Quidditch field was swamped with students, cheering soon turned to screaming. Many Hufflepuff students knew their chance to win the cup was gone and weren't happy about it as Ravenclaw hadn't played the cleanest game.

"Stop it! Stop it now! You..." Professors came down trying to break the fight up between dozens of students. After a few minutes of brawling the Professors were able to separate the students as best they could, even with magic they couldn't do everything. "Everyone back to they're Common Rooms now!" The students, many with bruises and cuts, go back to their Common Rooms, Ravenclaw to celebrate, Hufflepuff to mourn their loss, and the rest to worry about their teams tomorrow.

The next day even before the sun was up Harry was awake. He had slept in his own bed not wanting to be tempted by having Hermione next to him last night. Harry was worried about the game, if they lost he would have to give up being Captain, even if it was unofficial. Neville was sleeping, Harry had disappointed him badly after Neville had finally tried out for the team and made it. Harry realized

something as he left the dorm room, this would be the first Quidditch game against Slytherin without his nemesis Malfoy since his first year, and without Ron cheering for him. Gloomy, almost into depression Harry walks out of the Common Room and goes out to Hagrid's cabin.

Knocking on the cabins door Harry hears a loud meow followed by scratching at the door. A couple seconds later it opens as Hagrid lets Snowie out. "Oh hi 'Arry, come in come in, nervous about today's game?"

"Kind of, I don't want to lose, but this game, it is different from the others."

"The rivalry between Slytherin and Gryffindor doesn't make it different 'Arry." Hagrid sits down in a chair and offers Harry some tea.

"No, but this is without Malfoy on Slytherin, or Ron in the stands..." Harry sighs and takes a sip from the tea. "I keep screwing things up with the team and even though I'm not really the Captain, no badge, I am the leader and it is my fault."

"Oh 'Arry don't worry about it if you get much worked up you won't be focused, here Snowie." The large black cat, no longer a kitten, comes in through an open window. "So are you going to win or are you going to worry bout losing and make it happen?" Hagrid scratches the large cat on the head which starts to purr.

"I, I can't lose." It would be the last nail in the coffin of his Captainship. "How much bigger will Snowie get?" Snowie was already the size of a medium size dog.

"Bout a bit bigger, put on a few more pounds." Hagrid puts Snowie down on the floor and finishes his tea. "Still early 'Arry should try to get more sleep."

"I can't sleep now, to excited about this game, thanks Hagrid." Harry finishes the rest of the tea and gets up. "Bye Hagrid, I don't know if you should cheer for Gryffindor at the game, I might screw up again."

“Don’t worry about it ‘Arry lead the team and win or not you won’t be blamed by anyone.” Harry hoped so for his sake, he didn’t want to lose but if he did, he couldn’t.

Nearly three hours later after breakfast the Gryffindor Quidditch team was getting ready for the last game of the season, their last chance to win, and with needing more than 370 points to win the Cup Harry was crossing his fingers and wishing for a victory. “Ok, we beat Slytherin but we take our time, enough time to get as many goals as possible. The more the better, don’t play with them, don’t get too bold just play as hard as you can. We need a lot of points to win the Cup but we need to focus on this game not the Cup. If we, if we lose, Ginny will be the new Captain.”

“Don’t say that Harry.” Ginny on the inside was excited; if they lost he would give the Captain job to her? But she didn’t want to lose, not even to be the Captain.

“Come on we can do this, just a lot of scoring, and Beaters protect me so I can take my time getting the Snitch. They leave the locker room and go out onto the field pumped and ready.

“Here they are the two teams who normally do so well but are currently without a win. Slytherin doesn’t stand a chance to win the cup and neither does Gryffindor this game will be to see who is the worst team this year.” Will Flitwick still disappointed over Hufflepuff’s loss to Ravenclaw hope he was wrong, that one of these teams would get enough points to snub out Ravenclaw but doubted it.

“Now!” The two teams shoot off into the air. “It seems Gryffindor is going with its classic team, no change up in positions, but that could all change like we saw last game.” Ginny quickly gets the Quaffle and scores. Gryffindor cheers, Slytherin boos, Harry was trying to lose himself in the game instead of worrying about everything else.

“Ginny gets the Quaffle back, she charges ahead, oh no!” A Bludger had just knocked into another Chaser knocking them off their broom. This was exactly why Harry had a secondary team, he just didn’t want to have to use them during this game.

“Hey, get in there! Ginny, watch your back!” Harry directs a team member to get in the game looking for the Bludgers. “Duck!” Before the new player could even get into position a Bludger comes in and smacks them from behind.

“Another Chaser goes down!” The Chaser hits the ground with a sickening thud.

“No!” Harry sticks his hand out to stop the next person from coming out. “Are they possessed?” The Bludgers weren’t moving now, why was that?

“Harry what do we do, we only have one more reserve left, if he gets hurt...”

“He won’t, I’ll make sure of that.” Harry was about to do the one thing he said he wasn’t going to do. “Ginny, no, you stay in as Chaser, I’ll take the next Chaser spot, and we don’t need a Seeker right? With you and me as Chasers we will score more than enough points.” Ginny nods, sounded like a good plan, as Harry went to Madam Hooch to tell her the new line up.

“It looks like they are changing things up with two Chasers down, who is going to be the Seeker?” The crowds in the stands looked but no one came off the bench to take the Seeker position, was the Gryffindor team going without one?

“Ginny left!” Ginny dodges a Bludger as Harry dodges the other, the Slytherin Beaters were focusing all their attacks on the Chasers, and the Bludgers seemed to be helping them! “Neville, help!”

“Trying Harry!” Neville hits a Bludger as hard as he can only knocking it a few feet before it goes off after Harry. “Behind you!” Harry ducks on instinct as the Bludger flies over him.

“Harry and Ginny have their hands full, but why didn’t a new player take the Seeker spot? Its only 50-0, if Slytherin got the Snitch it would be over and Gryffindor would lose again!” Will Flitwick is trying to stay calm; this game was getting heated as the third Chaser on Gryffindor team goes down, leaving Harry and Ginny to play. “How will

Gryffindor continue with so few players? They have players on the bench but aren't sending any others in, why?" Harry and Ginny score more goals while the crowds start to cheer louder and louder leaving Will Flitwick drowned out.

"Ginny move left!" A Bludger zooms by her after Harry warns her. "Quaffle!" Ginny passes it to Harry as he dodges both Bludgers scoring again. "This isn't right; they are focused on the Chasers!" Harry feels the air move as a Bludger passes just centimeters from him.

"Harry help!" Ginny rubs her shoulder after a Bludger hits it, it wasn't broken but wasn't feeling great. Harry dives forward distracting the Bludgers which go after him leaving Ginny alone.

"Ginny catch!" Harry passes the Quaffle just barely getting it past a Slytherin Chaser and into Ginny's hands. The Bludgers immediately leave Harry and go after Ginny. "Wait, they aren't going after us they're going after the Quaffle?" Who could enchant the Bludgers like that? Dobby could, Harry had a painful memory of that from his second year, but he wouldn't do that now. "Ginny Quaffle!" Ginny passes it to Harry who passes it to a Slytherin Chaser with a satisfactory result.

"And Mark is knocked off his broom by a Bludger just after Harry lost his grip on the Quaffle and passed it to him, what luck for Gryffindor who get the Quaffle back!" Slytherin didn't have a second string; they now had two Chasers like Gryffindor.

"Here you go." Harry who had the Quaffle hands it to another Slytherin Chaser who is slammed by both Bludgers visibly breaking his ribs. "No! I didn't want that..." Harry grabs the Quaffle before it hits the ground and gets the Bludgers after him. "Sorry!" The Bludgers were getting violent, Harry just wanted to give the Chaser a scare, maybe knock him off his broom, nothing like that.

"Madam Pomfrey is already on the field helping Alex, man that looks painful." A rib bone was sticking out through the skin; thankfully Alex had passed out from the pain. Slytherin down to one Chaser was hopeless, but their Seeker was still flying, and the game could end if,

when, he caught the Snitch since there was no Gryffindor Seeker on the field. "That score makes it 190-0, the team of Ginny and Harry is unstoppable! Even with several players out of the game Gryffindor is taking a commanding lead." Ginny scores again getting the crowd to cheer, it was now 200-0.

Harry and Ginny dodge the Bludgers, sometimes taking a hit, but hanging on, they score left, right, center, charging down the field and striking from anywhere, the Slytherin Keeper was getting a real workout. "What's this? Payne is celebrating?" The crowd looks for the Slytherin Seeker and see him pumping his fist in the air. "Did he do it? Yes he did! Payne got the Snitch! Payne got the Snitch!" Slytherin students exploded with cheers until the score was given. "That means Gryffindor 260, Slytherin 150, even though they caught the Snitch Slytherin still loses! Gryffindor wins!" Now Gryffindor students were cheering, they finally ended their losing streak, against their rival, even if they weren't going to win the cup they had won the game! "Early Spring brings a victory for Gryffindor, I know 7s supposed to be lucky, but for Gryffindor it seems the Sixth is lucky!"

"Watch out!" Harry, lost in the glow of victory, forgets that he is holding the Quaffle, and the Bludgers.

"Harry is knocked off his broom, but the games over, the Bludgers should go back to their box..." Will Flitwick is lost, as are many students, even as Harry felt the Quaffle was still in his hand and had a Bludger slam into him. The Quidditch players are so shocked, both by the win and that the Bludgers are still active to fly and help Harry, when another Bludger slams into Harry's back someone finally snaps out of it and goes to help.

"NO!" Jim on his broom flies out towards Harry. "Get away from him!" Jim knocks the Quaffle out of Harry's hand causing the Bludgers to chase after the falling Quaffle. Harry slams into the ground, unconscious, as Jim flies down crying. "No, no, wake up, wake up!"

"Madam Pomfrey, is she still back at the castle with Alex?" Ginny came flying down to check on Harry. "Jim don't shake him he might..."

“Shut up! I won’t let this happen, Harry, please wake up!”

“Out of the way, out of the way, let me through, he needs medical attention.” Madam Pomfrey had been called by Dumbledore and saw her most common patient lying on the ground. “He’ll be ok just let me...”

“No he won’t, he isn’t moving, come on Harry wake up!” Jim is still crying, shaking Harry trying to make him wake up.

“He will just let him go, this sport was always so dangerous and now I have two patients to look after.” Madam Pomfrey motions to Ginny to help get Jim away.

“Jim, Madam Pomfrey has cared for Harry before, I bet Harry just started to feel homesick and wanted to go back to the infirmary.” Ginny tries to make a joke, get Jim to laugh, why was he taking this so hard? Harry may be injured but it wasn’t anything Madam Pomfrey couldn’t sure was it? Ginny was kicking herself inside, Jim had been smart enough to scare the Bludgers away, if they kept hitting Harry he could have been killed but she was too busy celebrating with Monica and the other team members, was too shocked to move.

“Let him go now Jim, Harry will be fine but we need to talk.” Dumbledore had come down to check on Harry and get Jim.

“I’m sorry Mr. Dumbledore, Dumbledore, I didn’t mean...”

“You didn’t but you have and we need to talk.” Dumbledore takes Jim away from the field as Madam Pomfrey takes Harry to the Infirmary.

Chapter 19: The One Known As Death

The end of the school year was coming faster then Harry could ever remember it coming. With it meant he would have to accept the Dark Mark from Voldemort. Harry had an idea on what to do; he had all the time in the world to think as he lay on his back in the Infirmary. He told Dumbledore the Bludgers were possessed, and how Dobby had done that once, so Dumbledore had the Bludgers sent to his office so he could examine them for Dark Magic.

"Mione, could you get me a book on Portkeys?" Hermione was sitting there with Harry after class to drop off his homework and spend time with him.

"I guess, those are in the restricted section though. Why do want one though?"

"I want to learn how to make them, I've seen Dumbledore make them before but I can't do it." It annoyed Harry, he almost always just had to see someone do it to do something but this time was trickier, must be something he couldn't see to make a Portkey.

"Shouldn't you be working on something else?" Hermione bites her lower lip, the end of the school year was coming and that meant only a month left until Voldemort would want Harry.

"This is working on it Mione, I might need a way to escape if I do get the You-Know-What." It was only known by a few people about the deal and it was to be kept a secret.

"You won't get it because Dumbledore..."

"I might, think about it Mione, I get it and become a spy for Dumbledore, like Snape did." It was the least Harry could do after making to stupid deal, although it was to save the Weasley Twins it was stupid to make the deal, Voldemort wouldn't let him get out of it and so Harry had to plan on what to do after he got the Mark.

"Voldemort will never let you get close to Dumbledore after you get the Mark, Harry, so what good would that do?"

"I don't know, there would be a way to contact someone from the Order, Tonks, Remus, someone." Harry had thought of it, his last resort would be to hope a Ghost was near him and send the Ghost to Monica with whatever he had.

"Harry if you get the Mark I'll get one to, I won't let you go to Voldemort by yourself." Hermione holds Harry's hand, squeezing it.

"It won't come to that; I'll think of something, could you get me the book now?" Hermione nods and leaves Harry alone. "It will work I just need to figure out how to make everything work."

Before Hermione came back from the Library Harry had another visitor. "Oh hey Jim, thanks for saving me." Harry laughs, Jim had gotten the Quaffle out of his hand while the Bludgers had been pounding on him, Harry was grateful for it.

"I, I have to go home now." Jim looks down at his feet.

"Oh they found your Mom?"

"Yeah, kind of, I can't stay here anymore, Dumbledore said so." Jim had done something bad and was being punished for it.

"Oh, well, when you leaving?"

"Tomorrow, I just wanted to say bye and stuff." Jim continues looking at his feet.

"Well sorry about the game, your only one and you lost, but you saved me, probably saved my life at the last one." Harry laughs trying to lighten the mood and make Jim laugh, the kid was alright just a little quiet, especially around Harry. "Wherever you're going you can say you saved the Boy Who Lived that should get you some fame." Harry laughs some more, Jim chuckles a little and looks up.

"I guess, I need to get going, bye Harry."

"Bye Jim, glad they found your Mom." Harry reaches over and shakes Jim's hand. "Keep working on your Keeper skills, Monica said you had potential."

"Really? Thanks, bye." Jim leaves the room passing Hermione.

"What was that all about?" Hermione thought Jim was crying, Harry wasn't that hurt, or had something happened while she was gone?

"He has to leave, they found his Mom, just wanted to say bye."

"Oh that was nice, hope she is ok." Hermione gives Harry two books. "These should be what you are looking for, there are more but they were history and uses of Portkeys not really how to make them. Harry you know you need to get permission to make those, Dumbledore may not always listen to the laws but that is one of them under Ministry..."

"I don't care about the Ministry Mione; they can go to hell for all I care. I didn't follow their laws and if I feel like breaking more I will." One of the few things Harry hated was the Ministry, they had kept Sirius locked up for years, and they had been controlled by Lucius Malfoy for years.

"Harry they only let that go because of Dumbledore, and the one time because of Sirius escaping, they thought he was guilty, even with magic you can't know everything." Harry had been gone for over a week, with some Muggle girl, using magic blatantly breaking dozens of Wizarding Laws, but Dumbledore kept him out of trouble, but Dumbledore wouldn't always be there to protect Harry.

"Doesn't mean I have to forgive them. I'm in a piss of a mood Mione, I got broken into pieces by Bludgers, have Voldemort hanging over my head, more homework then ever, I'm not fit for human consumption."

"You're fit enough for me." Hermione hugs him lightly, not wanting to squeeze as several of Harry's ribs had been broken. "It will only be a couple more days until you're healed."

“One thing I love about magic.” Harry remembers walking into the tent at the Quidditch World Cup, with the Weasleys, with Ron, magic was great.

“And one thing I love about you is you can always see the bright side.” Hermione kisses Harry. “But the dark side is we have homework.”

“You’re right, and I have even more work with this.” Harry holds up a Portkey book. “Looks like Snape has no problem giving me a dozen page essay on Bee Wax and its 71 uses.”

“73 uses, they discovered one more in 1903 and another in 1988.” Hermione, having been in class, had already started on her essay. “I can help you if you need it.”

“Ok, you don’t have to do your work here, I’m sure those chairs aren’t comfortable.”

“Of course I have to do it here, you’re here.” Hermione wasn’t going to leave Harry’s side, especially with, as Harry said, Voldemort looming over him.

A week later, a week closer to the end of the school year, and Harry was finally out of the Infirmary. “It will be nice to sleep in a real bed again.”

“Think I am going to let you sleep?” Hermione nudges Harry with her elbow. “I missed having you next to me, and Madam Pomfrey would probably have frowned at us in the Infirmary.”

“I missed you too Mione, and maybe I will get less sleep than I thought tonight.” Harry and Hermione kiss on the couch.

“Hey you two get a room!” Monica and Ginny walk down from the Girl’s Dormitory.

“Not until later, we still have homework.”

“Can we join you?” Monica was having trouble with her Potions.

"I don't know, Mione think there will be enough room on the bed for all four of us?" Harry laughs as Hermione pushes him in the shoulder.

"Very funny Harry, so you aren't weirded out anymore by this?" Monica grabs Ginny's head and kisses her. Harry turns away and blushes. "Guess not, come on Hermione I thought you were corrupting him."

"I try, but it's been a week since I could." The girls laugh as Monica and Ginny go and get their homework and come back down.

Another week passes, another week of homework, being together with Hermione, and a week less to figure out a plan, which was being held together by one thing. "Mione I don't get it, why can't I make this work?" Harry could not make a Portkey.

"Well, it says here..."

"I know what it says; I need to form to destinations in my head, see a tunnel connecting the two, and then use the wand movement and incantation." Harry had been working on a piece of wood he picked up from outside.

"Doesn't this look familiar?" Hermione picks it up.

"It's a stick, they all look the same."

"No, the book also says that something can not be made into a Portkey more then once. Dumbledore has used sticks to make Portkeys before; I think this might be one of them, when we were at your house, remember?" Hermione laughs, out of all the sticks Harry could choose he chose this one stick.

"No one likes a smart mouth." Harry laughs to, once he reads the part in the book Hermione just told him. "I do like kissing it though." To prove it he kisses Hermione. "I need to get something that has never been used as a Portkey, how about a book?"

“Use one of yours you can’t use mine.” Harry gets his Potions book out and puts it on the table. “Well then, here goes nothing.” Harry thinks of where he wants the Portkey to go to, he concentrates like the book says, then does the wand movement, and says the incantation.

“Well?” Hermione is curious. Harry reaches out and touches it, disappearing with a pop noise. “Wait, where did he go?” Harry didn’t say where he was trying to go.

“Harry!” Hermione hears screaming coming from the Girl’s dormitory.

“Harry what are you doing up there!” Harry comes running down the stairs. “Where’d you land?”

“Well I tried your room but landed one room down.” Harry hadn’t concentrated hard enough. “I landed on Monica.”

“Oh, I’m guessing she wasn’t too happy about that.” Hermione laughs at the visual of Harry dropping from nowhere on top of Monica.

“I got out before Ginny could hex me.” Monica was helping Ginny with her OWLs and they were more than ready to defend against an attack, not waiting for Harry to explain himself Ginny had cast a spell but missed.

“Well it worked.”

“Yeah but I left my book up there, you couldn’t go and get it could you?” Harry didn’t want to go back up.

“Sure.” Hermione leaves the Common Room and goes to get the Portkey, popping back into the Common Room landing at the starting point, where Harry was sitting. “Ah!”

“Ouch, you got a bony butt.” Harry grabs Hermione’s hips and holds her in place. “But I like it.” He kisses her on the neck.

"What you like big butts? Monica has a big butt; sure you don't want to go back up there?" Hermione positions herself better so she can kiss Harry.

"I like your butt, and your lips, your eyes, mmm." Harry kisses her again. "I love you Mione."

"I love you to Harry and glad you could make a Portkey." Harry had spent nearly every waking hour that he could on making a Portkey. "I hope you won't need to use it."

"I know, I talked to Dumbledore," Harry hadn't, "and he says he has an idea." He didn't. Harry had an idea and with three weeks left he had time to perfect it.

Two weeks had passed, Harry had gone to Dumbledore, but it wasn't helping much. If they didn't know how Voldemort would contact Harry and how Voldemort would get Harry to him they couldn't come up with a plan. Harry was sure to focus on Dumbledore's plan when around Dumbledore so he wouldn't see Harry's. For Harry his idea had to work, if it didn't he would become a Death Eater with no way to spy for Dumbledore. Harry had been practicing on making Portkeys and had gotten it down so he could make them almost as easily as Dumbledore did. "Harry?"

"What Mione?"

"Now that the 5th years have taken their OWLs, it, it means we only have a few days left, and if Dumbledore doesn't come up with an idea, if we can't stop this, I want you to take me with you, however Voldemort decides to get you take me so I can get the Mark to." Hermione had debated, no fought inside on what she would do. If she did join with Harry she could make sure her parents were protected and that she wouldn't lose Harry.

"It won't come to that Mione I promise." Harry had an idea and he would implement it today. "Mione, I am going to give you something, don't lose it, don't let go of it, ok?" Harry takes a ring on, it was his Father's Marauder ring.

"More jewelry? Harry you've given me so much already."

"Not jewelry Mione, wear it, now." Harry puts it on her finger. "Keep it on ok? Promise me that."

"Ok I won't Harry." Hermione looks at it, it is nice, but why was Harry giving it to her? "Harry you aren't planning on doing something dangerous?"

"No Mione, just wear it ok? I have to go somewhere; I'll be back in a few minutes ok?" Harry used wandless magic to make sure the ring wouldn't come off. "I'll be right back." Harry gets up and leaves the Common Room heading for the nearest tunnel out of Hogwarts.

Harry gets outside of Hogwarts influence and calls out for Voldemort. "Voldemort! I'm ready to complete our deal, Voldemort!" Nothing. "Ron! What the hell, you wanted me so here I am! I am ready to complete our deal! Voldemort!" Harry waits and still nothing comes. "Come on I don't have much time." Finally Harry hears a buzzing noise, Voldemort had connected. "I am ready to join you Voldemort, if you can meet my end of the deal."

"Good Harry, stay where you are, I knew you were too good to go back on the deal, it would mean someone else being hurt." Harry can hear Voldemort, Harry is nervous, if this didn't work he would probably be killed, if it did he would probably be killed. But for his parents, for Hermione, he would do it. "Now Harry get your wand out and point it towards the sky." Harry does. "Good." Harry feels something pull him towards the sky and seconds later finds himself in a cave, he hears waves, where he was he wasn't sure, but for his plan it shouldn't matter, he hoped.

"Voldemort, you know what I want." Harry keeps his wand out incase Voldemort decided to strike.

"Your parents, the mud blooded girl's safety, and to complete the deal you must kill someone, who will it be?" Voldemort's voice sends chills down Harry's spine; nothing was this cold, this evil.

"I'll make it even better Voldemort I'll kill two people, and Hermione says if I get the Dark Mark she will join me, if you make her parents protected from the other Death Eaters." Harry smiles, trying to sound like this is what he wanted. "I may hate you Voldemort but even a blind man can see that Dumbledore is getting old, weak, and when he falls you will have no equal. I can't have Dumbledore protect me forever so I might as well protect myself."

"I see Harry I am glad you have seen the light, however dark it may be. Are you sure you want the mud blooded girl? I have plenty of collars you can put on any woman, or man, you choose."

"No, Hermione is smart, the smartest in my year, she could be a very valuable person to you." Harry starts to walk towards Voldemort when Voldemort sticks his hand out.

"Now who is it you are going to kill?"

"I want Ron and Wormtail, I'll kill them both in front of you, prove my worth to you." Harry's smile becomes genuine, he wanted this, he wanted to get his revenge on Ron and Wormtail.

"I see, very well." Voldemort claps his hands once and Wormtail appears. Voldemort claps his hands again and Ron appears.

"Yes Master?" Ron turns and sees Harry. "Harry! Are you here to die or live?" Ron's shock was something Harry saw, but Harry was stuck with a choice, who to kill first?

"Master is it true? Is Harry here to join us?" Wormtail's sniveling sealed his fate.

"Avada Kedavra!" Harry cast the Killing Curse at Wormtail who turned into a rat before the spell hit. "No! Get back here, Avada Kedavra!" Harry casts it again but Wormtail as a rat is small and fast enough to dodge it. "Voldemort make him stop!" Harry had tears coming to his eyes, he was so close to avenging his parents, so close, he had to do it.

“Oh Harry I just wanted to know if you would kill, I can’t lose my best followers.”

“Really Harry, with all that I know do you think the Dark Lord would let you kill us?” Ron smirks, the smugness and air of importance surrounding him.

“I thought we had a deal Voldemort, let me kill them, I need to kill them!” Harry sticks his wand out at Ron. “You bastard! I’ll kill you, I’ll send you to hell!”

“Now now Harry do we really need to act like this? One thing you will learn under the Dark Lord is respect for others.”

“Actually Ronald now that Harry is here I don’t really need you, Avada Kedavra.” Voldemort has his wand out and kills Ron as easily as he would swat a fly. “Wormtail please dispose of this trash.” Wormtail turns back into a human and goes to get Ron.

“No, I was supposed to kill him, I was supposed to kill him!” Harry runs over to where Ron lay and kicked the body. “You won’t get away this easily! Die!” Harry kicks the body again tears running down his face. “Voldemort I was going to kill him you took that away from me!” Harry turns around and points his wand at Voldemort.

“Now Harry you know we can’t duel as our wands will connect again.” Voldemort says this as coldly as he says anything, a wand in his face meant nothing to him.

“I was going to kill that bastard!” Harry points his wand at Wormtail again. “Avada Kedavra!” Wormtail turns into a rat again to dodge the spell.

“Harry please do calm down you still need to receive your mark, or are you forgetting something?” Voldemort waves his hand and two cages appear. “Your parents Harry I am sure would hate to die again, don’t you think?”

“Mom, Dad, they’re real, right?” Harry can’t move, his rage at having his chance to avenge his parents was crushed by the love and warmth the sight of his parents gave him.

“Of course they are Harry and as soon as you get the Dark Mark they will be yours.”

“No! Harry don’t do it, please!” His Mother was yelling, as was his Father.

“Please Harry don’t fall to him, he is evil, you aren’t!”

“Silencio!” Voldemort shuts them up with a spell. “So Harry how about it? Where would you like the Dark Mark?”

“It all depends Voldemort on what my duties will be. If I get it in the open I won’t be a very useful spy, but if I am to be your trophy then it should be in the open shouldn’t it?” Harry was walking towards Voldemort; just a few more meters should do it.

“Yes very true, are you sure you could be a spy?” Voldemort has his wand out ready to give Harry the mark.

“I could, even if it is to get close to someone like Moody or Tonks to kill them, although with a collar Tonks could be a lot of fun.” Harry laughs as he is just a couple meters away. “To kill one of those Aurors, especially one as skilled as Moody should help you, no us, shouldn’t it?” Harry gets his wand out ready to strike. “Bladus Bloo...” Before Harry finishes the spell to turn his wand into a sword a popping noise and a girl yelling stops him.

“Harry stop!” Hermione didn’t know where she was or how she got there but she knew what she saw. “Get away from him, don’t get the Mark!” Hermione had said she would get the Mark if Harry did but she would do anything to stop it.

“No, not now...” Harry had been so close to killing Voldemort; Harry didn’t care how many pieces Voldemort’s soul had been torn in if Harry had carved his heart out Voldemort would die.

“Very tricky Harry but too late.” Voldemort sticks his hand out, Hermione feels something ice cold wrap around her throat. “A trick that I should have seen coming.” Voldemort raises his arm, raising Hermione in the air by her throat.

“Stop it, I said I’d join you, leave her alone!” Harry goes to tackle Voldemort when he is pushed back by a barrier. “Avada Kedavra!” Voldemort turns into a black mist, even just a meter away Harry wasn’t fast enough to hit him with a spell, why he was trying to get close enough to strike him down with a sword.

“Harry you should think before you act.” Voldemort had appeared next to Harry’s Mother’s cage. “You were too young last time to remember this part but now you can see them die.”

“Please don’t hurt them.” Harry’s plan was falling apart, he was supposed to kill Ron, Wormtail, and Voldemort, free his parents, and then Hermione would come with the ring he had made into a time activated Portkey.

“Then throw down your wand, it will be destroyed, I will get you a new one.”

“Don’t do it Harry, he’ll...” Voldemort sticks his hand out blasting Hermione with a wandless spell.

“I’ll kill them, painfully, not with the Killing Curse but something far more painful.” Voldemort, using his wand, brings Lily to the side of the cage. “My dear how would you like to die?”

“Don’t Voldemort, I came here to join you and I will.” Harry drops his wand. “I submit to you, Master.” Harry drops to his knees, bowing his head to Voldemort. “Anything for my parents, for a family.”

“No!” Harry feels like he has been hit with a stunner spell from inside his skull. “They died for you once and they will do it again!” His sister, or the person Ron had said was his sister, had connected to Harry. “They love you Harry, they died to save you, how can you throw that back in their face? Why do you think they are being kept in separate

cages? They tried to kill each other, they want to die Harry, they were in heaven and now are in hell, is that what you want?" The connection stops and Harry falls forward onto his hands.

"Very good Harry, who am I again?" Voldemort liked the sound of Harry calling him Master.

"An evil son of a muggle bitch who will die at my hands!" Harry grabs his wand, rolls backwards onto his feet, dodges a spell from Voldemort, and casts one of his own. "Accio Portkey!" An unconscious Hermione is dragged by the ring still on her finger to Harry.

"I see how it is Harry. They will die now." Voldemort touches Lily with his wand sending a black fire through her body. Lily first starts to scream in pain but stops, walking across the cage, stumbling across the cage, to the other side reaching out of it. James reaches out from his cage and touches Lily's hand, the fire spreads to him. They were going to die together, not wanting to be away from each other even if it was only a moment between Voldemort killing the other.

"Damn you!" Harry grabs the ring, feeling the hook behind the navel feeling as his parents, in their last moments on Earth hold hands before turning into dust as the magical black fire destroys them inside and out.

Landing in the Common Room Harry feels pain unlike any other, he had lost his parents, again, but this time there was nothing he could do, he knew that, Voldemort was too powerful and he needed to save Hermione. Not only that they wanted to die, he saw his Father grab for his Mother's hand, they were willing to die together, and if they wanted to die then Harry wasn't able to stop them. "Mione?" She wasn't moving. "Mione!" Harry shakes her trying to wake her up. "He didn't kill you, I would have known, come on Mione." Harry puts his ear to her mouth, she is breathing. "Mione!" Harry hugs her, her chest rises and falls, she is definitely breathing.

"Harry what's wrong?" Luna was coming down from the boy's dormitory when she saw a panicking Harry in the Gryffindor Common Room.

"She was hit with a spell by..." Harry can't say it, he would get in trouble, and so would Hermione, if anyone found out where they went. "We were practicing and I went over board with a spell I didn't know, she's breathing but she won't wake up."

"Do we need to take her to Madam Pomfrey?" Luna, even when concerned, still looked like she was lost somewhere else.

"No, we weren't exactly following the rules when we were dueling, I don't want her getting in trouble." And if they took her to Madam Pomfrey Dumbledore would find out, and if he found out he would know what happened.

"We should get her to a bed, where is her room?" Luna gets her wand out. "Mobilicorpus." Luna and Harry go up to the 6th year Girls' Dormitory and put Hermione on a bed.

"Thanks Luna, what were you doing here?" Luna was a Ravenclaw, not a Gryffindor.

"Devin was alone, I felt it, so I went to him." He might not admit it, but Devin needed people as much as anyone.

"Oh well, that was nice of you."

"Thank you, are you sure she doesn't need to go to Madam Pomfrey?" Luna could feel the evil coming off of Hermione, Luna knew it wasn't Hermione's but someone else's. Harry was lying, why Luna wasn't sure, but if it had to do with the evil coming off of Hermione she was worried.

"It's ok, she just needs a minute." "You're right; she will be fine when she expels it from her." The voice was trying to comfort Harry.

"Ok, goodbye Harry." Luna walks away wistfully, with the lost look still on her face.

"I didn't fail, I lived, Mione lived, but I didn't save my parents." "They weren't meant to be saved Harry, they weren't meant to be brought

back.” “You were the one who showed me how!” “No I wasn’t, Voldemort did that. I never told you to use the Necronomicon, I never would have told you to do something so foolish.”

“Harry?” Hermione coughs, rolls onto her side and sees Harry.

“Are you ok Mione?” Harry rubs her arm, her skin was cold, pale, but she didn’t seem to be hurt.

“What happened?” Hermione had been looking at the ring Harry had given her then popped into a cave and saw Harry and Voldemort.

“I didn’t save them; they didn’t want to be saved.” Harry hugs Hermione. “But I saved you.”

“You planned that? Harry that was dangerous, why didn’t you tell Dumbledore?”

“Because he would have stopped me, I was going to kill them Mione.”

“Your parents?” Hermione was confused, why would Harry do that?

“No, Wormtail, Ron, and Voldemort. Wormtail and Voldemort got away...”

“You killed Ron!” Hermione pushes Harry away from her, did he really do that? How could Harry kill someone, even if it was Ron, killing was wrong.

“No I didn’t, that bastard Voldemort killed him before I could!” Harry pounds a fist on the bed. “I was so close when that bastard took my chance to avenge my parents, to get my revenge on Ron, he stole that from me!”

“Harry he kept you from being a murderer.” Hermione hugs Harry glad he hadn’t killed anyone. “I thought I had lost you, when you, when you called him Master I thought you were gone.” Hermione buries her face into his chest crying at the thought she had almost lost Harry. “I love you Harry.”

"I would never join Voldemort." Harry lies to Hermione; he was going to when his sister stopped him. "I love you to Mione, forever, no matter what happens."

"It was a trick, you really fooled him." Hermione hadn't been sure if it was a trick but if Harry said so it had to be. "The ring is the Portkey isn't it?" Hermione reaches for the ring; tries to pull it off but it won't come off.

"I made sure you couldn't take it off. You don't need to now, it can't be made into a Portkey again and I gave it to you."

"You give me jewelry all the time but this is special." Hermione rubs her other ring. "It was stupid, you were stupid, you could have been killed."

"I know but it was worth it if I had gotten my parents." Harry was rubbing his ring so he could talk to Hermione through it.

"It is still worth it, you tried, and Ron, he can't betray us anymore can he?"

"No, he can't." Harry may not have been the one to kill him but Ron would betray them no more, would never hurt Harry's sister again. Harry hadn't been sure if she was his sister, still wasn't, but she had stopped him, saved him, he owed her his life. "Mione we can't tell anyone we did this."

"What about Dumbledore? Won't he be curious when Voldemort doesn't come for you?"

"I don't care what he thinks or says we never went to Voldemort." Harry and Hermione hold on to each other and fall asleep on the bed.

The last week of school and Dumbledore had Harry in his office. "Harry the end of the school year is here and Voldemort will come to collect on the deal you made."

"No he won't." Harry kept his mind on those three words; he wouldn't let Dumbledore read his mind.

“Why won’t he Harry?”

“Because I broke the deal, so no he won’t.” Dumbledore studies Harry’s face seeing he was telling the truth.

“Whatever you did Harry I am going to assume was dangerous, highly foolish, and extremely courage’s. The Twins, so far, have not been hurt. Whatever you did has had no negative effects, has it?” Dumbledore is watching Harry’s ears, nostrils, for the slightest sign, the slightest tell.

“No Dumbledore everything is how it should be.” Dumbledore, by the way Harry’s voice changed, knew what happened to Harry’s parents.

“I am sorry Harry for your loss but they weren’t meant to be here.” Dumbledore snaps his fingers. “Fawkes.” The Phoenix comes out and lands on the desk. “Harry I want you to know something.” Harry looks up. “I am getting old, weak, another reason why I stepped down from my post as Headmaster of Hogwarts. Fawkes helps me stay alive but my time will come soon, I am hanging on for one reason, to make sure Tom falls forever. I will help you in any way, even if it is dangerous and as a Professor should be stopped I will help you.”

“You’re staying for another year?” Had Dumbledore broken the DADA curse?

“Why does that surprise you? All that rubbish about the job being cursed, the things you kids come up with.” Dumbledore smiles. “Harry you will be going back to your home, as will the Starks and if she is still welcomed Ginny. Her parents are still hiding as their last hideout was attacked, I asked them if they wanted Ginny to join them and they said no it was too dangerous.”

“Of course she is, if her parents want to come to I don’t mind.”

“Not right now Harry it would be too dangerous to move them now. I have a message for you though.” Fawkes drops a piece of paper. “I had to make sure he wasn’t here when you read it.”

"Jim?" Harry grabs the paper.

Harry;

It was great to finally meet you, I've heard about you these past couple years, when I first became a wizard and heard about all the things you did I was amazed. My, my Mother said you were a freak, I was a freak, but you are great! So kind, so nice, nothing like my Mother said you were. I will miss you, but after I changed something I had to go home even though they hadn't found my Mother.

Love;

Jim Barrou

"Wait, Barrou, that was, that was Amelia's last name." She had called him a freak when she found out about him. "You don't mean, he, I have..."

"No you don't."

"What?" Didn't this prove that his time with Amelia had left him a family?

"He thinks you are his Father but you aren't."

"How do you know!" Harry stands up knocking the chair over.

"We tested his blood and yours Harry, we know you are not his Father. Young Jim and his Mother believe you are, the Wizards of his time believe it to, but that is because they don't have you to test."

"Why don't they?"

"You died, a Death Eater jinxed the Bludgers of your last Quidditch game to attack the person with the Quaffle, you would take over as Chaser to keep other students from being hurt, and were killed."

"No I didn't, Jim knocked the Quaffle out of my hand." Harry thinks about what he just said. "Oh."

"That is why he had to go home, he changed the timelines, I didn't want to send him back but he broke the first rule and so was sent home."

"But it doesn't change his, does it?"

"No, it doesn't. Jim didn't care though, he loves you Harry, he thinks you are his Father."

"But how is he a Wizard if I'm not his dad? Amelia wasn't a witch, was she?"

"No, but neither of Hermione's parents are wizards or witches are they?" It was a freak event, nothing to do with Harry.

"Oh, ok." Harry's brief moment of having a family was crushed, every time he got close to having a real family it was taken from him.

"You made him happy Harry, his Mother was not the kindest when she found out he had powers, nothing like your Aunt and Uncle, she still loved him, but she became cold. She ran away before his third year and I decided to send him here."

"Wait, but you said you were getting old, weak, he was thirteen years old."

"Yes, I am staying alive to make sure Tom falls." Dumbledore left it at that. "Even if he is not your true son you are his Father in his mind and that makes him happy, why I didn't tell him the truth." Harry looks at the paper, reads it again, and puts it away.

"Can I go now?"

"Yes Harry, enjoy this summer, you are safe at your home, you may soon be an adult but you deserve to have fun, to relax. Jim has changed this timeline so I do not know what will happen." Dumbledore was still trying to find out who the insider was for Voldemort, they had jinxed the Bludgers, they had used powerful

magic that Dumbledore did not detect. Harry leaves Dumbledore's office and goes to the Common Room to meet up with Hermione.

The end of the week comes, school is over. The students are getting on the train ready to go home. "Why aren't we going back by Portkey?" Harry and Hermione are walking to the Prefect Car after putting their things away.

"Well first of all, as you should know now Harry, it is easier to make a bunch of Portkeys go to one place instead of having to go through and make each one go to a different place. After Christmas all Dumbledore had to do was make the Portkeys go to one place, the Great Hall."

"I guess, it took some energy for me to make that one Portkey." Harry holds Hermione's hand rubbing his Father's Marauder ring.

"We have a whole summer together, unless you are planning on sneaking off again." They get to the Prefect Car and enter seeing several others had already gotten there.

"No chance of that Mione." They sit down next to each other ready for the last words from the Head Girl and Boy of the school year.

A/N: This is it! Next book will come out when it does, well, first chapter anyways. Not sure when, think it will be called Harry Potter and the Green Torch... Kidding!

Harry Potter and the Dawn of War

Not sure yet, I can't think of anything so look for James the Lesser under Author incase I don't name it that. I will update this last chapter if I change the name of the next book.

Hope you enjoyed this book! It drove me batty trying to write it and finally got it done, finally got to see my ending come to life. Had that ending in my head since I first wrote book 5, heck I have the end of book 7 in my head right now, really helps to write knowing how it will end.

Thanks to the people who reviewed and read this book, a shout out to TheRazgriz, his stuff is good to, under Non-Anime.